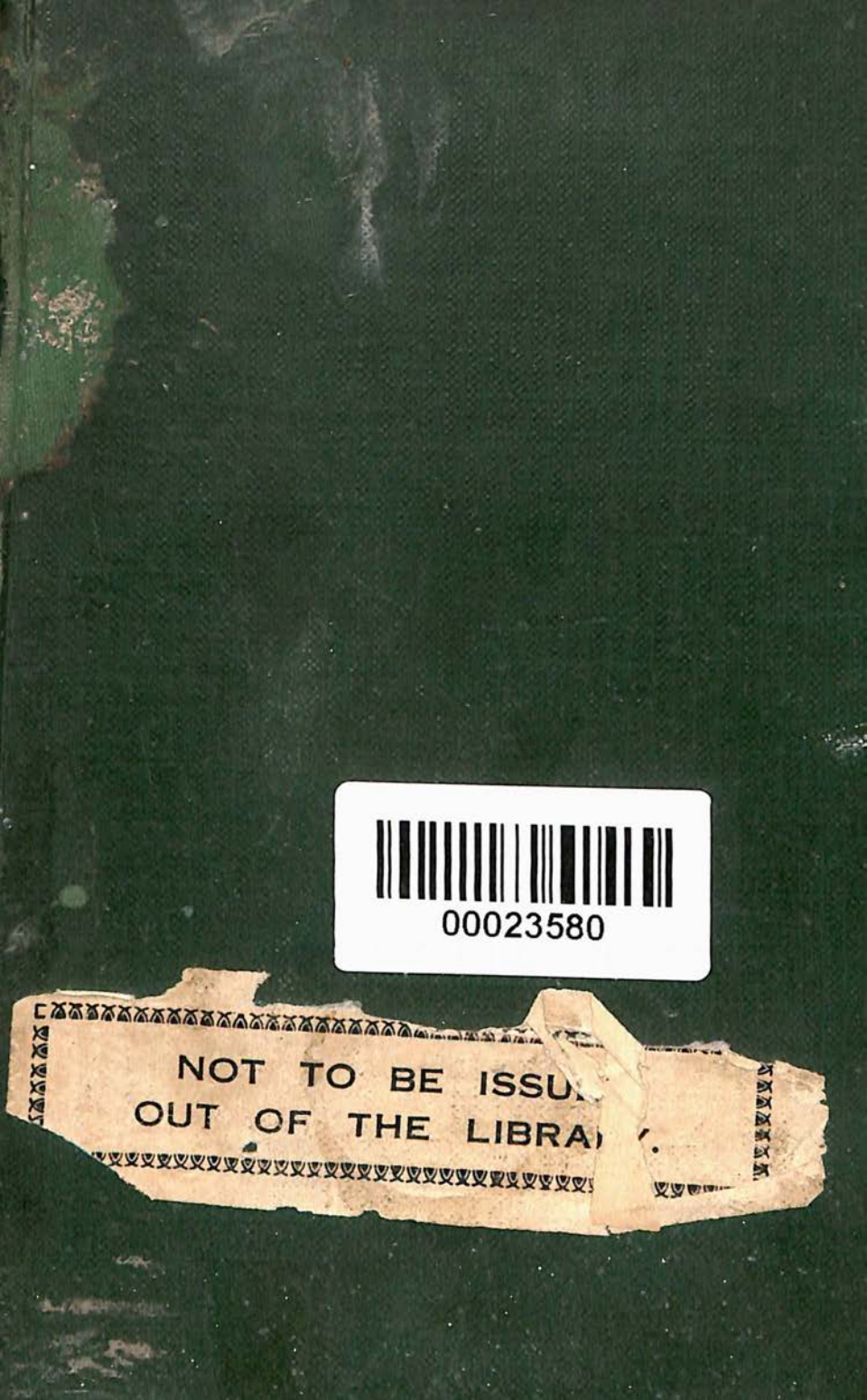
00023580
NOT TO BE ISSU
OUT OF THE LIBRA

BOMBAY BRANCH

OF THE

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 July, 2018

# MY RECOLLECTIONS.

00023580

# CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

INTRODUCTION . . . . . *page* xiii

CHAPTER I.

Ignorance of family traditions—Wise reply of my father—Antipathy to the family name—Opportunity of learning its history—Originally from Brittany—The Brenier Capels—they remove to Dauphiny—one of them settles at Savigliano—Another version of Monsignor della Chiesa—Queen Joan invests the house of Taparelli with the fief of Genola—Purchase of Lagnasco—Brenier, a man-at-arms, acknowledges us (sixteenth century)—My grandfather the Count of Lagnasco—his portrait—Eccentric reputation of the family—Remedy for court deceptions used by my grandfather—his death—Cesare my father—Cristina my mother—Doubt whether I ought to write about her—Portrait of my father—his birth and enlistment—Garrison life—Manners of the superiors of that date—his early life—he enters the king's household—Society at that period—Aristocracy—its faults; its merits—Consequences—Conversion—State of opinion—The cause of his change—Reflections . . . . . *page* 15

CHAPTER II.

Bad health—Anxiety of the doctor for our race—Alliance with the House of Morozzo—Scrupulous sincerity of my father—Establishment of the family—Number of children—Decay of the *cavalieri serventi* system—Joke on matrimonial unions *à la mode*—Illness of my father—he leaves the court—Isolation of Piedmont—Outbreak of war—My father aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief—My shameful ignorance—Anecdote—Piedmontese proverb—He is made prisoner—Gal-

lantry of a young drummer—A new Pylades—his origin—he contrives to be taken with my father—They are sent to Montbrison—are obliged to ask alms—Generosity of a peasant girl—Death of Robespierre—Improved condition—Horrible reaction—His wife and family believe my father dead—his will—he refuses his release on condition of not bearing arms against the Republic—The French government acknowledges this act of loyalty—Reflections—Return of my father—Return of Pylades—his death—Pylades and Alexander the Great . . . . . *page* 35

CHAPTER III.

Italian disasters—My brother Enrico—My birth—Domestic life of my father—Poverty of the Piedmontese nobles—Error of our rulers—Habits of my family—Distress at the public calamities—Beginning of the century—Endeavours of my father to make himself useful—He settles at Florence with his family—*Fuit*—Is Florence a place of exile?—My father hates the foreign yoke—Exiles at Florence . . . . *page* 59

CHAPTER IV.

My apotheosis—Vittorio Alfieri and Fabre—I am persecuted by two girls—Anecdotes—Alfieri's bolt—The Marchioness Prié—End of my acquaintance with Countess d'Albany and Fabre—A catastrophe—My father's occupations—A sonnet addressed to Alfieri—Alfieri and Metastasio—Sonnet by the former in the Piedmontese dialect—he reads *Alceste* and *Myrrha* to my parents—Last days of Alfieri—He takes the sacraments—Clementina Prié-Incontri—Last illness of Alfieri—his death. *page* 78

CHAPTER V.

Details of education—Matilda and I—Bad health of our mother—Theory of my parents on primary education—They did not flatter us—We were taught endurance—Children's rights—Liberty consists in obedience—Respectful criticism—Anecdotes—It snows on the soup—*Galateo*—Reform of Italian conversation—On my knees to *Giacolin*—Accustomed to pain

—I break my arm—Warnings—How I used to be awoke—Abate Lena—Serpent-hunting—Unmerited ovation—Woods at night—Meritorious action—I possess a carriage—A generous gift—La Rochefoucauld and the Gospel—Mock Christian civilisation . . . . . *page* 92

CHAPTER VI.

Instruction and education—A new department of state—The porter of the Scolopi Fathers my first tutor—Napoleonic tyranny—Compulsory return—Letter from the King—My father gives in his temporary adhesion to the French Government—Return of the family to Turin—Unexpected surprise—I am raised to the dignity of *cavaliere*—My grandmother and her castle—My great-grandmother Da Camino—Ancestress of one hundred and seven individuals—Don Andreis, the second priest—he bothers me too much—Another bore of a priest—Things go from bad to worse—The black Virgin of Oropa—St. Ignatius and spiritual exercises—Another priest—I am guilty of a sonnet . . . *page* 111

CHAPTER VII.

Religious instruction—Reflections on its place in education—I do not argue with Atheists—The teacher should educate honest men—Extra-dogmatic reasons to induce the pupil to be so—Faults of the religious instruction I received—Importance of the sense of respect—Examples of the Romans—Third element in a good education—Jesuit-teaching—History—I become a day-scholar at college—Shameful examination—Good sentiment—A stolen prize—My character is being spoilt—I enter the University—I begin to write—Excursions—I am taken for a highwayman—Gymnastics . . *page* 130

CHAPTER VIII.

My Jesuit—our friendship—Jesuits' life—What my brother was—his habits—Black and Red Jesuits—Jesuits and Englishmen—Napoleon gives him a nomination to St. Cyr—Napoleon and Dr. Jenner—Roberto becomes auditor to the Council of State—

Prospero is liberated—Matilde—her death—our grief—Giorgio Bidone—his affectionate advice—Political life of my Father—Persecution of Pius VII.—My Father's solicitude for imprisoned Priests—their merits—First tidings of the disaster of Moscow—Joy of everybody except those who lost their appointments—The *débâcle*—The folly of mankind—Relief to the wounded . . . . . *page* 146

CHAPTER IX.

Fall of Napoleon—Germans and French—A hint to France—Love for the detested German—Civic guard—Emancipation and farewell to Don Andreis—I become a sportsman—A few words to my priest—My first excommunication—it does not last long—Pious fraud and *pie credendum*—Entrance of Victor Emanuel I.—The royal family going about—My father Minister *ad interim* at Rome—Arrival in Rome—State of Europe and Rome—Blunders of the restoration—Napoleonico-Jesuitic despotism—We settle in Rome—Our acquaintances—Art and literature . . . . . *page* 168

CHAPTER X.

We explore ancient and modern Rome—Visconti—Malvotti—Beginning of a bad period—Man is to be judged by his sincerity, and not by his flag—I acquire a taste for Painting—My first Master—I take to Music again—*Violicembalo*—Music is a mystery—Dreams on Music—Similitude between the human mind and body—Diplomacy—Murat—I am made a Cornet—My Brother joins the Jesuits—Wish to make me a "Monsignore"—My impressions of Rome—*Fleuve du tendre*—Canon Spaziani—Donna Teresa Bracucci—Monsignor Brancadoro—Boccaccio and John Huss . . . . . *page* 187

CHAPTER XI.

The helmet is secured—Reaction—Curious recomposition of the army—My father a bad courtier—Courtiers, and true danger for princes—End of Don Andreis—I definitively join the regiment—Injustice of my promotion—Well-founded humility—

I learn my drill conscientiously—Follies of our masters—My love of justice—My dislike of aristocracy, and absurd ideas on democracy—I become corrupted, and live with rowdies—Quarrel with a brother-officer—My father is informed of it—His visit—Advice to young men . . . . . *page* 206

## CHAPTER XII.

Derangement of health—Return of Napoleon from Elba—Counsels of Bidone—Reflections on the charms of a currycomb—By Bidone's advice I quit the active service, and enter the provincial militia—Defeat and expulsion of masks from the Carignano Theatre—My triumphal entry into Turin—I go to Milan, and there sell my ancestors—A warning to young men against running into debt—The choice of Hercules—Bidone's maxims—his quotations—Glory and popularity are more highly paid than they deserve—At seventeen I was pining for glory—"Learn art, say I; then lay it by"—Complete conversion—Gossip of my companions on the subject—I am declared a downright lunatic . . . . . *page* 223

## CHAPTER XIII.

An act of pride—Training for sacrifice—My diligence—I fall ill from over-exertion—I have an organic complaint—Mania for going to Rome—Lassitude of my mother, and her patience in suffering—Abate Natali—My mode of life—My occupations—Poetical sins—Æneas an odious hero—Other precepts of Bidone—Vestri the actor, and my vocation for the stage—My rage for Alfieri—Alfieri has discovered Italy—What I would now say to Alfieri—My mother a subtle literary critic. *page* 242

## CHAPTER XIV.

Journey to Naples—The friends I met there—The Carbonari—Greeting to Cardinal Amat and Count della Margherita—Our travelling-chaise passes over my body—Visit of my father—he sees my works—M. de Blacas—Miss Knight—English friends and my shame—Miss Knight and one's native country—The Emperor of Austria at Rome—General yearning for

peace in Europe—I catch the malaria fever—My master Martin Verstappen—his character—his school—We were pupils and servants as in the fifteenth century—Our impertinence to the master—My mind slowly ripens—Period of moral distress—Dreams of the future—Method of study I proposed to myself—Flights of fancy—Modified political ideas—Cardinal Consalvi—Love appears upon the scene . . . *page* 263

CHAPTER XV.

First love—How many sorts of love there are—Difficulty of understanding them, and still more of naming them, except one—Love in the literature of the reign of Louis Philippe—Little love-making in the world—Silence on my love-adventures—Love is the father of lies—Theory of fidelity—Sad end of every love-adventure—Least bad way of getting out of it fairly—Conclusion favourable to women—It is useless to preach abstinence . . . . . *page* 290

CHAPTER XVI.

Return from Rome to Turin—Francis IV. of Modena—Excursion to Venice—State of Turinese society in the year 1820—I have always avoided secret societies; and the advantages I have derived from so doing—Remarks upon the political events of 1821 in Piedmont—Military revolutions are the worst of all—Passive resistance to bad governments generally preferable to violence—Examples taken from the Lombardo-Venetians—Conclusion of this subject—Summer of 1820, and Count Benevello—Tribute to this worthy nobleman—Difficulty of living in peace in the society of Turin at that time—I persist in my intention of leaving the army, and going back to Rome to continue my artistic studies—My parents consent after much hesitation—Criticisms and gossip of the town—Dialogue giving an idea of high Turinese society in 1820. *page* 307

CHAPTER XVII.

Plutarch and the Marchioness of Crescentino agree in their opinion about the cultivators of art—I should have done better

to learn science and the art of government rather than painting—Democracy of reprisals, and democracy fairly understood—Examples—Comparisons between a financier, a general, an administrator, a painter, a dancer, and a singer—It is right that professions whose object is to please should be better paid, but unfair that they should be more esteemed than useful ones—The worship of certain arts is a sign of decline—My parents consent to my return to Rome—At Genoa I meet Albert Lamarmora and Cesare Balbo—I embark for Leghorn, and arrive at Rome *viâ* Florence—I adapt my mode of life to my financial resources—My horror of debt—Lessons on history and literature, by Signor Garello, before sunrise—The Rospigliosi riding-school—Academy for the nude kept by Antonio—I work in real earnest to escape from my pecuniary difficulties—Curious expedients to which I am driven by necessity—Excursion to Castel Sant' Elia to visit Verstappen. *page* 345.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

I start for Castel Sant' Elia with Verstappen's brother-in-law—A night at Nepi in the inn of Veleno—Adventure—Description of that part of the Roman Campagna—Castel Sant' Elia and its owner, Count Panimolli—Michele Pacetti and I arrive at Castel Sant' Elia, and hasten to visit Verstappen—We lodge in an old house ransacked at the time of the Republic—We extemporise the best sleeping accommodation we can for ourselves and Michele's ass—The kitchen department—Studies from nature, and the *abatino* my attendant—Remarks on art, and especially on landscape-painting—Academies of fine arts and encouragement societies—Life of Verstappen at Castel Sant' Elia—I study the new society which surrounds me, and find that *l'homme est le même partout*—I am discovered to be Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio . . . . . *page* 369

# INTRODUCTION.*

RATHER more than twelve months ago, the Marchioness Ricci, only daughter of the illustrious Massimo d'Azeglio, whose death Italy had mourned a year previously, published the Memoirs of her father, in compliance with a wish expressed by himself in his last days, although they did not comprise the whole period contemplated in his original design, which the premature close of his existence prevented him from completing.

In so doing the Marchioness Ricci not only fulfilled a duty in thorough harmony with her most sacred feelings, but she felt that this publication would, if possible, still farther increase the respect and veneration the Italian people already entertained for so great a patriot.

* 1. *L'Italie de* 1847 *à* 1865; *Correspondance Politique de Massimo d'Azeglio*, avec une Introduction par M. Eugène Rendu. 1 vol. Paris, 1866. 2. *Les Précurseurs Italiens*, par M. Charles de Mazade; *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15 février 1867. 3. *Commemorazione di Massimo d'Azeglio;* discorso del Commendatore Massari. Bari, 1866. 4. *Nota Biografica del Marchese Ricci.* Firenze, 1867; &c.

Shrinking from herself attempting the eulogy of her own father, she could not refrain, as she stated in a short preface, from expressing her belief (which was perfectly well founded) that no biography could be better calculated to illustrate the peculiarities of her father's genius and moral character. From the humblest descriptions, she said, from the greatest eccentricities of comical incidents, he often rises with incredible suddenness and ease to philosophical and political considerations of the loftiest nature; nor is it a rare occurrence for him to enter quite unexpectedly into historical discussions with true dogmatic erudition, hinting at every step useful advice, wonderfully appropriate to our present day. This was her hope, concluded the Marchioness; and the success of the book confirmed the judgment of filial love, in foreseeing that this last work of her father would be welcomed by the Italians, even when his authoritative voice pointed out their faults and the effects they have yet to produce; and that the pages his dying hand last penned would be deemed a worthy conclusion to the constant labour of a life which had been devoted mind and soul to the glory and well-being of his country.

Her expectations were fully realised; for these *Recollections* afforded a curious contrast to the sad lack of pleasant readable literature presented by the Italy

of our days; thanks to the mania of modern authors, who, as D'Azeglio says in the preface of his Autobiography, fancy themselves obliged to change their language when they write, for a stilted, affected style, under pretext of a misconceived idea of elegance.

An able English critic wrote last year: "Massimo d'Azeglio was completely free from this defect. Like all the D'Azeglios (for, as he himself tell us, it was common to the race), he was 'a character,' a man of whims, and oddities, and hobbies, and crotchets, and consequently the last person in the world to remain bound in any conventional thraldom, whether social or literary. This character of individuality, which impressed its stamp on his whole life, is charmingly revealed in every sentence of the Memoirs which he has left behind him; so that, more than any of his previous writings, their mingled homeliness and wit and wisdom justify the epithet which I once before ventured to give him when I described him as the 'Giusti of Italian prose.'"

This criticism is singularly to the point, showing how even foreigners appreciated the Memoirs of our famous patriot; and on reading them it at once struck me that a translation would be welcome to the English public. A few days after this had occurred to me, Marquis d'Azeglio received a letter from Florence, in which both the family and the Italian editor, aware

how much interest Italian politics excite in England, evinced a wish that the *Recollections* should be translated in London, where many had personally known their author.

But who was to do it? Italians were not wanting in England possessing such perfect mastery of the English language as to be fully competent for the task. Several English writers, too, are in existence with every qualification for translating the Italian work, although it is written in so familiar a style as to make the real meaning of more than one passage quite puzzling to a foreigner. Yet nobody seemed inclined to undertake the work; and an answer in this sense was on the point of being despatched to Florence. I felt immensely disappointed. Was the best work written in Italy for many a year to remain unknown in England, where the high qualities, the honourable straightforwardness of the author's character were better appreciated than anywhere else, while his friends were most anxious that the reverse should be the case? Rather than let a refusal be sent off, shall I try it myself? thought I. Here arose a number of objections: Shall I have the capacity? shall I have the time? and a thousand reasons too numerous to dwell upon, and not always of a nature to reassure me about my prospect of success in such a hazardous enterprise. Still the idea

haunted me, and gained ground by degrees; till at last it got the upper hand, and I began my work. Alas! I know not how far its result would have satisfied D'Azeglio, for I am conscious that I am now presenting to the reader the book of a great man translated by—a very small one! Whatever the verdict of the public may be, I hope that at least the motives which were my incentive to make the attempt will not be forgotten. But I had yet another reason, which was of great weight with me. I must here make a confession. The description of old sturdy Piedmont, of the spirit, manners, and traditions of a society amidst which I grew up; the fact that I was, or am yet, acquainted with the greater part of the persons mentioned in D'Azeglio's *Recollections*, nay more, am connected with many of them by the closer ties of blood, offered a double attraction, that I was unable to resist: so, once having set to work, I went on. We say in Italian, "*Peccato confessato è mezzo perdonato;*" and having thus confessed myself with all sincerity, I hope I shall not be denied the benefit of indulgence.

In many parts of the *Recollections* I have thought it necessary to add explanatory notes, to avoid confusion or misinterpretation. In some cases likewise, where the author adverts to facts that may be known to foreigners, although only in a summary way, I

have ventured to suggest the circumstances, sometimes very peculiar, which gave rise to these allusions, hoping my additions would not be unacceptable to the general public. But to those readers whose foreign knowledge is, on the contrary, so complete as to render such an amount of precaution superfluous, I will say, as Massimo d'Azeglio himself very often does in the course of these pages, when a passage occurs which he deems uninteresting—skip it. Having thus eased my conscience on this score, I will merely add, that all the French and Latin sentences contained in this translation are copied verbatim from the original.

Massimo d'Azeglio began these Memoirs within two or three years of his death, hoping, as he says, to bequeath to the rising Italian generation a book that might inculcate the precepts his long experience and patriotism suggested as the best means of securing the good of the nation. But he did not live to complete his work, and it was brought to an untimely end just as he was commencing the narrative of the most important part of his political career.

It is impossible not to regret this deeply in the interest of history and politics. Yet was it a good or an evil that these Memoirs should end so abruptly? It is difficult to answer this question. Though we are deprived of a very interesting portion of

the author's life, it is, perhaps, as well that Massimo d'Azeglio did not begin to write his *Recollections* at an earlier stage, and was thus prevented from touching contemporary history; it being indeed difficult for anyone to pronounce an impartial judgment on the men amongst whom he has lived and the events of his own time. For it is impossible to take an active share in politics without being more or less jarred by the conduct and opinions of others. The divergence of ideas that divided D'Azeglio from Cavour, and many other Italian statesmen, often made him unjust to them, and caused him to regard his country, and the phases (unfortunately not always of a satisfactory character) through which a young nation must pass in the early stages of its political regeneration, with a kind of overstrained fastidiousness.

God knows what excellent intentions, how much genuine feeling, were concealed under his occasionally rough warnings and advice, which, had he recorded the second and most conspicuous part of his political life, would perhaps have taken the shape of a diatribe against many men of the day, with little or no profit to the country, nay to its detriment.

We are compensated for the loss of an interesting account of the busy years of Italian revolution by a charmingly dispassionate chat about days long past,

little known, yet curious for the student and the observer to dwell upon. We have eloquent pages, full of philosophical as well as social observation, political reminiscences, anecdotes, reflections on art and education; while the sketches of national character, under its various aspects during the counter-revolutionary period, are picturesque in no common degree.

The author undoubtedly represented one of the most striking individualities of his time, and spent a life equally full of romantic adventures and practical activity, in uninterrupted service to his country. A painter and novelist, he returned in mature years to his early profession as a soldier in defence of his native land. He was also at once political writer, statesman, and diplomatist; and amid such wonderfully varied pursuits he never swerved from the one chief aim of his life—the liberation of Italy.

Most people know how the Italian revolution was accomplished, but few, if any, are aware how it was prepared. This book will fill up the blank; and though it barely comprises the preparations for the great movement of the year 1848, it exactly goes over the field where most instruction can be gleaned about the foundations on which the actual social life of Italy is based.

To render this work more attractive to the reader,

I propose to give a short summary of D'Azeglio's political career from the time these *Recollections* were cut short by death; for it embraces the most important period of the Italian revolution, and will greatly facilitate the understanding of the author's remarks and allusions.

His reminiscences stop abruptly in 1846, just including the publication of the pamphlet he wrote in that year, *Gli Ultimi Casa di Romagna*, and which created a profound sensation throughout the country. D'Azeglio was then recently returned from a tour in the pontifical provinces and chiefly in Romagna, made at the request of the Liberal party, who had intrusted him with the delicate mission of first inquiring whether the country was ripe for a movement or not, and then preaching concord and faith to each individual, while he forcibly pointed out the reckless blunders and wickedness of secret societies.

The rash revolutionary outbreak of Romagna in 1845, which, as usual, only ended in bloodshed, and gave the priestly government a pretext for a fresh display of cruelty, furnished a text for the above little book published under his own name in the beginning of 1846. To sign it was a singular act of courage at that time, and resulted in his banishment from Tuscany (the pamphlet was printed

at Leghorn), and from the Austrian dominions in the Peninsula.

In a few days the volume was conveyed by hand from one end of Italy to the other. It roused the enthusiasm of the Italians, and, while urging them, with practical good sense, to abandon the imprudent and always futile attempts of the advanced party, and to follow instead a more regular policy in broad daylight, it encouraged them to persevere all the more in the wise course pointed out by Gioberti and Balbo.

Not long after, the Holy See became vacant by the death of Gregory XVI., and on the 16th of June 1846 Pius IX. was elected Pope. After a month's reign, the new pontiff promulgated a general amnesty. The effect of this measure was wonderful, and took everyone by surprise. It was the confirmation of the national principle, a sanction granted by God's representative on earth to the liberal aspirations of the country, that thus fell from the Vatican. Gratitude and hope gave an immense political significance to that decree. Liberty of the press and other changes soon followed, making all Italy reëcho with the name of Pius IX.

D'Azeglio then shared the general illusion that these reforms might become a pledge of perpetual concord between the Romans and the ecclesiastical

sovereignty. Like Gioberti, Balbo, and many of their contemporaries, he believed (I lay stress on this fact, for it is a very important one, explaining the subsequent attitude of some of the politicians of that period) that liberated Italy must assume the shape of a confederation of free states with its centre at Rome, and the Pope for its president.

It now seems a dream to recal the popular song then chanted in the streets of every Italian town:

"Evviva Piemonte,
Sicilia, e Toscana,
La Lega Italiana
Pio Nono ha Re!"

The antithesis with our days is strong, but who dreamt of united Italy at that early stage? Some few; but when did they think the vision would be realised? That is another question. A great transformation had still to take place, a new generation to grow up, bold and energetic—that of the sons of revolution.

As soon as Pius IX. had granted these reforms, D'Azeglio felt it a duty to hasten to Rome, where his popular voice powerfully supported the national cause; and his principal object being war to the foreigner, he greatly contributed to the increase of military preparations.

In August 1847, the Austrian troops, contrary to all existing stipulations, wantonly invaded Ferrara,

and D'Azeglio flew to Pesaro, in order to be near the pontifical camp of observation established in Romagna. There he struck a fresh chord, and instead of preaching moderation as on his previous journey, he advocated resolution and firmness. His advice was not thrown away, and a legal protest of the Roman legate caused the Austrians to withdraw. The failure of this usurpation afforded further proof to the Italians how wise D'Azeglio's words were, and also of the necessity of practically following them without loss of time.

He spent the whole of the exciting year 1847 in Rome; as the signal for the new movement had come from thence, he considered it of the utmost importance to watch the public spirit on the spot, believing the rest of Italy would be obliged to adhere to the liberal policy of the Pope. Indeed, his noble mind entertained the delusive hope that Pius IX. would accomplish a complete transformation in the Papacy; and so great was his trust in the man who had spontaneously inaugurated a novel era for his people, that he deemed him worthy of the moral leadership of Italy; not without conditions, of course. "Si Pie IX veut,"* he wrote in his political correspondence, published by

* All the passages extracted from this correspondence are quoted in the original French.

M. Rendu, "s'il consent à être ce que l'opinion fait de lui, la papauté est définitivement la force dirigeante . . . S'il s'y refuse, je ne sais pas ce qui arrivera. . . . La Providence n'offre pas deux fois une occasion telle que celle-ci." How truly this prediction has been verified! A Papacy transforming itself into an element of progress and civilisation—a Papacy ceasing to be a system of gross abuses and priestly tyranny—might have been the salvation of Italy. As it turned out, it caused the social and religious revolution under which she is still writhing.

It was in this year that Massimo d'Azeglio wrote an admirable series of pamphlets under the title of *Programma per la Formazione di un' Opinione nazionale*, in which his genius entirely disclosed itself, and the essential character of the Italian revival was boldly sketched out.

In the mean while the first months of 1848 changed the face of things, giving an impulse to the hopes that had been raised, and which now only wanted an opportunity to burst forth openly. D'Azeglio waited in Rome, like a sentinel at his post, ready to give a timely warning to the impatient, or to counteract the anti-national intrigues of which the eternal city has always been the active centre. Quite early in the year he issued another most interesting publication, *I Lutti di Lombardia;* a

heart-stirring narrative of the martyrdom of Lombardy and Venetia under Austrian tyranny, almost equivalent to a popular declaration of war.

At length the revolutionary blast of 1848 began its work. The outbreak at Paris in February gave a signal soon followed by a great part of Europe, and its first consequence was the rising of Milan against the Austrians, who fled after five days' desperate fighting, during which the citizens set the noblest example of valour and resolution.

The state of Piedmont was indescribable. The desire to rush to the rescue of the Milanese was universal; Charles Albert cast the die, and entered Lombardy.

As soon as the startling news reached Rome, D'Azeglio redoubled his exertions with one single aim, that of swelling the ranks of the combatants against the foreigner; and his eloquent voice and influential pen urged the Romans to enlist under the tricolour Italian flag, unfurled for the first time by Charles Albert on crossing the Ticino.

One night at a political club, where a recently promulgated electoral law was exciting a hot debate, "Gentlemen," he cried, "this is no time to discuss the greater or less liberality of a franchise; we may consider it afterwards. Let us now go and fight for our independence."

The Roman Liberals regarded him as their leader; the Pope himself was not quite opposed to him; and his advice was attended to. Instantly all discussion ceased; a subscription for money and weapons was commenced, men were enrolled, and a little army hastily drawn together under the command of General Giovanni Durando. D'Azeglio had been the soul of the expedition, and after setting it in motion by his influence, he was the first personally to give the example, and received the appointment of staff-adjutant to the commander-in-chief, whose handful of soldiers marched into Venetia; whilst Charles Albert, after several brilliant engagements, arrived on the Mincio.

At this date D'Azeglio wrote several letters, published in his above-mentioned correspondence. In them he develops the policy of the day, and expounds his views on the situation. Writing from Monte Belluno on the 5th of May, he says, "Pie IX et Charles Albert peuvent seuls sauver l'Italie, non pas des *stranieri*, mais des Italiens, qui seraient le plus à craindre, à peine le danger passé." Always the same delusion—faith in the Pope!

I must not, however, leave the reader under the impression this declaration might create. Politics in D'Azeglio were but the emanation of his noble character, with which they became identified. Of course, the idea of a Pontiff who had solemnly implored the

blessing of Heaven on his country in the memorable words, "*Benedite, oh sommo Iddio, l'Italia*," was enough to stir the generous mind of D'Azeglio. Conceiving, as he did, that Providence was now offering the Papacy an opportunity for becoming Italy's chief strength, on condition that some wise reforms separated the temporal from the spiritual power, how could he remain indifferent to the beautiful ideal of an Italian religious and political supremacy, founded on the true principles of liberty? It was indeed a grand idea, and one that made many a heart believe God had at last selected the fair peninsula, for centuries so cruelly battered by adverse fortune, as the abode of spiritual and civil harmony and concord. Alas, how rudely facts dispelled this phantasmagoria! Yet many an ardent Liberal indulged in the same dream as D'Azeglio; and to prove that his apparent severity towards the Italians was not inspired by diminished faith in their cause, but must only be attributed to over-anxiety, I will here adduce the end of the same letter I have just quoted. The patriot as well as the artist is revealed in this passage, hastily written under a tent, and dated from the camp of that curious anomaly, the pontifical army of 1848, composed half of regulars, half of volunteers, with enthusiastic priests preaching the national crusade, at the head of which the Holy Father stood foremost, though

already against his will. Strange contrast; but how well this extract depicts the time!

"Un de nos jeunes gens eut le poignet coupé. Je voulais le consoler; il me répondit, en me montrant sa main droite: *Resta questa.* Le sommeil a été long, mais le réveil est complet et puissant, je vous assure. Notre armée marche avec un *carroccio.** Ne vous moquez pas de moi; c'est un peu moyen âge! J'ai pensé que l'armée pontificale devait avoir un service régulier, et j'ai fait arranger un autel sur un chariot; rien n'y manque, y compris le mât qui porte les couleurs de l'Eglise, avec *Viva Pio Nono!* d'un côté, et de l'autre *Dio lo vuole!* Aujourd'hui, jour de la fête du pape, *nous avons dit* la messe en plein air, toute l'armée rangée sur quatre lignes, par un temps magnifique, et avec une multitude de paysans des environs. Notre aumônier, qui est un carme, a fait un petit discours de circonstance; et tout cet ensemble, je vous assure, était d'un grand effet. Aussi l'enthousiasme était à son comble.

"Je fus bien touché aussi l'autre jour par une scène d'un genre différent. Nous étions sur la route de Belluno; nous rencontrâmes une maison isolée près d'un groupe d'arbres. En nous approchant, nous aperçûmes une vingtaine de petites fillettes toutes agenouillées sous les arbres, les mains jointes et

* See note at p. 359, vol. ii.

priant pour nous; près de là, un vieux paysan et quelques autres individus : il n'y eut pas un cri, pas une voix qui se fît entendre, pas une remarque. Nous passâmes en silence. Après quelques minutes, me retournant pour voir si je les apercevais encore, je vis plus d'une vieille moustache qui s'essuyait les yeux. C'est bien simple en apparence; mais, dans notre position, vous ne sauriez croire quel effet cela nous fit.

" Maintenant nous attendons la division Ferrari, et puis nous passerons la Piave et ensuite le Tagliamento, et, Dieu aidant, nous rejetterons l'ennemi au delà de l'Isonzo.

" Notre armée a vraiment l'aspect d'une croisade. Outre la ligne qui est très-bien, nous avons une armée de volontaires et de paysans, avec costumes de fantaisie : lances, fourches, et toutes sortes d'instruments dont on a fait des armes. De plus, des prêtres, des moines qui, au reste, pourraient bien ne pas porter tous ces pistolets et ces poignards; mais le moyen de le leur faire comprendre? Enfin, tout ceci ne manque pas de couleur locale."

The small pontifical army had done little in the interval. Placed in a difficult position, their chiefs were obliged to hold a very extensive line, while long marches backwards and forwards exhausted the soldiers. Attacked at last at Vicenza

by Radetzki with 45,000 men and 110 pieces of artillery, the 10,000 combatants of Durando, with their 25 cannons, capitulated to the overwhelming Austrian forces after a more than honourable defence. Thrice they successfully repelled the attack of the enemy in an open town; but finally they were worsted (June 1848), and D'Azeglio fell, dangerously wounded, in the thickest of the fight.

As he was being carried away from the action to the ambulance he exclaimed, "My God, I did believe in the future of Italy, but I dared not hope to be so fortunate as to draw my sword on the field of battle for its independence!" In recognition of their stout resistance, the Italians obtained the right of leaving the place with the honours of war.

But, alas, in other quarters too fortune frowned upon Italy. The princes by their bad faith, and the people by their rashness, played into each other's hands; reactionists fostered anarchy in the expectation of reaping its inheritance; factions ran high, paving the way to foreign intervention; and it was in vain that one sovereign and his faithful army, though shamefully abandoned, fought for Italy with a valour worthy of a better fate, till Charles Albert was obliged to conclude an armistice with the Austrians. D'Azeglio, however, remained unshaken in his hopes. He repaired to Tuscany, and at the Villa Almanzi, in the

neighbourhood of Florence, where he had gone for medical advice, he resumed his pen, and now began to censure the prevailing excesses of the Liberals with the same firmness he before displayed against the absolute governments. His writings called forth the bitterest retorts from those to whom they were addressed; but he heeded not, and undauntedly continued in spite of personal threats. He had never flattered king, and he disdained to cringe before a mob.

The position of Tuscany was most critical. It had become the hotbed of demagogy. In the hour of peril the reigning Grand Duke, Leopold, summoned D'Azeglio, and requested him to form a cabinet. But he put no trust in the weak prince; and having inquired on what guarantees he could rely to quell the discontent, the Grand Duke, instead of answering, piteously paced to and fro, without getting over his miserable irresolution. This combination having failed, despair threw the government into quite other hands, and the new administration was installed under the ultra-democratic auspices of Guerazzi and Montanelli. Singular determination of a sovereign as cowardly in the face of danger as he was bold when backed by a foreign army! Yet he was withal the best specimen to be found among the worthless Austro-Bourbon princes by whom Italy was graced. D'Azeglio's indignation at the Tuscan agitators then reached its climax, and he

poured forth his feelings in the pamphlet entitled *Timori e Speranze;* a passionate invective against the class of demagogues who were killing liberty all over Europe.

"If we are not brought back to despotism," said D'Azeglio, "it is not the fault of the Republicans; for (let us be just) they are doing all they can to revive the happy days of Divine Right."

As far back as the month of April Charles Albert had offered him a seat in the Sardinian upper chamber; but, preferring to be a deputy, he refused the honour, and was returned to parliament by the town of Strambino. In January 1849 he addressed to his constituents one of his usual pamphlets, which may be considered his best production of the kind. He did not, however, do full justice to Gioberti, who, in the midst of the party spirit, infuriated passions, and confusion of ideas reigning in Piedmont, had the courage to accept the direction of public business, endeavouring by his genius to raise a barrier against anarchy, and to restore the tottering fortunes of the country; a blot the more to be regretted, as at the beginning of the year, before appointing Gioberti his minister, Charles Albert had offered the post to D'Azeglio himself, who declined the burden, because, on the one hand, he did not believe that renewed hostilities with Austria could have any chance of

success, and, on the other, he had not the heart to sign a treaty of peace in such sad circumstances, both domestic and foreign.

Depressed in spirits, and embittered by the downfall of the national prospects, he went to La Spezia, on account of his still open wound. In the short disastrous period of political factions that elapsed between the armistice of August 1848 and the catastrophe of Novara, if D'Azeglio had a gleam of hope, it was when Gioberti conceived the idea of an armed intervention in Tuscany and Romagna.

This design originated in a desire to make the Piedmontese army the guardian of order and restored constitutional liberties; and it pleased D'Azeglio so much, that he not only modified his severe judgment on Gioberti, and hastened to apprise him from La Spezia of his unconditional adhesion and approval, but he even tried to follow General Lamarmora's division, which was manœuvring in the neighbourhood of Sarzana, till his bad health forced him again to renounce active exertion. Besides, the illusive hopes fostered by this grand scheme were soon dispelled; Gioberti was ousted from power by the democratic ministry, doomed to the unenviable fame of having precipitated the Piedmontese army into the disaster of Novara.

That fatal day drew nigh. D'Azeglio foresaw

its issue; but when the die was cast for war, he refrained from all recrimination. The royal army did its duty, and fought so stoutly against disproportionate odds as to make Radetzki himself acknowledge that without the superior forces at his command he should have lost the day. Shortly after the catastrophe, D'Azeglio wrote to M. E. Rendu:

"La Spezia, 3 avril 1849.

"Mon cher ami, vous le savez, à cette heure, tout est fini. Je l'avais prévu,—et il ne fallait pas être sorcier pour cela,—lorsque je refusai la présidence du conseil, ne voulant ni jeter le pays dans le désastre qui le frappe maintenant, ni signer une paix qu'une suite funeste d'erreurs et de fautes avait rendue inévitable. Je crois vous l'avoir écrit dans le temps.

"Vous pouvez imaginer comme j'ai le cœur serré. Avoir travaillé toute sa vie dans une seule pensée, sans espérer jamais qu'une occasion se présentât; la voir arriver, surpassant toute prévoyance raisonnable; et puis sentir tout cet édifice s'écrouler dans un jour! Après de pareils coups on ne garde que les apparences de la vie. L'âme et le cœur sont morts. Je ne verrai plus ma pauvre chère patrie délivrée du joug. Que la volonté de Dieu soit faite!

"Je n'ai pas la force de vous expliquer quel malheureux rôle ont joué dans notre catastrophe l'ignor-

ance, les mauvaises passions, les rages de parti. Je vous raconterai cela un jour. Pour le moment, je désire seulement qu'on sache,—puisque tout est perdu,—qu'au moins l'armée s'est bien battue. Nous n'avons plus que notre honneur. Dans notre chambre,—formée par Valerio* et la jeune Italie de tout ce qu'il y avait de médiocre et de vulgaire dans le pays, —un M. L—— a prononcé des paroles inconcevables. Ce n'était guère mauvais vouloir, je pense, mais pure bêtise. Il donnait à entendre que l'ennemi était inférieur en nombre, et n'avait que trente-cinq mille hommes! Voici ce que m'écrit mon frère de Turin: 'Abercromby ha detto e ripetuto che Radetzki stesso trattenendosi con lui gli aveva dichiarato, che senza la forte maggioranza del numero, e di nuovi battaglioni che faceva avanzare a rinfrancar l' azione, la giornata, per lui, era perduta: quei diavoli di Piemontesi, diceva, sono sempre gli stessi, e malgrado il minor numero loro e la stanchezza delle marce fatte, ho temuto più d' una volta di dovermi ritirare.'† Deux généraux de divi-

* A Piedmontese lawyer, then a radical leader in the elective house.

† "This is what my brother writes me from Turin: 'Abercromby' (Sir Ralph, the then British minister at Turin) 'has said and repeated that Radetzki himself declared to him, that without the great advantage of numbers, and of fresh battalions which he brought forward to sustain the action, he should have lost the day. Those devils of Piedmontese, quoth he, are always

sion sont morts: le Marquis Passalacqua et M. Perrone, celui qui servait en France, et y a épousé la nièce de M. de La Fayette. Un autre est blessé, le général Bes. Dans tous les régiments un grand nombre d'officiers tués ou blessés. Dans un seul de bersaglieri, sur trente officiers, vingt-cinq manquèrent à l'appel le soir. L'artillerie a fait des pertes énormes. Un des fils de Cesare Balbo, Ferdinand, un brave jeune homme de dix-huit ans, lieutenant dans la batterie où son frère Prosper était capitaine, a eu la tête emportée par un boulet. Ce pauvre Balbo, qui ne vit que pour ses enfants, supporte cependant ce malheur avec une grande fermeté.—Il paraît que le général Ramorino est un traître. Il a désobéi au général en chef, et fait manquer son plan. On l'a arrêté à Arona, comme il se sauvait en Suisse, et on l'a conduit à Turin garrotté. Il est sous conseil de guerre.*

"Je suis à la Spezia, tâchant de me rétablir; mais ma blessure est toujours ouverte, et je crains que j'en aurai encore pour longtemps. Elle m'a épargné d'être témoin de cet affreux désastre. J'attends ma fille qui est au couvent, à Florence, et dont

---

the same; and notwithstanding their inferior numbers, and the fatigue of the marches they had undergone, I more than once feared I should be obliged to retire.'"

* He was convicted, as may be remembered, and shot.

la santé réclame des soins assidus. Je vais m'y consacrer. Cela m'aidera, j'espère, peu à peu, à *accepter*. Je ne vois plus rien à faire pour le moment. Il faut rouler jusqu'au fond de l'abîme pour voir où l'on s'arrête, et pour se reconnaître. Alors nous recommencerons! mais ce n'est pas moi qui cueillerai le fruit. Souvenons-nous que l'amour de la patrie est *sacrifice*, et non *jouissance*.

"Veuillez, je vous prie, communiquer à M. Doubet * ce qu'il y a d'essentiel dans cette lettre; je suis sûr qu'il partage notre affliction. Et surtout, tâchez que tout le monde sache que nous étions cinquante mille hommes, comme avoue Radetzki dans son bulletin, et qu'il nous a attaqués avec quatre-vingt mille, et que nous nous sommes bien battus.—Adieu, mon cher ami: nous sommes accablés, mais point découragés; c'est un long travail à refaire, voilà tout. Vous qui avez plaidé notre cause avec tant de cœur et de talent, aidez-nous à rétablir les faits, et à préserver le seul bien qui nous reste—l'honneur."

This letter depicts D'Azeglio. The sentence, *il nous reste l'honneur!* expresses his noble spirit: *nous*

* A very distinguished Frenchman, who spent several winters in Italy for his health, and thus became acquainted with Massimo d'Azeglio. M. Doubet returned to Italy with an official mission in 1853 and 1854; and to him D'Azeglio wrote several of the letters contained in his political correspondence.

*recommencerons!* is the thought of the patriot of undiminished faith.

The bitter cup, however, had to be drained to the dregs, and all Italy atoned for the short space of lawless anarchy by half a score of years of cruel wanton reaction. Sad years of expiation those were! years of exile, sacrifice, and hopeless yearnings under the triumphant oppression of the most atrocious tyranny.

Amid the general squalor one bright spot remained. Piedmont had survived the wreck of so many hopes and righteous expectations. Through the darkness, the clouds that overcast the horizon on all sides, the star of Italy might still be seen shining over Turin as a rallying-point for the future, in spite of the violence of the storm. At the foot of the mountains among the stout guardians of the Alps there were men preordained by Providence religiously to keep up the national aspirations by offering a safe asylum to the shattered rights of a whole people, and a hospitable retreat to the wandering brethren driven from their hearths by the blind fury of ruthless despots. For the weal of Italy at that supreme moment, God gave Piedmont a youthful prince, who had already won his spurs on the field of battle, and a statesman whose name alone guaranteed the honour and dignity of the country.

Having vainly sought victory or death on the fatal plain of Novara, Charles Albert, with a magnanimous disregard of self, and only anxious for the future of Italy, resigned his crown to his eldest son, and retired to the far-distant shores of Portugal to die a voluntary exile.

The new king, after signing the armistice dictated by hard necessity, went to Turin to take his oath of fidelity to the constitution.

That was a grand and memorable hour for the Italians. On the morrow of an immense disaster, amidst treachery, anarchical passions, with reaction defiantly raising its head everywhere, Victor Emanuel, firmly grasping in his hand the national flag, steeped in gore, torn by Austrian bullets, but respected and honoured by the very enemy, solemnly swore to maintain the liberties granted by his father.

Here began one of the most conspicuous epochs of D'Azeglio's life. He had been a principal instrument in preparing the great Italian upheaval, and now it was again his lot to save the popular cause from the dangers which menaced it on every side, and guide it into the path which, though under another illustrious chief, was to lead to its ultimate triumph.

Two ways lay open before the youthful monarch: he might either renounce all idea of future grandeur,

and attend to the consolidation of the constitution within the narrow boundaries of Piedmont, or stake his fate on that of Italy, and proclaim the principle of nationality. True this latter course was full of dangers and uncertainty. But Victor Emanuel sprang from too generous a race to hesitate, and selected, as everyone knows, the more difficult line—the one that was to confer so much glory both on his royal house and country, by the loyal observance of constitutional institutions, and the transformation of Piedmont into a palladium of Italian liberties, the only remnant of the great revolution saved from the ruin of Novara, but which preserved the seeds that were, ten years later, to ripen into the entire emancipation of the Peninsula.

The politician to whose lot it fell to share the perils of the situation, and to advise Victor Emanuel at that eventful instant, was Massimo d'Azeglio. A new ministry had been hastily composed under M. de Launay, a native of Savoy, an honest conservative, who had neither the power of enforcing respect to the constitution, nor that of dispelling the generally-prevailing mistrust. Under such auspices, the administration could be but a short-lived one; and the future king of Italy summoned D'Azeglio, not only to form a cabinet, but absolutely to save the country. Perhaps the young monarch,

in those agitated and gloomy days, did not guess that the man he was thus placing at the head of his government was destined to lay the foundation of his future rise.

With remarkable precision of thought M. de Mazade says, in his *Précurseurs Italiens*: "A roi galant homme galant homme ministre, c'est l'histoire de cette heure délicate et décisive. Par son passé, par son caractère, par un libéralisme aussi ferme que modéré, par le patriotisme qui avait fait sa popularité et qu'on le savait homme à ne point abdiquer, par cette blessure même dont il souffrait encore, D'Azeglio était une garantie pour tous."

It was a great sacrifice for D'Azeglio to become minister at that conjuncture, when the public spirit was still cast down by recent misfortune, amid contending passions, with an Austrian garrison holding the citadel of Alessandria. Three months before, he had declined Charles Albert's offer to form a cabinet. After Novara, he obeyed the orders of the new king, fully appreciating the extent of the sacrifice, yet decided to accomplish his ungrateful task with an iron will.

The first thing required was to negotiate as honourable a peace with Austria as circumstances permitted, in spite of the extreme parties, which stigmatised any compromise with the foreigner as treason; and

this, be it remembered, whilst the Austrians were in possession of a considerable part of the country, threatening nothing less than an alteration of the frontier. Everything conspired against us. Among foreign powers, some regarded us with inactive sympathy, some with doubtful compassion, and everyone would have declined to lend us the smallest assistance. Internal affairs were in utter disorder; and notwithstanding this dark horizon, it was voted better to transform Turin into a new Saguntum than come to terms with Austria!

In all Italy there was then no more perfect type of honour and honesty, both in private and public life, than Massimo d'Azeglio. Liberal without ostentation, and loyal beyond all suspicion, he certainly was one of the men who loved Italy most intensely and disinterestedly; but the native sincerity of his character abhorred secret societies, conspiracies, and accordingly rabid demagogy, their natural offspring, which were then trying hard to gain the upper hand. He was not therefore the man who, at such moment, with right on his side, would give way to street demonstrations or radical speeches. While a blind and infatuated throng spread ominous reports of treason, D'Azeglio was steadily carrying on the long and laborious negotiations with Austria. The pretensions of the victorious

Imperialists were great on this score; but he had given the most stringent instructions to the Piedmontese representatives to refuse any clause repugnant to the strictest sense of honour; and the little kingdom, although invaded by the enemy, with neither money nor an army, yet found strength to rally, under the leadership of D'Azeglio, and exact that the Austrians should recross the frontier.

At last, on the 6th of August 1849, the treaty was definitively signed; but, to give it effect, the sanction of parliament was of course required. I have described the unsettled state of affairs at that unfortunate period, and the Chamber reflected the temper of the country by unwisely refusing its ratification. D'Azeglio had the courage to oppose his own liberal instincts: still, he did not swerve an instant from the path his conscience dictated, and twice he dissolved parliament, the same deputies being twice returned, as only radical electors appeared at the poll; the ratification of the treaty of peace thus continued to be refused. The last time the Chamber of Deputies was dismissed, the King issued a manifesto, countersigned by Massimo d'Azeglio as prime minister, known as the proclamation of Moncalieri, after the royal castle from which it was dated. That proclamation has now assumed the importance of an historical fact. It ought not to be viewed

in the reactionary light in which it appeared at the moment, not as many at present consider it—as an act of pure royal prerogative. It could hardly be called a *coup d'état;* but D'Azeglio brought the King prominently forward, and put into his mouth strong words, throwing all future responsibility on the country if it persisted in refusing its assistance to the government.

The purport of that proclamation was special, positive, and straightforward; betraying a firm resolve to save the monarchy and the nation at all cost. The people understood, and the future of Italy was secured; but the obstacles D'Azeglio's will overcame at that period were such as might have daunted and discouraged the most energetic and resolute statesman. On this occasion he gave proofs of extraordinary intrepidity and patriotism, all the more sublime for its being calmly accomplished without the applause of the public, nay, against the popular current, and also but too much against his own dearest wishes.

The new house voted the treaty, and the ministry was then in a position to submit to parliament all its schemes for the financial and administrative reorganisation of the kingdom. D'Azeglio had a most arduous enterprise before him. Every branch of the service required a complete reconstruction: the ex-

hausted exchequer wanted funds for the first necessities of the state; the army had to be entirely remodelled; public order reëstablished after the period of revolution and war, from which the country had just emerged; and lastly it was indispensable to show Europe that the only part of Italy which had survived the wreck was seriously bent on profiting by the lesson, and making preparations to meet the emergencies the future had in store.

Thus, whilst in the rest of the Italian peninsula, and in Europe, reaction reigned triumphant, the little sub-alpine state, under the guidance of a great man, healed its wounds, expended large sums in reforming its army and finances, developed its liberties, and became, more than the refuge, the real home of all Italians banished from their own.

In every department Massimo d'Azeglio was preparing the ground upon which others were destined to reap so rich a harvest.

Our struggle with Rome and the clerical party also began at this time. Among the first laws presented to Parliament was the bill for the abolition of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction in civil matters (February 25th, 1850); and D'Azeglio never failed strenuously to defend the rights of the crown and of the civil power against the clerical party in the Chambers and at Rome itself. This was the first

act of open opposition to the Papal Court; an act brought about only by its obstinacy, as since 1847 the negotiations with the Holy See on the subject of the ecclesiastical tribunals had been pursued without any result; then the constitution of 1848, abrogating all civil distinctions, intervened; but Rome remained deaf to all representations—nay more, she answered, as if in derision, by a counter-proposal, according to which even increased privileges would have been extorted from the civil authority.

This is another instance of D'Azeglio's chivalry. With such a document in his hands, the Prime Minister could have shown by material evidence the futility of attempting to treat any farther, as Rome would admit no basis for an understanding that was not an utter impossibility. He, however, declined to do so. This counter-proposal concealed such clerical blindness and tenacity, such priestly hatred, and its publication would have so deeply wounded the religious feelings of the country, that D'Azeglio, though legally authorised to produce it, preferred remaining silent, and facing the odium of such an important measure alone.

But when, a few years later, Cardinal Antonelli publicly intimated, in 1855—I forget in what document—that, among other things, Piedmont had been guilty of breaking faith and grossly violating the

Concordat since the example first given under D'Azeglio's administration, he could restrain himself no longer, and retorted by one of those fine satirical pamphlets, to which the public was now well accustomed; yet this one was specially remarkable for the novel image of the *two consciences* he attributed to His Eminence the Papal Secretary of State and the members of the Roman Curia.

With all the energy of truth, he dexterously reminded the Cardinal that by living in certain atmospheres every sense of honour becomes extinct, and an artificial conscience takes the place of the natural one implanted by God in the heart of every man, and which for the Christian is the only criterion of what is just and honest.

As we see, it was D'Azeglio who initiated the religious conflict too, the vast proportions of which later almost frightened him who had given the first impulse.

Every branch of the public service was thus undergoing the complete reform indispensably requisite after the adoption of an entirely new policy. The provident premier placed Lamarmora, that excellent organizer, at the head of the war-office, to reconstruct the army that was to form the nucleus of the future Italian forces; and he has also the credit of having been the first to offer Cavour a

share in the government. Already, at that early moment, Cavour attracted public attention by the prominent position he had earned both in Parliament and in the press. When D'Azeglio proposed to admit Cavour into the cabinet, the King smilingly warned him that he was introducing an element likely by degrees to absorb the whole administration. D'Azeglio was not one to stop at this selfish consideration when he deemed the interest of the state to be concerned, and he cheerfully welcomed a colleague who was but too truly destined to realise the royal prediction. D'Azeglio understood it at once, and jokingly said to a friend, "With this little man at my side, I am like Louis Philippe—I reign, but do not govern."

Between the two statesmen there existed a profound disparity of opinions, and their characters likewise offered no less an antithesis.

They were both aristocrats, attracted towards democracy—the one by instinct, the other by reason. In the former, a high sense of honour, love of justice, and hatred for violence, tempered the natural instinct; in the latter, reasoning stifled the influences of caste and tradition, and, his goal once marked out, hardened his resolve to attain it at any risk.

The first differences between them arose in Parliament. The immediate cause was the law on the

press, in May 1852. Without consulting the premier, Cavour assumed an attitude in the Elective Chamber which engaged the government in a new political line. The young minister, thereby boldly breaking with the right, upon which the cabinet had hitherto leaned, and accomplishing the famous coalition with the left, headed by Rattazzi, performed the extremely dexterous manœuvre designated in the annals of Piedmontese parliamentary life by the name of *connubio*.

The addition of this audacious proof of the ill-disguised independent spirit of Cavour to the internal divisions that had already caused a split in the cabinet made the cup overflow, and D'Azeglio resigned office, thinking he could not retain it with dignity. The King made due amends to D'Azeglio by intrusting him with the formation of a new administration: in this he succeeded, excluding his stirring colleague. The change, however, hardly offered a solution, and the government was undoubtedly weakened by the loss or the animosity of a man now possessing great authority in Parliament. D'Azeglio felt it, and having assumed power—not out of ambition, but because he deemed it a necessity—proved over-ready to relinquish it, in October of the same year (1852), as soon as he found a worthy successor. A desertion of his post before that he would always

have looked on as a base action. Now, on the contrary, this determination appeared a duty, and he considered the opportunity most propitious for returning to a calmer life and his former favourite pursuits.

The truth also was, that poor D'Azeglio was tired. His badly-healed wound continued to cause him great suffering, which was not foreign to the sort of moral lassitude that began to pervade him. He had become prime minister when straightforwardness of character was the indispensable quality in the man holding the destinies of the state in his hands. The position of affairs was now quite different. D'Azeglio did not possess the ardent activity of ambition which can alone cope with a stormy parliament; nor had he any love for the complicated policy, for the bold and subtle expedients suited to the intricate situation of the day, indispensable for steering the fragile bark of Piedmontese hopes safely through the reefs and dangerous breakers interposed between her and the harbour to which she was bound. D'Azeglio was aware of all this, and he had the greatness of soul to acknowledge it to his friend in his correspondence— "Outre que je ne suis pas dévoré d'ambition, je n'en puis plus physiquement, et les affaires eussent fini par en souffrir. J'ai à me reprocher, je vous le dis franchement, de ne pas avoir mis assez d'activité dans les dernières affaires de Rome. On a fait quelques

sottises, qu'une action plus minutieuse de ma part aurait sans doute prévenues."

His rival was, on the contrary, ambition and energy incarnate. He had the passion for affairs, his genius pervaded the whole cabinet. Even when serving under the ex-premier, he was the soul of the administration; his wonderful mind adapted itself to all its branches. Equally preëminent at the Board of Public Works, at the Ministry of Marine, and as Finance and Foreign Minister, Cavour was the man to avail himself of everything for the sake of the plan he dared to conceive; nor was he stopped by the consideration of any danger whatever; and in the eight years that his administration lasted, with one short interval, with singular skill and practical spirit he fostered all combinations at home and abroad which could advance the solution of his one great idea, and eventually crown it with success.

Meanwhile the very different D'Azeglio descended from his elevated rank and quietly withdrew into private life. He chanced in those days to stop at a small town near Genoa; the innkeeper asked his name and profession, and he answered: "Massimo d'Azeglio, negoziante di carta sporca" (soiled-paper dealer); while all Italy knew with what ink he was wont to soil paper! He refused all the honours and distinctions the King offered him in acknowledg-

ment of his services, on the ground that being poor, and obliged to earn a livelihood by his brush, so humble a position did not allow him to accept the highest dignities the country could bestow; and, like Cincinnatus, he repaired to his modest laborious life. Passionately fond of horses, as the reader will see by his Memoirs, on leaving office he sold all those he possessed, jestingly saying, "Once more I return to the infantry!" The only thing he did not include in this general refusal was his nomination to the Upper House of Parliament, as, owing to his wound, his health no longer allowed him to share the excitement of the Elective Chamber.

It had been a strange sight to behold on the ministerial bench this artist, who had wandered over the whole of Italy with his traps on his back, resting sometimes in a wood, sometimes on a mountain; one day mixing with his equals in all the splendours of a Roman palace, the next perhaps enjoying a chat with a brigand-band in some dark almost primeval forest, where he was bent on snatching from nature her secret wonders of light and shade, and another day a popular leader in a town of Romagna; often the object of an ovation, and not unfrequently too slipping through the fingers of the sbirri! Indeed, this most simple and unsophisticated man had a curious way of being prime minister, no

doubt very much at variance with that of all past and future potentates. The following anecdote is an instance of the extent to which he carried his contempt for everything in any way tainted with baseness.

Shortly after his assumption of power, the Mazzinian party put the government to many serious trials. The famous agitator, with an activity and zeal worthy of a better cause, either by cavils or pretexts was incessantly inciting the people against the authorities, thus preventing the work of reconstruction undertaken by the king and government in order to re-establish that tranquillity of which the kingdom of Sardinia was then so sadly in want.

One day when the street-demonstrations raged most, and the danger of great disorders became imminent, D'Azeglio received a mysterious warning from London: he looked at it, and being anonymous, he crushed it in his hand and carelessly threw it into the fire. Not long after, another communication arrived from the same source; but this time it was not anonymous. Its author trusted, he said, to D'Azeglio's honesty. The prime minister treated the second warning like the first, and, to satisfy fully the confidence of the writer, consigned this epistle also to the flames.

At last came a third letter, no longer from London, but dated Turin. The mysterious proposal was

as follows. First of all, Mazzini was represented as the principal author of the prevailing agitation. Thence the necessity for the government to get him out of the way. He (the writer) had the means of safely putting the great conspirator into the hands of the police, with every guarantee that no international troubles would be caused by the arrest; and should any resistance be offered, he then pledged his word that in such an emergency more decisive and energetic means would be resorted to: the latter were not clearly explained, though their atrocious meaning was obvious. All this for a certain sum.

"And this man is an Italian!" at last burst out D'Azeglio. "And he believes me capable of spending the public money on such heinous schemes! Upon my soul, I am rather tempted to send Mazzini some money, that he may himself carry out the whole operation in an inverse sense!"

The mysterious adviser was not to be found anywhere. Perhaps he saw from what quarter the wind blew, and decamped.

But this gentlemanlike *bonhomie* in state affairs did not prevent his attaching a very stern point of honour to his official functions.

A French envoy then accredited at Turin, who was eagerly hunting-down a poor devil of a political refugee, once wrote to D'Azeglio an official com-

munication on this subject, in which he almost openly asserted it was enough to be a scoundrel to insure the protection of his excellency the prime minister and that of the Piedmontese government. D'Azeglio, for reply, sent him his seconds, of whom General Lamarmora was one; and the insolent note was withdrawn by the irate diplomatist.

This unambitious premier, broken in health and rather *blasé*, put a stop to all the evils of poor dilapidated Piedmont by the courageous step embodied in the proclamation of Moncalieri, which was to achieve its cure; and under his liberal and provident rule the kingdom of Sardinia, restored to vigour, sprang up again, and became the kingdom of Italy.

One proof of this is that Cavour had not been two years at the head of affairs when the improved condition of the country already allowed him to devise the participation in the Crimean war, and his consequent admission to the exciting discussions on the Italian question at an European Congress. No animosity existed between the chief of the past administration and the fortunate rival who led the succeeding one; so much so, that the elder statesman frequently sustained the younger in parliament, and especially so on the occasion of the Piedmontese adhesion to the alliance against the Russian empire.

This was one of those flashes of Cavour's genius

neither understood nor appreciated when first announced; and even among the ministers it gave rise to such objections, that a crisis seemed to be on the point of threatening the very existence of the cabinet. Massimo d'Azeglio at the beginning was also among the opponents; but his quick intellect soon led him to seize the true meaning of the wonderful stroke of skill by which the small Piedmontese monarchy was brought so conspicuously forward beside the great Western powers; and with his usual sincerity he at once withdrew his early disapproval, and publicly declared his readiness to support the scheme with his influence.

As soon as Cavour heard of this he hastened to D'Azeglio's house, not only to express his gratitude warmly, but even generously to offer his illustrious predecessor the presidency of a new administration, in which he would be glad to accept a department, and lend him his best coöperation. The veteran statesman met his junior's disinterested proposal as it deserved, and refused, promising strenuously to defend his policy by every means in his power. He did not fail to do so; and his authoritative voice, both in and out of parliament, was of the greatest assistance to Cavour; a noble example of self-denial and patriotism too seldom witnessed between rival political leaders, and very illustrative of the qualities

of the men who had the rare fortune to accomplish the greatest national reconstruction known in modern history!

Count Cavour thus remained in office; and the Piedmontese soldiers went to the Crimea to win for their country the privilege of being the champion of Italian rights and hopes before the most solemn European assembly.

The rivalry of the two leading men, instead of fostering the private interests of either, turned to the sole benefit of Italy; and when at the end of the war, in the autumn of 1855, Victor Emanuel went to Paris and London, accompanied by Count Cavour and D'Azeglio, the former had so high a respect for the latter's character, that he said to everybody, "The presence of Massimo d'Azeglio at the king's side will show Europe that we are not infected by the besetting sin of revolution."

At this period already the Emperor Napoleon asked Cavour, "*Que peut on faire pour l'Italie?*" and the task of answering that important question was intrusted to D'Azeglio, who willingly accepted it. He accordingly wrote a memorandum on the grievances of the Italian nation, which I have been enabled to peruse. Its contents enumerated with great lucidity the wants of the country at the period when it was written; but after all we have since

achieved, it now almost elicits a smile to think of our humble demands in 1856, by many deemed over-exacting, and of our successes within the lapse of four years. However this may be, it paved the way for the language Count Cavour was about to hold at the Congress of Paris, that precursor of the Italo-Napoleonic policy which was to unfold itself to astonished Europe in 1859.

D'Azeglio was even on the point of being himself sent to the Congress as the king's first plenipotentiary; but at the last moment some disagreement having arisen between him and Cavour, he insisted on the appointment of the latter. And here again his modesty was for the good of Italy. Not that their wishes diverged substantially as to the end to be attained, nor that one was more liberal than the other; but his patriotic anxiety itself prevented D'Azeglio from lending his approbation to the daring and perilous designs of the bold statesman, which in his eyes were too dangerous and imprudent to be attempted.

Quite an abyss divided him from Cavour. The one belonged to the past, the other to the new generation. The one had prepared the movement, while the other carried it into execution. I really think there are men to whom Providence confides a special mission; and once accomplished, their power ceases.

D'Azeglio was born in another age. In company with a few generous minds, he had dreamt of a glorious future for his native land. His artistic rambles had made every inch of the Italian peninsula as familiar to him as the wants and aspirations of its inhabitants. The state of Europe, and of Italy herself at that time, rendered it quite impossible to foresee that its regeneration and fusion into one nation would take place almost immediately, and in the wonderful way by which it was brought to pass.

D'Azeglio, like many of his contemporaries, certainly desired the unity of Italy with all his heart and soul; but accustomed, for the greater part of his life, to look for its realisation in a bright far-distant future—a future equally dazzling and remote from the actual wretched condition of the country—he deserves no little credit for having divined the destinies of Italy, and worked for their accomplishment with unshaken and persevering faith, during the epoch of darkness and corruption, between the Scylla of tyranny and the Charybdis of secret societies; and what wonder if D'Azeglio's poetic and over-scrupulous mind soon found itself outstripped—as is always the case, alas!—by revolution?

In Italian we have a singularly applicable proverb, *a cose nuove uomini nuovi*—for new things new men.

Never was there an adage truer than this. Massimo d'Azeglio did the work at a period in which Cavour would have signally failed. But when the preparation and instruction of the public spirit had ceased to be the sole object, and the time was come for utilising the elements at hand, good or bad, Cavour appeared in his turn, and finding the way already paved by his illustrious predecessor, his comprehensive genius took in the new situation of affairs at a glance, and with extraordinary boldness he embraced a policy from which D'Azeglio himself instinctively shrank. *A cose nuove uomini nuovi.* Cavour certainly did not possess, like D'Azeglio, the peculiar qualities requisite for acquiring the ascendancy and influence over the masses of central Italy destined to play so important a part throughout the Italian movement. But in spite of the coldness elicited occasionally by differences between the two great men, D'Azeglio magnanimously forgot his repugnances in the day of trial, and finally bowed before the bold young Piedmontese leader. His generous nature would not suffer him to remain inactive in the hour of danger, when the fight for independence was resumed, and his own cherished programme, for which he had himself striven so long, was at last to be carried out. He had not entirely approved Cavour's theories; but when, in 1859, he

saw the future of Italy identified with the success of his rival's plans, he hastened to write to him: "Henceforth I discuss no longer; I accept your policy, and acquiesce in it. The time has arrived for making it triumph, and uniting all our efforts to insure its victory." And he thus concluded: "Here I am, enlisted among the *Cavourini!* I know not what I shall be able to do; but I am waiting for orders."

His offer was at once accepted, and he was sent to Rome to negotiate an understanding with the Roman liberals, while fulfilling the ostensible mission of investing the Prince of Wales with the highest order in the gift of the House of Savoy. He next went to Paris and London as special envoy; for great eagerness to prevent the war was displayed in every quarter. His object was to establish an acceptable basis for a congress which should decide the Austro-Italian difficulty, and, especially, to persuade the English Tory cabinet, then in office, of the conciliatory dispositions evinced by the Sardinian government. The crisis was of extreme importance; and I myself heard Count Cavour afterwards say that, though his unflinching faith in the destinies of Piedmont had never abandoned him before, on that one occasion his heart sank with despair; for the reader may recollect that a proposal was made for a

general disarmament; and had it been accepted, the patient labour of so many years, the scheme so wonderfully prepared at Plombières, would all have fallen to the ground, as no Congress would ever have secured to Italy results equal to those of the campaign of 1859. Everybody knows how these negotiations failed by Austria suddenly altering the terms of the offer, thus clearly showing herself bent on war. At last it broke out; and Romagna having revolted from the Holy See, D'Azeglio was despatched to Bologna.

After the campaign he became governor of Milan, and remained so till the spring of 1860.

In May of that year Europe was startled by Garibaldi's expedition to Sicily, and by the mysterious and intricate concourse of circumstances which preceded and followed it. To borrow the expressions of his biographer, the Marquis Ricci: "D'Azeglio could no longer reconcile himself to a policy he considered not quite honest, and so resigned office. The sudden annexation of the Neapolitan provinces, too, did not greatly please him; he thought it premature, a work of violence, a focus of discord, a source of weakness, and seriously meditated upon the remedies to be applied to a state of things to which he objected so much."

After his resignation he again became strongly

opposed to Cavour, and withdrew entirely into private life. He spent in the country all the time he was not obliged to devote to his duties as Director of the Royal Picture-Gallery of Turin, a post to which he had been lately appointed; and he sought alleviation to the disillusions and causes for alarm his anxiety discerned in the state of Italy, at the favourite villa on the Lago Maggiore, which he had built for himself a few years before, in a charming spot between Cannero and Oggebbio. His very appearance was a living image of the weariness of his mind, after the many trials he had gone through. That pale, noble countenance yet lingers among us, with its soft and expressive look; his exquisite courtesy and simple manners, and the very sadness that seemed to pervade his whole being during the last few years of his life, still survive in our hearts as proofs of the immense solicitude he incessantly evinced for the welfare and prospects of his beloved country. In that quiet retreat, where he loved to pass a great part of the year, surrounded by a few intimates, he painted, and sometimes wrote. He took particular delight in writing memoirs of some of his departed friends. While so doing he was, however, perfectly impartial, and even here he did not forget his wonted frankness. With the fixed idea of regenerating the national character constantly before

him, he saw in the homage paid to the virtues of eminent men a means of rousing his contemporaries. It was thus that he wrote the life of that noble type of a gentleman and soldier, General Giacinto Collegno, and those of some few other old comrades, with whom Massimo d'Azeglio was always fond of associating himself, as having been among the first to dream of the freedom of Italy.

He sketched, too, several notices of Italian manners and customs, with the artistic charm peculiar to him, whether he wrote or painted. He also treated other and graver subjects. He published, for instance, a little volume in French — a language in which, as the reader may have seen by the letters I have quoted, he was a thorough proficient—with the object of proving how the beneficent influence of Christianity and civilisation ought to modify the political aspect of the world, and that departing from the conventional laws established by the peace of Westphalia, the rights of modern peoples should now rest on the principle of nationality. This publication, called "*La Politique et le Droit chrétien au point de vue de la question Italienne*," was chiefly written with the view of strengthening the Emperor Napoleon in his resolution of non-intervention,* and baffling the de-

* Would someone were able to persuade his Imperial Majesty to revert to this wise and undoubtedly more wholesome policy!

vices and the obstacles by which the sophistry of diplomacy opposed the unification of northern and central Italy, which was but the beginning of the union of its hitherto scattered provinces.

This short essay, begun perhaps with modest intentions, acquired in the heat of argument such power of logic, that it became a serious and weighty philosophical work, commanding the attention of every thinker, as do indeed all the philosophical writings with which the solitude of the little villa on the banks of Lago Maggiore inspired its owner.

But whatever D'Azeglio may have thought of the conduct of his countrymen, he did not admit that any foreign nation had a right to interfere in our affairs. "The day," he said, "that the events of 1860 shall be put in jeopardy by foreign violence, I would be the first to shed my blood in their defence."

The moment was now approaching when the everlasting and all-absorbing question of the Papacy was destined more than ever to engross the public mind, and naturally D'Azeglio could not remain an indifferent spectator.

He had not considered the early annexation of the Roman provinces as in any way illegitimate, or exceeding the rights of the Italians. But as a declared enemy of brute force, and everything resembling vio-

lence, his noble and elevated character recoiled from the strong measures subsequently adopted, the incarceration of the bishops, and other acts to which the government was impelled by the fatal necessity of events.

Recent facts have brought this vexed Roman question so prominently forward, as to make it my duty to enter fully into all its particulars, examining the views of a great patriot like Massimo d'Azeglio, inasmuch as many people, with an evident intention of thwarting Italian aspirations, have of late laid much stress on the attitude of D'Azeglio as friendly to the Holy See, taking advantage of his retirement from office, and of his disapprobation of Cavour's conduct, to assert D'Azeglio's dislike of taking Rome from the head of the Church, and implying a change in his mind favourable to the Roman Curia. Let the truth, therefore, be spoken at once, and sweep away the misconceptions so clamorously bruited abroad for any but a charitable purpose.

The political correspondence of his latter years offers us ample materials for a refutation.

His ideas on the Roman question are well known; his great point of divergence from Cavour's policy certainly was, that he did not think Rome calculated to be the *political* capital of Italy. Moreover, personal respect and regard for the present Pope, who had

formerly originated the Italian movement,—an epoch he could not efface from his memory,—and lastly, the influence exercised over him by the reminiscences of his youth, and the political school which devised to free Italy from foreign dominion, and constitute her a sort of national confederacy, only contemplating its unity at some distant date, had never debated whether Rome should be its capital or not, altogether made him pronounce himself explicitly on this head whenever he had an opportunity. But with reference to the temporal dominion of the Pope, and the whole of that strange edifice still surviving in the middle of Italy as a stumbling-block in the path of her modern progress, he was equally explicit.

The reader will find several instances of this in the course of these Memoirs. But D'Azeglio freely expresses his thoughts on this subject in his above-mentioned political correspondence, from which I extract the following significant passages, some of them quoted by a part of the Italian press at the time of his death. The first alludes to the respectability of the advisers of the Pope, and draws a parallel between the attitude of the Liberals in 1847, hailing him as the originator of Italian liberties, while by the clerical party he was considered as the scourge of the Church:

"Je vous ai cité déjà, je crois, le mot de l'ancien

général des jésuites en 1847: 'Le pape actuel est le fléau de l'Eglise; il n'y a d'autre remède que la cloche du Capitole.' Celle qui sonne à la mort des papes. Pie IX est le *fléau* de l'Eglise! Oui, c'était là leur pensée quand nous l'exaltions, nous; quand nous le bénissions, ils le maudissaient au fond du cœur. Eh bien! ils ont vaincu ces gens-là; ils ont vaincu lors de l'Encyclique du 29 avril, et au moment de la restauration de 1849; ils ont vaincu quand ils ont mis sous leurs pieds, grâce au *parti catholique* de France, la Constitution donnée par Pie IX; ils ont vaincu quand ils ont rétabli toutes les oppressions et toutes les chaînes théocratiques.

"Eux qui faisaient des vœux pour le triomphe de l'Autriche à Solferino, ils finiront toujours par vaincre tant qu'ils auront un doigt dans le gouvernement, et quand les populations se lèveront pour les chasser, ils trouveront toujours moyen,—et ils seront de bonne foi en agissant ainsi,—eux, coupables, de donner leur châtiment pour une persécution; eux, oppresseurs, de se poser en victimes; et d'ameuter contre un malheureux peuple, qui se débat sous leurs étouffements, le monde catholique tout entier, en criant au sacrilége!"

On the system that has so long been dominant in Rome hear his words again:

"Le pouvoir temporel associé avec le spirituel

perd nécessairement dans ce mélange le sentiment de ses limites comme celui de son but propre. Un gouvernement théocratique est avant tout un prosélytisme servi par les lois, par les magistrats, par les sbires, c'est-à-dire le pire de tous les prosélytismes. Sous un gouvernement où il n'y a de droits que pour ceux qui professent une religion donnée; où, dans le sein même de la société des fidèles, il existe un certain ordre, et dans cette hiérarchie et dans cet ordre un grand nombre d'exemptions, d'immunités, de priviléges, on ne peut pas parler d'égalité devant la loi."

In the next passage with what lucidity does he explain the reasons of the pontifical *non possumus*, and the utter impossibility of obtaining a reform!

"Quand on parle de réformes dans les Etats de l'Eglise, on oublie trop facilement que l'Eglise a une législation qui se nomme le *droit canon;* que le pape, même comme souverain temporel, n'est pas un homme, mais une institution, une tradition vivante, immuable, comme le passé. Le pape séparé du droit canon qui a fixé cette tradition, ne serait plus que le pêcheur de Galilée; l'abrogation du droit canon serait le protestantisme dans la constitution de l'Eglise: lorsqu'on demande au pape d'abolir d'un trait de plume les constitutions de ses prédécesseurs, peut-on espérer qu'il cède? On

abdique pour ne pas céder; on ne cède pas pour abdiquer."

As may be readily gathered from the preceding extracts, if D'Azeglio opposed the idea of Rome as the capital of Italy, his opinion of the pontifical government was far from flattering, and the friends of the temporal power had very little cause to rejoice in it; for his verdict on the conditions of the patrimony of St. Peter and its inhabitants was plain and outspoken enough.

"Qu'on ne vienne pas dire qu'il s'agit ici d'utilité capitale, d'intérêts spirituels. Rien ne justifie la violation d'un droit formel et précis. Qui vole fait mal, quand même il n'aurait pas d'autre motif que de faire une donation à l'Eglise. Qui assassine fait mal, quand même il n'aurait pas d'autre but que de délivrer l'Eglise d'un ennemi dangereux. Qui viole le droit qu'ont trois millions de créatures humaines à être gouvernées selon la raison; qui tue une nation ayant droit de vivre, fait mal, quand bien même il serait persuadé que le domaine temporel est utile à l'Eglise. Et nous ne faisons pas à l'Eglise de Jésus-Christ l'injure de croire que, pour prospérer, elle ait besoin de victimes humaines."

In another place, treating of the difficulty foreign Catholics have in understanding the wants of Italy, he writes as follows:

" Le pape des Italiens n'est pas le pape du reste de la catholicité.—L'Italie est la minorité, soit. Mais puisque c'est de l'Italie qu'on veut s'occuper, il faut l'accepter telle qu'elle est, telle que l'ont faite ses antécédents historiques, politiques, sociaux, religieux, etc. etc.

" Pour l'étranger, le souverain disparaît sous la majesté du pontife, du vicaire de Jésus-Christ, du chef de la communion chrétienne la plus logique, la plus ancienne, la plus fortement organisée; pour le reste du monde, Pie IX est le pape de l'amnistie et du pardon; il est l'initiateur des réformes et de la régénération de l'Italie. Pour les Italiens, par contre, le souverain cache le pontife. Bien plus que le vicaire de Jésus-Christ, ils voient en lui le vicaire de l'*Empire*, l'obstacle permanent contre lequel se sont brisés les efforts des générations pour conquérir l'indépendance et la liberté. Ils ont sous les yeux la *Curia Romana;* comment voulez-vous qu'ils prennent le change? Comment voulez-vous qu'ils partagent au même degré la vénération dont l'entourent les catholiques de l'étranger?

" Le gouvernement romain, qu'a-t-il fait des trois millions de chrétiens que la Providence lui avait donnés? Après quatre ou cinq siècles d'expérience où en sont-ils? Ils sont les moins religieux, les plus sceptiques des chrétiens, et ce gouvernement ne se

soutient (cas unique dans le monde) que par la présence de deux armées étrangères. Et il s'est trouvé un chrétien, un catholique convaincu qui a pu dire aux sujets du pape: 'Votre esclavage est indispensable à la foi catholique!' Croit-on que dans l'esprit des Italiens cet argument puisse augmenter beaucoup leur attachement à la foi de leurs pères? Ou pour le moins, ne seraient-ils pas en droit de demander si les mots: 'Oneratis homines oneribus quæ portare non possunt, vos autem ne quidem digito tangitis sarcinas!' ne sont plus dans l'Evangile?"

We simply beg to ask what answer the temporal authority could oppose to these irrefutable arguments?

The possibility of a compromise between the Italian kingdom and the Papacy had already been hinted at by D'Azeglio; and an important event was now about to modify the relations between Italy and Rome.

Since 1861 the national yearnings for Rome were his chief pre-occupation, and preyed painfully upon his mind. In March of that year he published his well-known pamphlet on the subject, entitled *Questioni Urgenti;* in which he once more proposed his favourite solution of the Roman question in even clearer language than he ever used before: "Nominal sovereignty of the Pope, with all the necessary guarantees for his spiritual inde-

pendence; municipal government; the participation of the Romans in the rights of the Italians to be as great as possible; the political capital elsewhere." Again, in a remarkable letter addressed to Eugéne Rendu, dated 28th of January 1863, he reverted tenaciously to this scheme. He advocated, in Napoleon's own words,* "Une combinaison qui en maintenant le Pape maître chez-lui, abaisserait les barrières qui séparent aujourd'hui ses états du reste de l'Italie." "Toute la question est là," concluded Massimo d'Azeglio. Certainly, if such a compact had been possible, instead of the arrangement, signed on the 15th of September 1864, how many misunderstandings, how many dangers would have been avoided!

It is not our intention to enter into the merits or defects of the September convention. Its great redeeming feature certainly was the withdrawal of one of the two foreign armies then encamped in Italy. Upon this argument was founded the defence of the treaty in both houses of the Italian parliament.

It is hard, after recent events, to speak of a diplomatic compromise, the failure of which exposed the very fabric of Italian unity to such great risk.

* The Imperial letter of the 20th of May 1862 to M. de Thouvenel, then Minister for Foreign Affairs.

But it must be said that D'Azeglio, from the outset, was strongly opposed to it; although up to a certain point it embodied his own ideas. Two things galled him: the transfer of the capital,—for while he had been the first to propose Florence as the seat of government, he revolted from effecting it at the bidding of a foreign power, which exacted such a weighty pledge of good faith, instead of simply trusting the word of Italy; — then the absence of any proviso whatsoever about the rights of the Roman populations; rights they possessed just as much as any other people. He wrote to Eugéne Rendu on this head: "Je suis, vous le savez, grand admirateur de l'Empereur, à ce point que je donnerais ma vie pour conserver la sienne; mais je ne puis comprendre comment dans la convention du 15 Septembre *il a passé sous silence le droit* des populations Romaines. . . . . Il a eu son idée; voyons venir."

It is not my province to examine here what the Emperor's idea may have been; it suffices to say that it was at least not one Massimo d'Azeglio, even with his moderation and his hostility to the proclamation of Rome as the administrative centre of Italy, would have been likely to applaud.

At the time of its promulgation, a great many true patriots made the best of the convention; for though the compact contained no clause expressly

reserving liberty of action in case unforeseen circumstances should arise, yet a correspondence exchanged directly after between the French and the Italian cabinets, past events, and the spirit of the age, all combined to suggest a favourable interpretation of this omission. Besides, a great fact, as I said, towered above everything—the cessation of foreign intervention. But this important safeguard, the soul of the whole transaction, was virtually done away with almost from the first by the formation of the Antibes legion, composed of French soldiers wearing the pontifical uniform.

Then came the mission of General Dumont, who reminded them they still owed allegiance to French military law; and to crown all, the letter of the Minister of War, Marshal Niel, in which he officially repeated the same statement.

Such ambiguous conduct and so much provocation added fuel to the irritation already excited in Italy, and thus hurried on the events of last October, and a second expedition sallied forth from Toulon, followed by the *jamais* of M. Rouher.

Would the high-minded D'Azeglio have approved of all this? or attributed the disaster of Mentana solely to the rash imprudence of the Italians? For, let there be no mistake about the matter, if the great statesman did not deem Cavour's claim on

Rome altogether expedient, his ideal solution of the Roman question was one widely differing from the present state of things, of all the most baneful to the existence of the Pope-king. This is strikingly developed in these Memoirs. They contain ample proof of how severely he judged the temporal rule of the spiritual chief of our religion, whose mission on earth ought to be one of love and blessing, by the social evils pervading the whole of the Roman states, and the degradation of the lower classes. For example, what can be more expressive than this sentence? He was passing through Baccano, a desolate spot of the Roman Campagna, and thus speaks of its wretched inhabitants: "They have sinister and perverse countenances, like people corrupted by bad government, the malaria, the fleecing of passing travellers, and misery; a physical as well as moral rottenness to the very core."

Having entered into conversation with one of them who cynically unveiled to him all the tricks he resorted to for extorting money from casual travellers, he exclaims: "His candour was so great that I was really unable to brand him as a scoundrel even *in petto;* and I mentally ejaculated a string of imprecations against the government, the clerical system, &c.; and I was more than ever confirmed in the idea that all criterion of *fas* and *nefas* is lost,

extinguished, dead and buried in the happy pontifical dominions."

Is this declaration explicit enough? No; D'Azeglio was not a supporter of the papacy, as many of the clerical party have skilfully though unsuccessfully striven to prove. This point is of so much national importance, under present circumstances especially, as to make me most anxious to prove conclusively that, far from having swerved from the popular policy of the whole country on the Roman difficulty, D'Azeglio, except in a secondary question, was truly Italian in his aspirations. His opposition to Cavour, his resistance to the general outcry for Rome, was chiefly one of form. Indeed, besides the right of the Romans to decide on their destiny advocated in his political correspondence, does he not say in his Memoirs, when alluding to the good qualities retained by the Roman populations notwithstanding their present degradation: "All these are symptoms of a brave race, with a dare-devil nature, which ought some day to produce good citizens and good soldiers, when it shall be freed from the claws of the Papal *government*"? Is not this a solemn admission of the fact which some detached portions of his own writings seem to deny? It must be confessed that on this special topic he singularly indulges the taste for paradox to which his nature was occasionally prone.

I have before remarked that D'Azeglio, although one of the foremost Italian patriots, was born at a time in which hope was an act of faith, and endurance the only means of testifying in its favour. The sudden realisation of Italian unity was to the men of his creed a surprise: the politico-religious complication deriving from it had never been practically contemplated by them. The new generation, on the contrary,—thanks undoubtedly to the noble sacrifices of their predecessors,—has risen, fused itself into a nation, and imperiously claimed what it thinks its unquestionable rights; and D'Azeglio, like many of his contemporaries, was in fact *débordé* by the march of events; for if it be true that no human force can bring a revolution to pass before it is mature, it is equally undeniable that its limits cannot be foreseen, and once set in motion it becomes impossible to arrest its progress, whatever course it may take. It may be retarded, or even stifled for a time; but what are delays in the history of the struggles of a nation? What social revolution founded on right, honesty, and morality, but has triumphed ultimately to its fullest extent?

Let us hope the day is not far distant when Europe, when the Catholic world, will see that the interests of Italy and of the Papacy are identical, and the separation of the temporal from the

spiritual power will no longer appear dangerous to the Church.

When people — foreigners in particular — speak of the inopportunity of making Rome the capital of Italy irrespectively of the religious question, the answer is very simple. How did Paris become the capital of France, London that of England, and Rome that of the Roman Empire? Because the whole nation regarded it as its own centre of gravity, and gathered round it spontaneously, unconsciously, driven, as it were, by a natural instinct. Now, I would ask, what else do the Italians mean by their cry for Rome? Can anyone of sound mind entertain for an instant the preposterous notion that classic traditions have anything to do with the present craving for the eternal city? No. Nobody dreams of Roman eagles, legions, consuls, or the scholastic list of Capitoline splendours; but everyone looks upon Rome as the natural metropolis of the country, lying between the two seas and bounded by the Alps, and the symbol of the completion of its unity.

People scoff at the widespread but erroneous conception that Italians delight in the mere revival of a political Rome as a sort of child's-play; and this proves how very little is sometimes known of the true character of the most important questions. Roman history does not belong to the Italians alone; it be-

longs to the world. The glories of the ancient *urbs* are now so far from us that, except for the archæological scholar and the schoolboy, it has ceased to have any hold on the modern public mind. But what is, indeed, not so far distant as to be effaced from the recollection of the Italians, is the time when Genoa, Venice, and Pisa were contending for supremacy; when Naples and Palermo, Turin and Milan were jealously vying with each other, and disunion was the precursor of foreign dominion, the interests of which it invariably fostered. The Italians remember that. May we ask if our adversaries also recollect the prediction they made, that Italian unity could never last, because of the municipal rivalries of its numerous capitals? For if not, we might refresh their memory, and make another prediction in our turn; viz. that if Italian unity ever runs a temporary risk (I say temporary, having unbounded faith in its final success), it will certainly arise from complications brought about, not by internal divisions, but by its very endeavours to enforce the natural rights of the nation.

"How can a state subsist with a foreign and hostile power established in its very midst? How could France or England subsist, were there a hostile and foreign government encamped in Paris or in London?" was asked by General Menabrea, in

the Italian parliament, on the morrow after Mentana.

The anomalous character of such a position would not have escaped a politician like Massimo d'Azeglio; whatever private sympathies for the present Pope he might have retained in memory of his share in initiating the national reforms of 1847.

Personal regard for Pius IX. and dislike of rash revolutionary elements did not prevent him from writwith this remarkable sentence as far back as 1849: "Quoique je sois modéré, *retrogrado*, etc., je suis au fond et serai toujours du parti qui sauvera l'Italie. Si les exaltés y parviennent, va pour les exaltés!"

Unfortunately, born, as I said, in other days, he forgot that when a people is once roused, it cannot be stopped at pleasure, and that revolutions too often go through sad phases, generally accompanied by deplorable excesses, produced mostly by the blind stubbornness of the adverse party. Consequently, hating violence as he did, he sometimes broke out into bitter criticisms on certain acts of the Italian government and on the recklessness of the nation, through which pierced the feeling of weariness that preyed upon him.

"J'ai fait tant et si bien," wrote he not long before his death, "qu'on ne peut plus me souffrir. . . . Je suis au ban de la cour pour abus de sincérité; au

ban du 'parti catholique' pour *leso governo papale;* au ban de la maçonnerie comme contraire à 'Rome capitale;' au ban des sectes et des rouges pour leur avoir dit des vérités trop dures." And again he added: "Si au milieu de tout cela, j'ai le cœur triste et la parole amère, ne m'en voulez pas. Je suis vieux, et je ne puis plus rien. Je n'ai qu'une chose à faire, et je la fais: je travaille sur mon esprit et sur mes affections, pour les faire plier à la volonté de Dieu."

Notwithstanding these little displays of bitterness, and what I might call the peevishness of his last years, one cannot but feel admiration for the high-hearted man living for one thought alone, and who to the last moment endured for Italy an anxiety like that of a loving mother lest her sons should do anything wrong, or incur blame for want of warning and advice. Honesty was his first care, honour his device. Hear his words:

"I must make a declaration. God in His goodness planted in my heart a love of justice and a hatred for injustice and deceit. . . . . Therefore I say frankly that I always hate injustice, no matter who is to profit or may be injured by it. I hate it if it profits my enemies. I hate it if it profits my friends; if it profits me. I should still loathe it even if it were profitable to the persons most dear

to me in the world, or if it forwarded the fulfilment of my most ardent yearning to see Italy really reconstituted."

Such were the principles of one who never for even a second entertained a base idea, though it were to secure all he most coveted; one who might rightly be called the modern chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche.* To him God confided the mission of dispelling the notion of Macchiavellism traditionally connected with Italian politics. Macchiavellism! Were a digression allowable, I might discuss the propriety of the opinion which couples Macchiavelli's great name with that of deceit; yet the connection being assumed, persons wholly ignorant of the writings of the great Florentine, adopt the word, and fling it as a standing reproach in the face of all Italians.

But, as my business here is only to point out some prominent characteristics of one of our most remarkable statesmen, I will merely recommend a more diligent perusal of Macchiavelli's works; and repeat that, however the accusation originated, it was D'Azeglio's task to destroy it by his uncompromising straightforwardness and honesty. What he abhorred next to deceit was despotism; and in these pages he frequently gives vent to his feelings on this score. The tyranny of Napoleon I., for instance, was his bugbear.

"Ten Wagrams and twenty Austerlitz," says he, "do not efface one single act of tyranny."

Gifted with an artistic and poetical nature, he foresaw a bright future of independence and liberty for his country; and, brought up in the sober austere Piedmontese school, he nobly made its realisation the aim of his life, and never for one moment ceased to exert himself to rouse, to nerve the Italian character, and prepare it for great enterprises. For, if he had the soul of an artist in all that regards beauty and conception, and instinctive horror of everything ungenerous and tyrannical, nobody entertained more practical views, or outdid him in the pitiless war he waged equally against the reactionists and the rabid demagogues. He prides himself on being a democrat; but "let me be understood to mean," says he, "that truly Christian democracy which makes every man equal in the eye of the political, social, and civil, as well as of the religious law."

There have been men who, either as soldiers, writers, or statesmen, took a more brilliant share in the liberation of Italy than Massimo d'Azeglio. But he ranked above those who may have left a more dazzling fame to posterity, by his moral superiority, his manly spirit, and his freedom of mind in prosperity as well as in adversity.

He died but a few months before the liberation of Venice, about which his staunch faith had never allowed him to doubt, and the last word murmured by his faltering lips was, Italy!

The intelligence of his death reached London on the 16th of January 1866. The Marquis d'Azeglio had some days previously left the Italian legation, to see once more his illustrious uncle, and I remained in charge during the absence of my chief.

Lord Russell was then at the head of the government; and I naturally had frequent opportunities of seeing him, and witnessing the deep interest his lordship evinced in the serious illness of Massimo d'Azeglio, whom he had intimately known.

Lord Russell, I seize the occasion of remarking, shines conspicuously among those statesmen of England to whom the cause of Italy has long been dear, and to whose moral support the Italian peninsula is greatly indebted.

Throughout his political career, Lord Russell has always warmly supported our efforts to earn our national redemption; and both in office and in private life Italy has always found him a valuable friend.

I therefore think I cannot better terminate this short essay on the political life of the patriot who wrote the Memoirs I have undertaken to translate,

than by publishing the letter Lord Russell addressed to me in reply to my announcement of the catastrophe that had just occurred at Turin.

"DEAR COUNT MAFFEI,—I was much concerned to hear from you that the illness of Massimo d'Azeglio had terminated fatally.

"Italy will mourn his loss as that of one of the purest of those patriots by whose talents, courage, and foresight she has been raised to her due place among the nations of Europe, and is no longer a geographical expression, but a living, independent state.

"I have often had an opportunity of enjoying the society of Massimo d'Azeglio, and of observing how, in the midst of his great task, his uncommon powers of mind and refined taste enabled him to excel in literature and art, while he was working out the deliverance of his country.

"His *parlar* was not like that of Petrarch, *indarno;* and while I lament over his death, I say with joy, God speed Italy!

"Yours very truly,

"Dear Count Maffei,

"RUSSELL.

"Pembroke Lodge, Richmond Park,
"Jan. 18th, 1866."

I am greatly mistaken if beyond the Alps, and in England where Italy has so many sympathisers, this

letter, so honourable to both countries, be not read with much interest; for in few lines it evokes the recollection of all the phases, hopes, and fears, and ultimate triumph of that exciting Italian struggle ended but the other day, and which many in this wonderful age of ours may look upon as almost a thing of the past, although a world-wide religious drama enacted at Rome has not yet attained its termination.

A. MAFFEI.

London, March 25th, 1868.

# MY RECOLLECTIONS.

## ORIGIN AND OBJECT OF THE WORK.

For several years I have been thinking of writing the story of my life. But no sooner does this idea, or rather this aspiration, present itself to my mind, than a thousand doubts arise to hamper and check it. Is my life worth being told? Why do I feel any desire to relate it? Am I moved by a praiseworthy motive, or is this a snare laid for me by a vulgar and indiscreet vanity? The entreaties of friends are always at hand to silence such doubts. But, to be just, I must not accuse them of having used over-much persuasion in this matter; besides, I think that in similar cases it would be more to the purpose if one could discover what enemies think. Therefore I let this argument drop.

The following are the motives which determined me to write:

I have lived to my present age of sixty-four without any breathing-time — I may say, without ever having had leisure to look behind me. It is now time to cast a glance backwards. It is a morally wholesome practice to submit the acts of youth and early manhood to the cold and sober judgment of mature age. And if this process of arraigning ourselves, as it were, be useful to us, why should it not be equally so to others, provided the judge be just, clear-sighted, and sincere? It remains to be seen whether *I* shall prove such a judge. Without uttering a too presumptuous *yes*, I content myself with saying that I hope I may, and that I shall do my best. As a first proof of my sincerity and candour, I may as well give one hint to the reader. If I speak ill of myself, let him blindly believe me; but if I indulge in self-praise, he had better be on his guard. Now, in order to render my work useful to the public, and more especially to the younger generation, I mean to divide and classify its contents as follows. My object is to make a moral and psychological study of myself, rather than to relate the adventures that have befallen me; I shall endeavour to analyse and describe my own nature and my character in all its successive phases; recounting as

I go on the *inward* or outward causes which may have modified it for good or for evil. If I am not mistaken, this kind of moral autopsy will be far from useless, both to those who educate others, and to such as think it the duty of every man to strive after self-improvement up to the very last day of his life.

But it will not be enough to examine myself, and endeavour to draw useful precepts from the study: I hope to be able to offer to those who will read these pages much better material than that of which I myself am made. It has been my lot in life to associate with a great many people; it has also been my good luck to find among them some men of first-rate merit, of great intellect, noble hearts, and characters far above the average. With their moral portraits I hope to make a gallery rich in noble models. Would to God it might produce another equally rich—that of their imitators! In my long career I have met with natures of true heroic stamp. But let me be well understood on this point. I call those heroes who sacrifice themselves for others, not those who sacrifice others to themselves. I shall therefore have no occasion to set forth any types even vaguely resembling those great tormentors of our species, admired and adored by the latter in exact proportion to the evil perpetrated by them. No! My heroes, most of them unknown, all victims, not one an executioner,

belong to every class of society. For, thank heaven, if humanity is not such as it ought to be, neither is it composed altogether of fools or of knaves, as the Heracleites of every age are wont to believe. But in this I have enjoyed peculiar good fortune.

To find sublime natures, worthy of being brought to light as perfect models of noble sacrifice and blameless life, I need not go beyond the circle of my own family; nor do I know how better to begin this critical study of many lives, among which mine is as a chain to connect my recollections of more worthy existences, than by some account of my father and mother. I should like to inscribe their names upon some monument far more durable and illustrious than these humble pages, which I dedicate to their dear and honoured memory; but more than this is beyond my power.

I am well aware that the reader will not be able wholly to share my feelings, but I will not weaken their expression on that account. In so doing I should be false to both heart and conscience; I should break the law of telling the truth, which I have laid down for myself. It would almost seem to me as if I abjured the veneration I profess for those who gave me being, and, what is far more precious, all the little good that may be found in me, and who never let me see an act or hear a word that did not present

a virtuous example. Can any man of feeling reproach me for these sentiments?

Another warning: I should not like this to be a political or ephemeral work; and if I succeed in carrying out my ideas, it shall not be either. I know how difficult it is for a writer not to be more or less imbued with the thoughts of his own time. One may even say that it is impossible, and perhaps undesirable, quite to efface their influence. But as, in my political life I have always striven to find out and follow exclusively that which was true and just, without party spirit, or caring whether I encountered praise or blame; as I have the inveterate habit of judging men by their individual qualities, without considering whether they belong to this or that party (and, on this account, I have succeeded in becoming obnoxious to all); as, when in office, I did my best to discover and propound the elementary laws which serve to found and promote the prosperity of nations, without troubling myself about interests, petty passions, or mean details,—I almost hope to attain my aim, and leave to future generations some pages which may be read without tedium, and not entirely without profit, even in circumstances and times very different from our own. I should, however, like these pages to be serviceable to the present age in one sense. I will explain myself.

For nearly half a century Italy has been struggling and labouring to become one people and make herself a nation. She has reconquered great part of her own territory. The struggle with the foreigner has already proved successful; but this is not *the* difficulty. The greatest and the real one, that which keeps everything uncertain and in jeopardy, is the internal conflict. The most dangerous enemies of Italy are not the Austrians, but the Italians. And why? Because the Italians have been intent to create a new Italy, whilst they themselves remained the same as of yore, with the deficiencies and the moral littleness which have been their inheritance *ab antiquo;* because they are thinking of reforming Italy, and none of them are aware that they must begin by reforming themselves; because Italy, like all other countries, will never be able to become a nation, well ordered, well administered, strong against foreigners as well as against internal agitators, free, and with a right of her own, until every Italian, high and low, does his duty, each in his own sphere, and does it well, or at least to the utmost of his ability. But to do one's own duty, generally a tiresome, vulgar, and obscure one, requires strength of will, and the belief that duty must be done, not because it is a pleasant or profitable task, but simply because it *is* duty; and this strength of will, this conviction, con-

stitutes, in fact, that precious quality which, in a word, is called *character:* so that we may say, the first want of Italy is, that Italians should grow up gifted with high and strong characters. But, alas, we tend towards the opposite pole! Italy is made, but not the Italians.

Now, if the topics, the narratives, the examples contained in this book could have the effect of contributing to produce one single great character, I consider that I should have rendered a real service to my country. If it be true, as the saying goes, that one fool makes many (and we see many illustrations of this every day), it is just as true that one great and strong character also creates a hundred or even a thousand others, and imparts life, colour, and, so to speak, a more wholesome and generous tone to a whole community for years to come.

I must now make known the last motive which instigated me to write these volumes; albeit, certainly, the least important, as it is entirely a personal one. I must, therefore, invoke all the indulgence of the reader in its favour. In all probability my family is about to become extinct, and I am far from reckoning this fact among the calamities of the State. On the contrary, truth to say, in our own private interest, I had rather see it end now with honour, the last three generations (this I may frankly affirm),

having numbered none but honest and honourable men, than run the risk of its dying out at a more distant period in the person of some silly *marchesino*, as might very well happen, or perhaps worse. Dante says in his *Purgatory*,

"O Ugolin de' Fantolin, securo
E' il nome tuo, da che più non s' aspetta
Chi far lo possa, tralignando, oscuro."

"O Hugolin,
Thou sprung of Fantolini's line, thy name
Is safe; since none is look'd for after thee
To cloud its lustre, warping from thy stock."*

These lines show that when I feel thus, it is in good company. Nevertheless, it is in human nature to shrink from destruction and still more from oblivion. I could not bear the thought that in a country which I have loved so dearly, and which has been so well loved and served by my kinsmen, a few years hence we should be forgotten, as though we had never been. It is therefore my intention to make this work a narrative of my life, and of the actions of the distinguished people to whom I belonged by family ties, or with whom I have associated; and

* The *Divine Comedy*, translated by the Rev. H. F. Cary, M.A. London, 1850. Hugolin Fantolini was a virtuous gentleman of an ancient and honourable family of Faenza, who, probably on account of his age, was not likely to leave any issue. I have availed myself of the above beautiful and accurate translation for all the quotations from Dante in these memoirs.

also to weave into it a brief memorial of our house, to prevent its memory being suddenly extinguished in the hearts of my countrymen. I feel but too well that I am not one of those swans whom Ariosto describes as alone able to rescue the names of the deserving few from the waves of oblivion. But why might I not obtain that which I am unable to win for myself, from the kindness which I have found in so many of my contemporaries, and which may become—I hope it will—a tradition among their sons and successors?

Having thus explained the spirit of my work, I may be allowed to say a few words about its style. In my description of myself I must appear just as I am. I must be nothing but myself, not anyone else. To attain this end I must therefore not only relate facts with scrupulous accuracy, and unveil my thoughts and opinions; but it is also necessary that I should use the manners, the phrases, the words, the idioms which are habitual to me, and which spring from my own individuality, character, and habits. I think that, in order to write well, one should express oneself as one would speak in genial and refined society, composed of respectable men and well-bred women. It is enough to abstain from a few colloquial or trivial forms, which a little tact suffices to point out; every thing else may, and

indeed should, be said frankly, in the same style and the same words as are employed in conversation. If this rule were to be adopted in Italy; if a number of authors did not deem themselves obliged to change their language when they are writing; if (I beg leave to use a rather bold expression) they put the pen into their mouth instead of holding it in their hand,—the reading of Italian books would no longer be that ungrateful, not to say almost impossible task which it unhappily is at present for ourselves, and still more for foreigners. And see how true this is! Italy is one of the countries where fluent and elegant speakers most abound, and where likewise unreadable writers are most rife. For God's sake let them write as they would talk in good society, and they will be read, as they are listened to, with great pleasure. Let us analyse this matter a little, that we may understand it better. Supposing, for one moment, that the above-mentioned genial company had time and patience to listen to a verbal narrative of what is at present in print; should I ever dream of beginning by saying: Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the title of my book, *Ricordi per Massimo d'Azeglio?** What!

* In this passage the author alludes to the affected habit, adopted by some modern Italian writers, of placing before their names on the title-page of their books the word *per* (for) instead of *di* (of), to indicate that the matter contained therein has been written by them. For example, "Ricordi *per* Massimo

(some one would interrupt)—What! *for* you? It would seem, on the contrary, that these memoirs are *for* us who are listening, and when they go to press they will be *for* the public. Well, would not this be quite true? Therefore, on my title-page I have written *di*, and not *per*, Massimo d'Azeglio. Now let us also suppose my tale not to prove too tedious to the listeners, and that some one should observe, it would be well to publish it; would he say: Why don't you *dictate** these recollections of yours? He would certainly say: Why don't you *write* them? Otherwise I might answer: My eyes are not bad, nor have I rheumatism in my fingers, and I can *write* without *dictating*. It is very strange that some people should imagine that elegance consists in a false and equivocal affectation. If such were the fact, it would indeed be easy to write elegantly. For this reason I began my book by saying: I have long had the thought of *writing*, not of *dictating*, my recollections.

My third remark is: in the aforesaid society, if I were addressing a person with whom I did not

---

d'Azeglio," instead of "Ricordi *di* Massimo d'Azeglio." Though in Italian these two words in the above instances have the same signification, the first is so interpreted only in a figurative sense, and sounds very affected.

* Here the author is ridiculing another affectation of some Italian writers, who would think it is more elegant to say "Memorie *dettate*" than "*scritte da* Massimo d'Azeglio."

happen to be very intimate, I should not use the pronoun *tu** or *voi;* and why? Simply because it is not the custom. Why, then, should I say *thou* to my reader? I prefer addressing him as *lei*, in accordance with Italian usage. Whenever *tu* becomes universal in society, I will address my reader in like manner.

These examples will suffice to illustrate my idea, which is in substance as follows: To use common words according to their natural meaning; to avoid all stilted expressions, all ambiguities however small; to eschew transpositions; so to express myself, in fact, that the reader may understand thoroughly and at once, nay more, to make it impossible for him to hesitate, even an instant, as to the real meaning of what he is reading.

Now one last remark. Since the French have invented what they call "*l'homme sérieux;*" since babies smoke, youngsters of eighteen despise dancing, men of thirty marry dowries, and girls of fifteen millionaires of fifty; since, finally, the three most obnoxious of the seven mortal sins, pride, envy, and avarice, have become predominant over the remaining four,—in every language, more or less, a

* This again is a protest against a very general affectation of addressing the reader in the second person singular, which in Italian is only used between relations, intimate friends, or from a superior to an inferior.

dictatorial, pedantic, ponderous, melancholy style has sprung up, false, affected, and tedious in form, and which accordingly I intend to avoid. Whenever a question arises, it is in my nature to rush in thought to the consideration of all its aspects and of all its consequences. I often perceive a laughable side in serious things, just as I at once detect the serious point lurking under frivolities. Such am I, and such shall I appear in my book. Life, thank God, is not always sad or tragic; it is gay sometimes, and at others has a comical seriousness, which last is the *ne plus ultra* of absurdity. Having to describe one or more lives, why should I limit myself to the representation of one of its aspects only, instead of painting all those which it alternately assumes in reality? I shall therefore let myself be guided by the subjects which occur to me; and if reflections and instruction flow naturally from them, why should I refrain from giving them utterance? Being desirous of impressing them on the minds of the young generation, is it better to collect them into an *ex professo* treatise? or may it not be preferable to spread them over a narrative in which the author does not always keep up a monotonous seriousness, but condescends to laugh when there is something to laugh at?

# CHAPTER I.

" *Quæsivi justitiam, et odivi iniquitatem, propterea . . .*"

Ignorance of family traditions—Wise reply of my father—Antipathy to the family name—Opportunity of learning its history—Originally from Brittany—The Brenier Capels—they remove to Dauphiny—one of them settles at Savigliano—Another version of Monsignor della Chiesa—Queen Joan invests the house of Taparelli with the fief of Genola—Purchase of Lagnasco—Brenier, a man-at-arms, acknowledges us (sixteenth century)—My grandfather the Count of Lagnasco—his portrait—Eccentric reputation of the family—Remedy for court deceptions used by my grandfather—his death—Cesare my father—Cristina my mother—Doubt whether I ought to write about her—Portrait of my father—his birth and enlistment—Garrison life—Manners of the superiors of that date—his early life—he enters the king's household—Society at that period—Aristocracy—its faults; its merits—Consequences—Conversion—State of opinion—The cause of his change—Reflections.

UNTIL three months ago I knew nothing of my ancestry beyond a few details heard now and then from an old servant of the family. Not a word on this subject ever fell from the lips of my father or mother. I remember once, during my childhood (I might then, perhaps, have been twelve years old), all the

family and a few friends being one day assembled, the conversation happened to turn on the subject of nobility. Thoughtlessly I asked my father, "Are we noble, *signor padre?*" I soon perceived that I had asked a silly question, as everyone began to laugh at me, and my father, smiling like the rest, answered, "My child, you will be noble if you are virtuous."* After this I inquired no further. I asked no more questions for a long time. Nevertheless—I know not why—I have always had a dislike to our name of Taparelli, and have always called and signed myself Azeglio.

It is now three months, since, on the sad occasion of the death of my eldest brother Roberto, I had to examine some family papers and documents, and was thus enabled to carry my archæological researches concerning the history of my house farther back than my grandfather, beyond which point I had never before been able to reach. I then learnt the following facts:

Our race is of Breton origin. This will perhaps account for the leaven of stubbornness prevailing in our family to this day. Old chronicles speak of a family and of a castle in Brittany, both named

* This reminds us of a favourite maxim of one of our good old princes of the House of Savoy, Charles Emanuel II., who used to say that "*dignities* and honours without virtues were *indignities*."

*Brenier Chapel* or *Capel*, and upon the walls of the latter were sculptured coats of arms identical with those always borne by our house. This castle was destroyed, and the family disappeared; but years afterwards it was to be found transplanted to Dauphiny; and several documents existing in the archives of Grenoble prove it to have settled in that part of France. When Charles of Anjou crossed the Alps to conquer Naples, or perhaps earlier, a member of the family came to Italy, and, though I am unable to state how or why, it is proved that he established himself at Savigliano, where he married. Among his descendants we find one Giorgio, who, heaven knows how, from *Chapel* or *Capel* became *Taparel*. He and his sons are identified by documents, and are the first really historical persons of the family. The earlier portion of the history I relate as I have found it. Whoever is incredulous may search and see for himself.

Monsignor Agostino della Chiesa gives a different version in his history of Piedmont, and says (for brevity I give the substance only), the Taparellis are a very ancient Guelph family of Savigliano. As early as 1240 Guglielmo and Odone are mentioned with their sons, in the vellum volume containing the charter of the people of that town, as possessors of mills and other machines moved by water, of

rights of fisheries, and also of lands and hamlets in the aforesaid district.

At this stage the Giorgio of the other version reappears. Monsignor della Chiesa adds, that one Rupert di Leonardo, seneschal and captain-general of Queen Joan, being at Cuneo, invested the sons of Giorgio, Gioffredo, Leone, and Pietro Taparelli, of Savigliano, with the fief of Genola, in recompense of the many services rendered by their family to the queen, with the right of building a castle thereon, as a defence against the enemies of the House of Anjou.

A few years previously (1341) the family had become possessed of Lagnasco, a fief sold for 25,000 golden florins to Gioffredo Taparelli and Pietro Falletti of Alba, by Tommaso Marquis of Saluzzo, for the purpose of raising the ransom of 80,000 florins, imposed upon him by his uncles, who, assisted by Bertrando del Balzo, seneschal of Charles II. of Anjou, and other allies, had taken him prisoner and deprived him of his principality.

From that time to the present our family have always retained possession of these castles of Lagnasco and of Genola. As our family history, though of ancient date, is not remarkable for famous deeds, or for those historical names which might render the details of interest or importance, I spare both

myself and the reader any further remarks on this subject; and will only add, that the two versions respecting our origin may, I think, be reconciled, as, before being Guelphs in Savigliano, our ancestors most probably came from France with one of those but too numerous northern hordes that have descended into Italy. We have positive mention of a Brenier, a man-at-arms in the company of M. de Termes, who came to Savigliano during the wars between France and the Empire.

M. de Monlue mentions that he belonged to the garrison which then occupied Savigliano; and I find that the said gentleman, seeing his own armorial bearings in our house, inquired our origin, and, being informed of it, recognised us as kinsmen. To ascertain with greater certainty, he asked the name of our special patron saint, and being told "St. Mary Magdalen," he said that in his own family also she was the most honoured of all. It seems unlikely that this should be the result of mere coincidence; yet, should the French knight have conjectured rightly, it would follow that after having so often cried *Fuori il barbaro!* I am discovered to be a barbarian myself!*

* The name of "barbarians" having been constantly applied to the foreign invaders of Italy,—Giambullari, in his *History of Europe*, calls the Alpine passes in Friuli the "usual road of the *barbarians*.... a fatal passage left open by nature in punishment

Instead of writing the history of a series of obscure lordlings, whose private adventures would doubtless be far from edifying, I will simply relate a few anecdotes which I have gleaned from among the old family papers. They are more or less interesting, inasmuch as they belong not only to the Taparelli family, but to the still older one of Adam, whose posterity affords inexhaustible materials for study.

My grandfather, the Count Roberto of Lagnasco, married Cristina Countess of Genola, the offspring of another branch of our own family. They had two sons: one, the Marquis of Montenera, died young through a fall; the other, called Cesare, was my father. A few days after his birth his mother died. Several years later, Count Roberto married Matilde Caissotti, of Casal Grasso, by whom he had an only daughter, afterwards the wife of Count Prospero Balbo, the father of Cesare, the celebrated author, my first cousin, and the dearest and most esteemed of all my friends. Of my grandfather I know only the little I heard from my father. He was a very clever man, but he was not without a dash of that

---

of Italy's past sins,"—the cry of "*Fuori il barbaro!*" has been handed down from one generation to another. It resounded as heartily as ever in all the popular demonstrations of late years, and was the rallying cry of the masses in every insurrection up to the moment of our liberation.

eccentricity in which all our family are said more or less to share. In old Piedmont I must confess that the Taparellis enjoyed the reputation of being somewhat touched in the upper story. Without discussing the why or the wherefore of the subject, I must nevertheless observe that in old Piedmont, so full of good and sterling qualities, one often met with that conservative tenacity, that love of tradition, that dislike of innovation, which characterise those vigorous races, capable of maintaining themselves for a lengthened period. Every innovation, no matter how insignificant, displeases the majority, and is rejected without further consideration as a *pazzia*. Thus, for instance, my grandfather was very familiar with the English language and literature. I think I hear his friends saying among themselves, "Very odd that Count Lagnasco, with his English!" After this would speedily follow the conclusion, "All the Taparellis have more or less a bee in their bonnet." I know but too well (as I shall afterwards relate) that for having early attempted to be something different from the *marchesini* of my time, I was unanimously voted mad.

However this may be, my grandfather entered the army, according to the ancient custom of my family. He afterwards lived at court, and was the friend of King Victor,—so far as it is possible to be

the friend of a king. Although a courtier, he was reputed an honest man; and as in that position none have sufficient strength or wisdom to avoid all danger of disgrace, or the risk of frequent mortification, my grandfather chose to be forearmed, and in a conspicuous place in his study these words were inscribed in Piedmontese, "*Ai fa pa nen*," or in plain language, "It matters not in the least." The meaning in that dialect is still more sarcastic, and may be rendered, "I don't care a straw." Thus, when he returned from court, his temper embittered perhaps by some intrigues against him, his eyes would alight on the above inscription, and shrugging his shoulders he would dine with his usual appetite. All this I learnt from Cesare Balbo. My grandfather died at fifty-seven, while occupied with the marriage of his only remaining son. The earliest arrangements for the latter were already completed. In all that concerns my father's history I possess the safest, the most precious of guides: I have now before me a manuscript by my mother, in which she relates his life.

I cannot conceal from the reader, that, now that the time has arrived to speak of her, to describe the events of her life, to quote her words, and draw aside the veil in which she so carefully shrouded herself, her actions, and her virtues from the eyes of the world, an undefinable hesitation stays my hand. Shall I

not be guilty of profanation? What though I have nought to disclose but as divine a beauty as ever adorned a human soul, is there not an instinct in every filial heart which says: The life of a mother, and even the memory and praise of her virtues, should be strictly confined to the domestic hearth; they should be written in the hearts of her sons and grandsons, and there remain as a hidden family treasure, not to be flung into the great current of publicity to indifferent strangers and lookers-on? I feel within myself this instinct, and yet I am resolved to disregard it. I yield to the temptation of portraying the beloved features of that noble figure, endowed with so much feminine grace, such true candour, so rare a beauty, and (as we have yet to see) a fortitude beyond her sex. For five-and-twenty years she has slept by the side of my father at Genoa, in the humble church of the Capuchins; she belongs to the past; may not therefore this circumstance modify the severity of certain principles? Can it be just or rightful that no noble examples of feminine virtue should ever be held up to posterity? To whom, if not to the mother, has heaven intrusted the mission of imprinting the first and indelible traces on the character of man? and ought she to remain forgotten who so truly possessed the wisdom which trains up generations of vigorous men, and hence

illustrious epochs—when the first want of Italy is *men*, and those who are fit to educate and render them strong and generous in heart and mind? Moreover, have I a right to deprive my children of their most precious inheritance—that of noble and virtuous examples?

Decided by these reflections, I shall proceed. But first of all, a few words to portray my father. I quote the manuscript: "A young man of very handsome appearance, courteous in manner, full of talent and vivacity (yet very dignified), with a highly cultivated mind, a good musician," &c. So far my mother. To complete this likeness, I may be permitted to add, that he was considered one of the best soldiers of our army; a man of severe principles, and at the same time of immense goodness of heart; one who would have given his life to spare his family a sorrow, but who would have also seen it sacrificed before his eyes rather than betray either duty or honour. A nature like his would have died with Regulus in one age, in another with the martyrs torn by lions in the circus while confessing the faith of Christ.

The existence within him of the often conflicting senses of duty and love rendered his life an incessant warfare between the two. Perpetually mistrusting his own heart, always on his guard against

yielding to acts of weakness, he sometimes fell into the opposite error, and became rigid and austere. In our childhood he inspired us with an almost incredible fear; and fear too often prevents an impartial judgment. It will ever be a subject of the most painful regret that I should only know and appreciate him as he deserves, now that he is no longer in the world. How much we lose through mistakes like these! and how important to endeavour to avoid them!

He was born on the 10th of February 1763. At eleven years of age his father presented him to the magistrate who presided over the then existing *uffizio del soldo*,* and administered that objectionable voluntary enlistment which gave such celebrity to the so-called *recruteur*, and which, thank heaven (though the English and the Americans think otherwise), has been superseded by conscription.

Notwithstanding the privileges of the aristocracy, so warlike a spirit had been instilled by the old monarchy of Savoy—having always been built on a military basis—that it was not considered de-

* In Piedmont at that time custom required every noble to enlist in the royal army when a mere child; and for this purpose they went to the *uffizio del soldo* (an office established as far back as the year 1688) to receive a day's pay, which constituted an engagement similar to that represented by the shilling which the enrolling sergeant gives to a new recruit in England.

grading to become a private in the ranks. Every one concurred in the idea, that notwithstanding the difference in military rank, the honour of a common soldier was on a level with that of the first general and of the king himself.

For this reason, the curious phenomenon of a baby carried by his nurse and wearing the insignia of a major or a colonel was unknown among us.

It is, however, true, that though our nobles entered the army by the common door, they afterwards found their way through a privileged passage. They soon became cadets, then officers;* and the substantial difference consisted in this.

My father, successively a private, a cadet, and an officer in the regiment of the "Queen's Own," lived a garrison life, and was stationed lastly at Cagliari. He was a great favourite with his colonel and other superiors, "who" (I refer to the manuscript) "at that time acted the part of fathers to their young officers, inspiring them with the precepts of true honour, founded on allegiance to God and the sovereign, in probity and high principle towards each

* Nor has the Piedmontese nobility lost this gallant tradition; for in the late wars not only did its sons fight in the ranks, when by chance they had not already a higher grade, but the example they thus set was so effectual, that both in 1859 and 1866 the representatives of all the best families of Italy voluntarily enlisted as privates in the national army.

other. This was the universal spirit of the Piedmontese aristocracy, who served under their king's flag almost to a man. Their pay was very scanty,—that of the courtiers more scanty still; so much so, that it hardly sufficed for the gratuities customary at court. Honour was our great motto." To this the princes contributed by respecting that of their nobles, only demanding their services when absolutely required.

From eleven to seventeen my father instructed himself, and acquired great knowledge of military matters; and my mother writes: "This was the *most unhappy* time of his life (so he would say himself); because in those years of ardent youth and fervid passion he lived the wild life of his age."

At seventeen he was appointed equerry to the Duke of Aosta, son of King Victor Emanuel; and this new duty recalled him to Turin. Here the manuscript speaks in the following terms of the young man, already accustomed to pass such severe judgment on this period of his life: "He very soon became intimate in the most select circles of society, and was a favourite with many brilliant and talented women; he was also beloved by his family, and was full of the tenderest affection for all its members."

Judging by all this, his life at that time can scarcely have been so very displeasing either to his

family or to his friends—the best society of the day. Strange society! of which all traces and traditions have now vanished wholly; and which, considering its faults and failings, I certainly should not wish to see restored to life; but which to us of the present day, so far removed from its influence, so utterly changed, offers many interesting reflections and suggestive thoughts.

The Piedmontese nobility of the last century and the beginning of the present were more haughty in manner than tyrannical in spirit. You might often, dear reader, encounter a person who was unfailing in the observance of the strictest civility, who said no word that could possibly give definite cause of offence, yet whose whole manner betrayed such a feeling of intense superiority, whose every look and word said so plainly, "Stand aside; I am somebody, while you are nobody,"—that feeling it alike impossible either to resent or endure it, you would make a speedy escape, and register a mental vow never, if possible, to subject yourself to it again.

This was the impression produced by the nobility of Piedmont, and thence resulted that division of classes which has only now begun to disappear.

But with these faults it had also its redeeming qualities, and continued active and energetic, while the aristocracies of the rest of Italy are faithfully

portrayed in the *Florindi* and *Rosaure* of Goldoni. And why this difference? Because the Piedmontese nobility were engaged in perpetual war (within the last century alone Piedmont took part in three), and because war exercises over nations a more salutary influence than a long peace. Fidelity to a difficult and perilous duty educates men, and makes them fit to perform more peaceful tasks well and worthily. For instance Alfieri, who tells us he took the Greek grammar by storm, just as he would have mounted a breach when a soldier.

A singular conclusion might be drawn from all this,—viz. that a nation, in order to preserve those virtues which save it from decay, is necessarily obliged to kill a certain number of its neighbours every now and then. I leave the reader to meditate on this question, and intend to study it myself one day. Meanwhile let us proceed.

At the age of twenty-four my father passed through one of those moral revolutions which alter and renew a man, but which are only possible in upright, strong, and impassioned natures.

At that time there everywhere prevailed—chiefly, however, in France—a general rage of destruction against the old world, which made many people believe that a new chaos was approaching, but which has led us, through horrible evils it is true, to the

discovery, to use a biblical expression, of "*cœlum novum et terram novam.*"

Italy is the old land of *doubt.* The Reformation had little hold upon her; not so much because the Roman Inquisition kept it in check, but because Italy cared little for Rome, and still less for Wittemberg. It is not in our natures to believe more than the priests themselves; and facts have always shown that the priests of Rome believe very little. The Italians, therefore, have never considered dogmatic questions very seriously; and the "*Chi sa se è vero?*"—"Who knows if it be true?" (a mournful question for humanity) has always prevailed among us since the days of Guido Cavalcanti. For this reason Italy was an indifferent spectator of the conflict between Rome and Wittemberg, with little regard for either. But the doubts, the derisive sarcasms of Voltaire, were more to her taste; and she smiled on French scepticism as on an "old and familiar friend,"—at least it was thus in the rest of Italy; in Piedmont things were different.

In spite of a few recent innovators, the old popular faith remained unshaken on its ancient pedestal. Even now, after the many storms that have swept over this poor country, its traditional character is still almost unchanged; we can imagine, then, what it must have been when it had scarcely emerged from

the influences of the middle ages. The religious feeling was generally deep and genuine; and the Catholic faith reckoned among its opponents a greater number of evil-doers than of real unbelievers.

During the Lent of 1784 a monk preached in the church of San Giovanni, who, according to the manuscript, was either Father Denobili or Father Casati. My father heard him, and was firmly convinced that it was his duty to change his life. As we have said, the discovery of a duty and its fulfilment at any cost were one and the same thing for him. Suddenly, without regarding the criticisms or sneers of others, and perhaps the reproaches and pangs of his own heart, he surrendered himself unreservedly to the assiduous observance of the Catholic faith, its worship and principles in all their minutest application; nor did he swerve from them from that time up to the last day of his life. In a nature so resolute, so incapable of hesitation in anything, faith was speedily transformed into a profound and absolute certainty. He thus secured for himself the highest solace in the bitter vicissitudes which awaited him,—that of believing that for the true Christian the evils of this life are but the coin which purchase the eternal happiness of the next. Happy he who feels sure in himself of so rich a bargain! But, unfortunately, aspirations and wishes do not suffice to create belief.

Man believes what he can, and not what he wills; and God, who knows this, will not ask impossibilities as men do, nor be cruel like them.

The word *conversion* sounds to us nowadays almost like a relic of some holy legend. When do we now hear of or see one of those world-famed conversions which are recorded by St. Francis, St. Benedict, St. Jerome, and others? Religious excitement is often to be found in the Anglo-Saxon and German races. Among them a conversion is a common occurrence. Every seer, be he rogue or fanatic, soon finds a devout crowd ready to make sacrifices and endure privations for his dogma. Now if one of them came to Italy and preached in the streets, he would have the same auditors as gather round a mountebank, who, the sermon over, would disperse, shrugging their shoulders, and saying in Piedmontese, "*A l'a bon tëmp;*" or in Italian, "He is a lunatic."

At first sight, we might say, perhaps, we are wiser, because we are not so easily taken in; but if we analyse the question, what do we find? We find that the strongest, most moral, and most dominant race is not the Latin, with all its talent, but the Anglo-Saxon. This proves that nations are formed not by subtle wit (*esprit*), but by firm and austere characters. It proves that something can be made of people willing to die for their faith, even though

it be an unfounded or eccentric one; whereas if people believe nothing, in the name of what, or whom, can you induce them to rouse themselves to act or to die? Doubt is a great pretext for avoiding labour; I might almost call it the real parent of the Italian "*dolce far niente.*"

Here, however, the ship strikes on the rock I have already pointed out. Can a nation say, any more than a man, "*I will have faith*"? and if it *cannot*, who is to blame?

I would fain not imitate those who at every difficulty, at every offence, seek cause of quarrel against the priests and Rome. Let us be indulgent to every one, even to the priests. In the Middle Ages the clergy were exposed to temptations so great, that to resist them required perhaps superhuman strength, —to hold the cross aloft, to have the power of transforming it by one word into the sceptre of the world, and to refrain from uttering that word! Let him who could have so refrained throw the first stone.

But indulgence has to be applied to individuals, not to logic or historical truth; and this repeats the teaching of Machiavelli three centuries ago. The spectacle of papal Rome has extinguished religion in Italy; and if it be true, as I think is beyond doubt, that a nation without faith cannot be either disciplined or strong (the Romans, the modern

Anglo-Saxons, and we ourselves, alas, are the proof of it), one must conclude that Italy will never be really a nation till she is based on a religious principle; and that if this is not to be secured or enforced by decree or voluntary act, it may be developed whenever the said principle shall disclose itself, not as the instrument of material dominion (and that an evil one), but as a beneficent emanation from heaven. The natural and final conclusion therefore is, that if Rome, if Catholicism, does not reform itself; if the priest does not succeed in proving that he believes that which he teaches; that he is convinced poverty is not the worst of evils, nor wealth overmuch to be coveted; that it is a good thing to be meek and humble, and a bad one to be cruel and proud; that charity and forgiveness are virtues, hatred and vengeance crimes;—until, I say, facts prove that he believes all this, there is no hope of seeing among Italians that true and sincere religious principle, without which we shall always be, as we now are, a nation of little nerve, less character, and no power of assimilating our own national elements.

## CHAPTER II.

Bad health—Anxiety of the doctor for our race—Alliance with the House of Morozzo—Scrupulous sincerity of my father—Establishment of the family—Number of children—Decay of the *cavalieri serventi* system—Joke on matrimonial unions *à la mode*—Illness of my father—he leaves the court—Isolation of Piedmont—Outbreak of war—My father aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief—My shameful ignorance—Anecdote—Piedmontese proverb—He is made prisoner—Gallantry of a young drummer—A new Pylades—his origin—he contrives to be taken with my father—They are sent to Montbrison—are obliged to ask alms—Generosity of a peasant girl—Death of Robespierre—Improved condition—Horrible reaction—His wife and family believe my father dead—his will—he refuses his release on condition of not bearing arms against the Republic—The French government acknowledges this act of loyalty—Reflections—Return of my father—Return of Pylades—his death—Pylades and Alexander the Great.

THE conversion of my father made a great noise at court and in society. But in the midst of youthful life and vigour his health began gradually to decline. An iron will had, so to speak, seized hold of the fleshly body, which collapsed and gave way in the struggle. Seldom does anyone come forth unscathed from battles between heart and will. After a few months his family began to feel serious alarm on

finding that the health of their only remaining son was becoming daily more and more impaired. He was subjected to a long treatment, which, aided by youth, produced excellent results. But his constitution had received a shock, and though the temporary illness was subdued, his former health and vigour did not return. My father was never again really robust.

The extinction of a noble race was not then contemplated as philosophically as I, for instance, now foresee that of my own, without losing either sleep or appetite on that account. The doctors, questioned by my grandfather, answered in a very matter-of-fact way, that the Marquis Cesare being now the only son, it would be well for him to marry at once, in order *to propagate the race.* My father afterwards told me this anecdote, and was much diverted at the good doctor having put him in the same category as a King Charles's spaniel, or a thoroughbred horse.

It was thereupon decided that a wife should be found for him; and Cristina, daughter of the Marquis Morozzo of Bianzé, appearing a suitable match, proposals were made to her parents, who accepted them, and the alliance was concluded.

My mother, who was afterwards never tired of expatiating on the exquisite sensibility of her hus-

band, used to tell me that on his first visit to his intended bride, my father, instead of being well got-up and elegantly dressed, as is customary on such occasions, in order to prevent any illusions, actually strove to present himself in the negligent attire a husband might habitually wear at home (everyone knows the awkward sort of dress then in fashion); so that the young lady and her friends, being at a loss to explain such eccentricity, were not a little astonished and perplexed. But, as my mother adds, "this was only the beginning." After a few complimentary words, my father drew a paper from his pocket, which he gave to his bride, saying, "Here, *signorina*, is my moral portrait, of which you cannot judge at first sight as you may of my outward appearance." After which he courteously took his leave, saying as he went out, that if on acquaintance with his real character she was still of the same mind, he should be very happy to devote his whole life to her, and become her husband.

My mother told me, that with the inexperience of eighteen, with the candour and ignorance of the world resulting from a very strict education, she was so frightened by the long list of serious faults of which her intended accused himself, that she was on the point of breaking off the engagement. Her parents, however, who knew better how to take

it, laughed at the paper and at her. The self-accused culprit was recalled, cordially welcomed, and after receiving an assurance of full confidence in his future reformation, the marriage took place.

On this subject my mother has written the following words: "This was the first link of a golden chain of faith and conjugal love which, for forty-two years, bound the happy Cristina in an indissoluble tie till the 26th of November 1830, when it was broken by death, or rather rendered partly immortal in heaven."

The agitation preceding the revolution had already begun in France, but the outbreak was as yet delayed; and for three years my parents enjoyed true felicity and peace. These were, I believe, the only happy years of their life. They had two sons; the elder of whom died in infancy: the second, named Roberto, attained the age of seventy-three. Four other sons and two daughters were born to them subsequently. One of the latter (Matilde) married Count Rinco; she was beautiful and good as an angel, but died of consumption at the age of twenty-two: the other (Melania) also died very young. Enrico, afterwards a captain of artillery, died in 1824, aged twenty-nine; so that Roberto, Prospero the Jesuit, and myself, were the only survivors; and they too left me solitary, the last of my brethren, in 1862.

It was the year 1788-89. Society was undergoing a process of renovation. The epoch of legalised "*cavalieri serventi*" (sometimes even stipulated for by matrimonial contract) was near its end. They had been one of the thousand signs of the necessity of reconstructing society on a new basis.

I leave the reader to judge whether, fashionable or not, my father was a man likely to yield to this foolish and evil custom. But even supposing he could have done so, it could never have been tolerated for a moment by my mother. I find in her manuscript a few lines on this subject, which illustrate the period, also her graceful wit and mature judgment.

"These," she says, "were the happy days in which it was once more the fashion for husbands to be the *cavalieri* of their own wives. What dreary grimaces, what dreadful yawns, might be seen on the faces of certain married couples, who were thus compelled to sacrifice their liberty and inclinations to the idol of fashion!" How easy to imagine one sees them!

But this tranquil happiness was of short duration. My father, being out one day stag-hunting with the Duke of Aosta, whose equerry he then was, had to give a loud cry in order to summon some huntsmen at a distance. This effort occasioned the bursting of a blood-vessel in his chest, and the hæmorrhage was so great that his life was for some time in jeopardy,

and he was compelled in consequence to resign his post at court. This illness was again treated successfully, and my father recovered just in time to take part in the long wars and other national vicissitudes which, after a short pause in 1814, began afresh in 1821, and will continue until it pleases God to give us a settled organisation.

It is no part of my plan to write history; least of all that of events already generally known. I shall therefore not dilate on the wars in which Piedmont resisted the French invasion. Alas that I must say Piedmont! without adding, *and the other states of Italy*, albeit the latter shared the same hopes and fears, and were threatened by the same dangers. But when asked to form a league, they all shrank from it. Naples alone showed some slight inclination to adhere to it, which, however, came to nothing. The governments which had refused to unite voluntarily in the hour of peril were afterwards—as always happens—involved in the common ruin.

How often during my childhood have I heard my father speak of this abandonment of Piedmont to her own resources! He abhorred foreign invasion more than any one; therefore more than any he deplored the civil discord of Italy.

When war broke out in the county of Nice, Count St. André was intrusted with the command of the

*corps d'armée* in that district, and appointed my father his aide-de-camp. He was with him through two campaigns. Later he was sent to the Valley of Aosta, where he held the rank of lieutenant-colonel of the regiment Vercelli.

Here I am ashamed to confess that I know very little of my father's military exploits, except the last, which I shall mention presently. I only know that, as I have already said, he was considered an excellent soldier. He never spoke in his own praise, and very seldom made any allusion to his adventures at that time. I might, indeed, have sought information from his contemporaries and brother officers, but this I omitted in the thoughtlessness of youth. What would I not now give to be able to evoke and question their spirits!

Let this be a warning to those who may still have it in their power to avoid similar regrets. I remember, however, hearing one anecdote from a friend of the family. When the war broke out, our army had been inactive since the wars for the Polish succession. Forty-six or forty-seven years of peace imply absolute want of practical knowledge, from the general-in-chief down to the lowest drummer. Besides this, the provincial organisation then in force—by which the soldier only served a short time with his regiment—had no tendency to correct this inexperience

in any way. One of the duties, and also one great difficulty, of the officers was that of accustoming their soldiers to that severe and continual sacrifice of self called discipline, without which one may muster a host of gallant men, but it would be impossible to organise an army or even a regiment. One day in the Valley of Aosta my father had to lead his battalion through a rather long defile, in the face of the enemy and under a battery which swept the road,—an excellent occasion for training his provincial contingent. He was one of those men who prefer to display courage at their own expense instead of at that of others. He might in this instance have formed into column for a vain boast, and presented his flank to the enemy, with great danger to his soldiers and less to himself. Instead of this, he drew up his men in two lines, with drums beating, and placing himself at their head, marched forward at a slow steady pace. In this formation they reached the ground which was to offer them shelter; and it is singular that the fire of the enemy should have only struck the point of the flag-staff; thus proving the truth of Gianduja's* old adage, *La paura l' è faita d' nen*,—Fear is made of nothing; a proverb which, if not always strictly true—for instance, when one

* The popular mark by which the Piedmontese type is personified.

is under grape-shot—is, however, the faithful expression of the national character of our people, who will never see danger where none exists, and sometimes not even where it does. I do not mean to attach more importance to this fact than it deserves, which my father himself would certainly not have done, and his military life must have doubtless presented other episodes worthier of record, of which I am unfortunately ignorant.

I now come to the action in which he was made prisoner. It happened on the Little St. Bernard, between Thuille and the Hospice; for hostilities were long carried on in those wild passes. He and his men occupied the spot called Terre Rosse. It had been a day of misfortune: the regiment commanded by my father was so cut up that it might be considered entirely destroyed. Naturally refusing to fly, he was surrounded on every side, made prisoner, ill-treated, and robbed of everything valuable about him, as was the custom in those days far more than it is now, thank Heaven! A moment before he fell into the hands of the enemy, he happened to look behind him, to ascertain whether any of his men were left. He himself told me the story in the following terms: "I glanced behind me, but saw no one, except a drummer, a boy of fourteen. Thinking it was useless for him to be taken prisoner, I called

out, somewhat impatiently, 'What are you doing here?' To which the boy answered, 'As long as the colonel is here, I remain here too.'" It is a pity not to know what became of this brave boy. My father never heard of him again. Another companion remained also by his side, and with his history I am fortunately well acquainted. I said in the preceding pages that I should have to bring to light heroic characters belonging to every class of society. Here, then, is one of the most remarkable too, for I am about to speak of a poor peasant from the Valley of Lanzo, ignorant and boorish, unable to read or write; who had no idea of the existence of heroes, either ancient or modern; who had no acquaintance with the family of the Atrides, nor with Agamemnon, and had never heard mention of his son Orestes; he could therefore never understand why my father ever afterwards called him Pylades; far less, I surmise, how much honour and glory was attached to this classical and semi-mythological baptism. Time out of mind, the Valley of Lanzo has supplied Turin with servants, and with that peculiar popular type of street wine-carriers, clad in blue, and called in Piedmontese *brindour*, so familiar to every one who has been in the old capital of Piedmont.

Giovanni Drovetti came from Colle San Giovanni, a small hamlet situated in that valley, to be footman in

our house; and my father finding him a stalwart and healthy fellow, took him for his servant during the campaign. He never lost sight of his master, and at this perilous moment was by his side as usual. My father said to him also, "Away! Don't allow yourself to be taken." But the stout mountaineer stared with eyes so full of wonder at hearing such words addressed to him, that my father said not another word, but accepted the faithful fellow's sacrifice; and the glance exchanged between the two at that moment knit them together for ever. Having both been led behind the French lines, my father was mistaken for an emigrant, and was at once surrounded by several republicans, who threatened him with their drawn swords, crying out insolently, "*Canaille d'émigré!*" My father calmly answered, "*Non, je ne suis pas un émigré.*" But at last an officer interposed, and put an end to a scene so unworthy of disciplined soldiers.

He was then transported to Montbrison, and thence to Feurs, in the province of Forez. At that time the power of Robespierre and the terrorists still reigned in that far-off town; they continued to run riot even after the 9th Thermidor, which put an end to their dominion in Paris. Ten sous a day in assignats, which the loss of eighty per cent reduced to two, were assigned to the prisoners. Upon this

master and servant were compelled to live. They had no choice but to beg alms. But during the Reign of Terror, he who assisted a royalist was looked upon with suspicion, and we all know the result of being suspected at that time. Our destitute prisoners, therefore, did their best not to compromise their benefactors. The mountaineer whom we called John used to beg and receive charity in secret. "He found (says the manuscript) great consolation in the kindliness of the worthy people, always so numerous in France, even in those terrible days, more particularly among those of the softer sex. Charitable ladies used to wait for Giovanni at night, and give him bread and other provisions for his master. There was even a peasant-girl who would have lent Cesare six hundred francs, without any security for its repayment."

Here, again, is another noble soul, whose name I shall never know, and whose sons or grandsons I am unable to thank.

More than once I heard my father relate some particulars of his life of beggary at that time. "One day (he told me, among other things) we were taken across the Rhone in a large ferry-boat crowded with horses and mules. Hunger forced us to beg of the other passengers. They threw us a few raw onions, which fell in the dirt among the mules.

Those onions, dipped in the river, were all we had for our dinner." Happily my father, in sharing that coarse food with the poor mountaineer his companion, felt it not a humiliation, but an honour. What, indeed, can be more honourable than to deserve the sacrifices made by others for our sakes?

At other times he would receive a hint that Mass would be said secretly in some secluded spot at a certain hour of the night. Like the Christians of the early Church, he would go to hear it through every difficulty; through frost and snow, through darkness and danger the most extreme—for the liberty of conscience then in vogue would have made death the penalty of discovery.

At last, after the death of Robespierre, when the Reign of Terror had ceased even in ultra-terrorist Montbrison, a reaction took place scarcely less cruel than the preceding rule. My father was no longer hated and repulsed as before; a royalist might be tolerated, if only because, under Robespierre, they had debated the question whether it would not be better to massacre all the prisoners, in order to save the two sous allowed them for their maintenance. But the kinsmen, the sons of the Jacobite victims, seized by a fever of savage revenge, pursued their executioners to the death. My father told me of a young man he had always noticed for his piety and

general worth, and who came one day to see him, with his hair dishevelled and his looks wild and ferocious, crying: "*Monsieur, je viens de tuer celui qui a fait guillotiner mon père.*" "*Monsieur, vous n'êtes pas chrétien,*" was the answer of my father.

But while he was enduring so much misery, my mother was in still greater agonies at Turin, where she mourned her husband as dead.

In the action in which he had been taken, the French, having, as I said, the advantage, had occupied our positions. Any identification of the dead and wounded was thus impossible. The reports of those who had been, or ought to have been, among the combatants, obtained implicit credence; and unfortunately (I grieve to say so of a Piedmontese officer) there was one who, to prove that he had been in the front rank as well as my father, actually asserted that the latter had received a bullet in his breast, and was struck dead by a second in the forehead, before he could assist him.

As it was impossible to suppose an officer could be guilty of such infamy, his words were fully believed: Lieut.-Colonel Cesare d'Azeglio was reported among the killed, and my mother informed that her husband had fallen honourably at the head of his men.

When we, his three sons—Roberto, Enrico, and I—entered the army, our father made us give him

our word of honour never to attempt the discovery of that coward, or even of his name, which he always refused to tell us.

My mother was then expecting the birth of my brother Enrico; and the shock of this news greatly contributed to ruin her health, and to render her a confirmed invalid.

On reading the will made by my father before his departure to the war, it was found that he had left a very liberal jointure to his widow, to be paid to her *even in case of a second marriage.* In another paragraph he said, "Should I die on the field, I beg my wife not to wear weeds, but rather to put on gay attire, since, after having given vent to her grief for my loss, she must consider it a great honour for us both that I was able to give my life for my king and country."

Two months elapsed before my mother received any news of her husband. At last she learnt that he was alive and unhurt, but a prisoner in France. The joy of this unexpected announcement gave a fresh shock to her already shattered constitution. Through the good offices of the king's minister in Switzerland she obtained the concession that the prisoner should be sent home on parole.

Already she and her children were hoping to see him, but he was to be free only on condition that he

should *not bear arms against the Republic until regularly exchanged;* and my father answered without hesitation that he would never sign a promise to abstain from fighting for his country and against her enemies. He preferred remaining in that sad and bitter captivity, leading a miserable life, far from the wife and children in whom all his affections centred; and he endured all this misery for six months more rather than fail in what he considered his duty.

But his conduct was appreciated in a manner very unusual at that time. After the armistice of Cherasco, 21st April 1796, and the humiliating peace of the 15th of May, he at last received permission to return home; and those very men who then ruled in France, and whom history has already judged, would not let Colonel d'Azeglio depart without paying a tribute to his noble conduct. In the document which liberated him there was a phrase mentioning "*la louable délicatesse du citoyen d'Azeglio en refusant sa liberté sous la condition de ne plus porter les armes contre les ennemis de son souverain,*" &c.

I beg the reader to think over the men he has known, and consider how many he has found of a similar stamp. If he has met with but few such, or perhaps none at all, he will be able to understand what I feel as I write these pages. And here it may not be unadvisable to point out once more how

powerfully great minds influence the people who surround them, their country, and the times in which they live. With reference only to ourselves, his children, I say that, however inferior we have been to our father in capacity for sacrifice and in elevation of mind, we still owe whatever there may have been in our lives of good and honourable entirely to his noble and venerated example.

I feel in myself the indestructible strength of first ideas and first impressions. In fact, he who from his earliest years finds himself in an atmosphere of probity, loyalty, and honour, grows up surrounded by it, gradually passing from the stages of childhood to youth, and thence to manhood, becomes so thoroughly imbued with those principles that, in spite of error, wildness, and even serious faults, his character remains sound at the core, thanks to an instinctive sense of duty and honour. And in any of the emergencies of life it is almost impossible that one so trained should prove a disgrace to himself or to others; the probability being, on the contrary, all on the other side; and thus the country is well served, well defended, and becomes strong, powerful, and respected.

For this reason Washington, whom I consider the first among those rare men, true fathers of nations, who have bestowed on them not only material

existence, but also their moral life,—for this reason, I say, he wrote from his retirement at Mount Vernon to those who were then at the head of the Government, "Choose *gentlemen* for your officers." He had neither aristocratic pride nor democratic envy; his judgment was sober; he loved his country; and by gentlemen certainly did not mean a particular caste, but intended to designate all those who had received a liberal education, and, if possible, were in independent circumstances.

He could not mean, nor do I, to depreciate persons of a more humble class; but society must apportion its tasks with a view to the general benefit of the community, just as on board ship the qualities of the different hands are taken into account and employed to the best advantage. "Knowledge must command, and gnorance obey;" and if ships are usually better ordered than states, it is only because every individual on board accepts the position assigned to him, whereas in governments the least competent are generally the most ambitious of power.

And it is not enough to say "knowledge must command," if you do not add, "and *he* must take the helm who is endowed with the greatest readiness to sacrifice himself to duty;" that is to say, *he* who is the most willing to sacrifice *his own* interest to the general welfare. Now, I ask, which of the two is the more likely to be prepared for such sacrifice; he

who has learned from his infancy that it is honourable to acquire honestly and dispense liberally; or he who was taught by everything he saw and heard as a child that man's mission on earth is to buy cheap and sell dear?

The democracy of Washington was the triumph of right over privilege; but the democracy of our days is rather the triumph of another privilege over common right. The realistic school does not flourish in literature and art only, but it may even be said that its real cradle has been the field of politics. (Whoever wishes to make profound researches on this point may betake himself to Hegel and Schelling, to the Pantheists, &c.; but let us leave such nebulous matters to the Germans.) This school does not acknowledge anything as real unless it be ugly and unchaste, as it has shown in art and in literature, by choosing loose women for heroines, and convicts for heroes, and by painting pictures which, examined at railway speed, might perhaps seem such, but which on a closer inspection would never for a moment deserve the name. What can we learn in politics from such a school as this? In truth, the abuse of words has now reached such a pitch, that one says of a torn shabby coat, "O, what a democratic coat!"*

* In Italy the word "democratic" is used figuratively to designate anything shabby, worn out, or otherwise worthless.

and of an ill-kept filthy dwelling, " O, what a democratic house !" And a great many people are seriously persuaded that democracy consists in the worship and triumph of the ugly, the ignoble, and the slothful in general, as well morally as materially.

If Washington came now with his *gentlemen*, I need not tell you with what favour this sort of democracy would receive him.

Now, for my part, though an aristocrat by birth, I am a democrat by choice; but let me be understood to mean that truly Christian democracy which makes every man equal in the eye of the political, social, and civil, as well as of the religious law; and I beg leave to predict that Italy, Europe, and the world at large will never be at rest (not even that relative rest consistent with life on earth and human passions) until true democracy shall reign unquestioned on the ruins of the two systems, the old and the new; until it has stifled the two parasites which from above and below consume the roots and the summit of the great plant of human society; until it is universally admitted and believed that no government, no independence, no liberty, is possible unless each authority, all parties, all communities, as well as every individual, is legally responsible, and unless this responsibility is rendered real and tangible by making exceptions to it as few as possible.

But so long as society fluctuates, like a pendulum thoughtlessly set in motion, between the two extremes of Russian despotism from above and that of the United (now disunited)* States from below, Adam's poor progeny will seek in vain for a just balance of power.

In common justice, however, I must apologise to Russian despotism for having compared it with that of America; for whilst Alexander Roumanoff breaks the fetters of his own serfs, Abraham Lincoln only emancipates those belonging to his enemies. What conclusion must we draw? Of these two tyrannies, which must be considered the worst? But if I continue in this strain, I shall never end, and I have already wandered too far from my subject.

The reader may perhaps have blamed my love of digression; if so, I must, in my turn, entreat him not to weigh the literary merits of these pages over carefully. I offer them to the public merely as a scrap-book, wherein I noted down thoughts as they arose in my mind, only hoping they may be of some use to a future generation. If I herein delude myself, what is to be done? It will be a fault of my intellect, but not of my will.

I now resume the thread of my narrative.

The happy day at last arrived on which my

* These first chapters were written in 1863.

parents saw each other again. The meeting took place at the hospice on Mont Cenis.

As I am not writing a novel, but a narrative of facts, a description of touching scenes does not enter into my design. I therefore leave the reader to picture the joy of this young couple, so deeply attached to each other, who had believed themselves parted for ever, but who were thus once more united, after so much anxiety and suffering, of which no trace remained but an additional glory won for my father's reputation by his firmness and high-minded courage.

Providence has exceptional compensations in store for those who continually sacrifice themselves to the welfare of others; and there are certainly moments in life which might almost suffice to repay the torments of an eternity.

But my father did not come back from captivity alone. The poor mountaineer, a voluntary prisoner and beggar for his sake, returned with him. He wept for joy at meeting his master and mistress. My father introduced him to his wife, no longer "Giovanni Drovetti," but "Pylades." He presented him as a friend, and as such he remained in our house till he died. I have still the pleasure of paying a pension to his heirs, whom I pray Heaven to bless, protect, and multiply.

The other servants were quite unable to comprehend his classical and poetical name, and instead of Pylades, they but too often called him Pilate. What everybody, however, did comprehend was, how deserving of esteem and affection the poor faithful peasant was; for he had such a happy nature that, without a vestige of that liberal education I mentioned above, he had heart and mind enough for a hundred *gentlemen*. Nevertheless, the exception only proves the rule.

Pylades is one of my earliest recollections. But when I became acquainted with him, I did not know, nor should I have been able to appreciate, the worth of that clumsy, thick-built old servant, always in knee-breeches, which displayed a pair of short Herculean legs, like those of the caryatides whose business is to support galleries and cornices.

He died in the house at an advanced age, fulfilling to the last his lowly duties, without boasting of what he had done, or seeming to know that he had been anything but a poor peasant in the service of the Marquis d'Azeglio, like so many others.

Poor Pylades! I could wish these pages to possess merits enough to live for a while. Then, at least, your fate would differ from that of so many other obscure men, who, without the aid of books or examples, found in themselves the germs of heroism,

and accomplished great sacrifices unknown and undreamt of by the world. You, at least, would escape a total oblivion.

Providence, however, will give him a better recompense. Having faith in its justice, I, for my part, will never believe that, in the unknown and mysterious place where their due meed awaits our souls, if, to use a human phrase, there are different classes, crowns, or more or less exalted seats,—I will never believe, I say, that if God in his goodness gives me admission, I shall have the mortification of finding Pylades, for instance, seated lower than Alexander the Great. I feel certain, on the contrary, that I shall find him on a far higher throne; and this will be but justice to both.

It would be strange, indeed, that he who doomed so many human souls to despair, in order to appropriate the good things intended by Providence for the benefit of all—he who, when maddened by drink, killed his dearest friend, and died of intemperance, leaving so many nations a prey to his savage captains,—it would be strange, I say, if Eternal Justice were to prefer Alexander the Great to Giovanni Drovetti.

I should like to see this!—Never!

## CHAPTER III.

Italian disasters—My brother Enrico—My birth—Domestic life of my father—Poverty of the Piedmontese nobles—Error of our rulers—Habits of my family—Distress at the public calamities—Beginning of the century—Endeavours of my father to make himself useful—He settles at Florence with his family—*Fuit*—Is Florence a place of exile?—My father hates the foreign yoke—Exiles at Florence.

PUBLIC misfortunes soon disturbed the domestic peace of my parents.

For several years Piedmont had been literally the battle-field of two powerful nations; we were compelled to pay tribute of blood and money to both, with no better hope in the end than that of becoming the slaves of the victor.

Who at that time gave heed to the great truths proclaimed by the Revolution to those eternally just and beneficent principles called the principles of '89? They had been replaced by those of '99, which may be summed up in one word, *rapacity*. Plunder was the universal aim; and experience had not then proved what even children in arms now know, viz. how marvellously that pleasant operation is assisted by grand and high-sounding words.

Many believed at that time that liberty could be imported from abroad, just as other *articles de nouveautés* are brought from Paris. It was supposed that every fool could play the part of a free man, and that any personal qualities and deserts were mere superfluities.

Therefore all those who were tired (and not unreasonably) of the abuses of the old governments, which the French Revolution had come to destroy, received its apostles with open arms. History records, and everyone knows, how well their fine promises were kept.

But these questions are foreign to my subject, and I therefore proceed.

I said that at the time of my father's captivity, my mother was near her confinement.

She afterwards gave birth to a son, who was my brother Enrico. The terrible anxiety that had preyed upon her exercised a fatal influence on his disposition and character. He had great aptitude for abstract science, but his intellect was of tardy growth; and as the quickness of his perceptions did not keep pace with his love of knowledge and thirst for distinction, he became melancholy and diffident, and his short and weary life drew to a close before he completed his thirtieth year.

But of him more hereafter; his frank, loving,

but melancholy disposition offers a study not devoid of interest, and may contain some useful warnings for youth—an aim I have continually in view.

Enrico was not the youngest son; I was the last born; and I must now introduce myself to the reader, and prepare to repeat perpetually that egotistical *I*, who from first to last is of all personages the most troublesome and unmanageable.

But as I am to write my own history, this is a difficulty from which there is no escape. Let us therefore meet it at once.

I was born on the 24th October 1798, in our house at Turin, in the inner room on the first floor, in which I believe many generations of my family first saw the light. Cardinal Morozzo was my godfather; and the following string of names was bestowed on me—Giuseppe Maria Gerolamo Raffaele Massimo, by the last of which I have always been known.

My mother was my nurse, and this was the first of that long series of benefits with which during life her unwearied solicitude thenceforward continually overwhelmed me.

After the treaty of Paris in May 1796, my father had withdrawn from public life, devoting himself to his family and the care of his private affairs, which had suffered greatly from the vicissitudes and wars

of preceding years. Our once-wealthy house was reduced to comparative poverty. In other parts of Italy I have often heard people deride us Piedmontese because we are poor, the aristocracy especially.* But it should be remembered, first, that he who has nothing, at least cannot be suspected of having taken the goods of others; second, that every time war broke out, as it frequently did, and Piedmont nearly always took part, the nobility, following the example set them by the king, immediately ransacked their houses, and parted with everything valuable to assist in defraying the expenses. How, then, was it possible to accumulate riches, when the houses of the Piedmontese aristocracy were generally despoiled in this way twice in a century?

Nor must it be supposed that the nobles alone made these sacrifices; the government, the public treasury, the whole population of the country took their share. Even now coins are in circulation of the value of eight, four, and one sous, which were originally issued with a nominal value of twenty, ten, and five sous (as is still shown by the legend they bear with the date, 1796†); and these were simply a false coinage, which everybody knew to be such,

* It was a common saying, that all a Piedmontese nobleman possessed was two nags in his stable, and a rusty old sword for the service of the dukes of Savoy.

† This currency was withdrawn a few years ago.

but which nevertheless passed current; and why? Because a Piedmontese is a tough and sturdy fellow, ready to endure every hardship (the Romans themselves used to say "*malo assuetus Ligur*"), never shrinking from danger or sacrifice for the sake of his country, his sovereign, and his own honour. Through this we have kept our independence, and never fallen to the condition of a conquered land: even when subdued for a while by the overwhelming power of Charles V., Francis I., and the first Napoleon, we resisted with such fierce persistence, that we have always succeeded in casting out the oppressors, and becoming once more masters in our own.

And here it may be said that the Piedmontese neither were nor are by any means better gifted than other Italians; but they have more firmness and determination of character; and to this they owe their leading position and their foremost place in the total emancipation (let us hope) of the Peninsula, as also their unpopularity in the other provinces. But as we have never speculated on our patriotism, or considered the liberation of Italy in the light of a joint-stock company, with its dividends and interests; as we are still the same stout old race, and *malo assueti* like our fathers,—we shall bear this evil as they have borne many others in past centuries. And when Italians shall have become men, and form a

compact and powerful nation, what matter a few sacrifices more or less to secure so glorious an end?

But, in justice to all, let us remark, that though it is their own fault if Italians are more or less angry with Piedmont, it must also be said, that the Piedmontese have to a great extent incurred it justly, or, to speak more correctly (for the poor Piedmontese themselves had nothing to do with it), those who governed them have done so, thanks to the egregious blunders they have committed. I shall by and by have to recur to this subject too often; for, as everyone knows, I am accustomed to speak unreservedly. This, however, is neither the time nor place for the discussion.

My father, having rejoined his family, devoted himself exclusively to his domestic and private affairs. The late troubles had cost him no less than 400,000 francs in hard cash; not to mention losses entailed on his estates by neglect of cultivation, agricultural labours having been entirely suspended by the war; nor the plate and jewels, &c., which, like the royal family and all the nobility, he had sent to the public exchequer as soon as hostilities broke out.

After attending to his long-neglected property, he was always in the habit of devoting the remainder of the day to study. My mother had received a very good moral education, as was usual in all our

families; but it was also the custom to pay very little attention to the intellectual culture of young girls, of whom nothing more was required than a knowledge of French, very little, if any, Italian, and a moderate acquaintance with Télémaque and Rollin.

My father undertook to cultivate the mind of his young wife, who had been very happily gifted by nature, and who possessed a great facility of conceiving and expressing ideas; so that her style was easy and natural, yet full of graceful and subtle thoughts. She thus alludes to her private life in her manuscript:

"Cesare delighted in a life of domestic privacy, shared by a few tried and well-chosen friends, whom he liked to assemble round his table.

"His days were fully employed. After the fulfilment of his religious duties, he spent several hours with his wife, whose education he perfected. She acquired all she knows from that affectionate and accomplished master. Four hours each day were usually devoted to these studies during four or five years. And the future education of the children was thus provided for, by fitting their mother for its superintendence during the absence of her husband on the public service. The rest of the day he employed in reading works on history and literature," &c.

But this calm domestic life, these days of peaceful study, wore only the outward semblance of repose; in reality they were troubled by dark forebodings.

No one who truly loves his country can see it gradually sinking to decay, gliding down the fatal descent which leads to ruin, or at least to long and terrible woes, or witness the evil which he has no power to arrest in its onward course, and yet hope to find oblivion or consolation in study and artistic pursuits. He who believes it possible has never passed through that ordeal which my father was destined to find so long and bitter.

At this stage, a host of reflections crowd in upon my mind. The reader must pardon me if I give utterance to a few.

For centuries man has been as restless as an invalid fretting on his bed of sickness. Like him, he has sought relief by turning from side to side, ignorant that his pain is not the result of a position, but of an internal disease, and that it is this which must be cured. And what is this disease? It dwells not in the different forms of government or their laws, but in man himself—in his heart and in his conscience. The evil lurks in the darkness which has hitherto overshadowed human intellect, in the imperfect notions of right and wrong, of

justice and injustice hitherto attainable; in a word, it consists in the absence of that moral healthiness which can alone keep society hale and strong. The first government on record was intrusted to the many; what Alfieri calls the government *dei Troppi*. Weary of them, society next submitted itself to one ruler. Again disappointed, it tried the leadership of a few; and then, more dejected and discouraged than ever, renewed its experiments again, under the impression that the mistake had been one of form. Each of these different phases of government had its representative men, who were severally interested in prolonging its duration. But, by some fatality, they have always been mainly instrumental in precipitating its end.

The Tarquins created the desire for a republic; after Marius, Sulla, Brutus, Cassius, Cæsar, Pompey, the empire appeared a haven of rest. Odoacer and Theodoric, who (except in war) were more like republican chiefs than is generally believed, seemed acceptable after the patricians Ætius, Stilicho, Ricimer, Orestes, and the Exarchs of Ravenna. Nothing but republics could spring from the chaos of the tenth century. Three centuries later they fell, more from internal weakness than from external force. A princely government was restored; and although Genoa, Lucca, and Venice maintained their repub-

lican forms, how dreary an existence did they lead!

On the fatal day which sealed the fall of the ancient Queen of the Adriatic, the last Doge rated the Council for not completing the work of self-destruction with sufficient haste. "Let us remember, gentlemen," said he, "that we are not sure of sleeping in our beds to-night." This was the foremost thought in the mind of the Doge, Luigi Manin, on the 12th of May 1797.

And wherefore so many failures, so many disasters? Because none had been able to discover the true form for a civilised and powerful government? No; simply because no one had known how to form the heart, the conscience, and the character; because, in one brief word, there were no *men*.

Where, on the other hand, some have been found, the ruin was less immediate.

Piedmont, Heaven be praised, fell but twice, and twice recovered itself. It resisted the best soldiers of Europe for four years, and only succumbed at last to the great warrior who afterwards spent fewer months or even weeks in the conquest of Vienna, Berlin, or Madrid, than it cost him or the republican generals years to enter Turin. This, then, was no dishonourable defeat.

It must, however, be admitted that the two last

kings had neither the firmness nor the talent of many others of their house.

In the beginning of the century, the indomitable Victor Amadeus II.,* despoiled of everything, still

* Indomitable indeed; for he endured all the calamities of war with undaunted courage, risking life and throne in the cause of his allies. By valour in the field and skill in the cabinet he was enabled, at the Peace of Utrecht, to double his ancient dominions, and to exchange his ducal coronet for a kingly crown. In attaining this result he was greatly indebted to Queen Anne, whose ally he had been throughout the war of the Spanish Succession. An ancestor of mine was then his ambassador in London; and the intrigues which led the court of England to take so active a part in securing adequate compensation to the Duke of Savoy for his many sacrifices are now so little known, that I may perhaps be pardoned if I borrow some account of these negotiations from the memoirs of another member of my family, who during the war had commanded the troops of the Elector of Bavaria,—details which at this moment acquire additional interest from the importance assumed by the kingdom of Italy.

"Le roi Charles ayant été exclus de la succession d'Espagne après son élection à l'Empire, par la grande raison qu'il ne convenoit pas de joindre sur une même tête les deux couronnes; et le roi de France jugeant presque inévitable de rappeller en France le roi Philippe, non seulement à cause des grandes pertes qu'il avoit faites, et qui le contraignoient à s'accommoder à l'intention de ces alliez qu'il vouloit détacher de l'Empereur; mais encore par la mort de tous les princes de sa maison, et la maladie dangereuse du Duc d'Anjou, qui étoit l'unique qui restoit: il parut à la reine Anne (d'Angleterre), que le meilleur expédient seroit de faire roi d'Espagne le Duc de Savoye, qui avoit été substitué à cette monarchie par le testament de Charles II, et elle en fit la proposition au roi de France, qui ne s'y opposa point. Elle fit écrire ensuite au Comte Maffei, qui, en qualité de premier des trois plénipotentiaires de Savoye, assistoit au Congrès d'Utrecht, qu'elle avoit à lui parler, et qu'elle se rendoit caution que le duc

scoured the country, no longer his, at the head of a few horsemen. Without money, owning nothing but his sword and his pistols, he one day broke the golden collar he wore of the royal order of the *An-*

---

son maître ne trouveroit pas mauvais qu'il eût quitté le congrès sans sa permission. Il passa donc sur le champ à Londres, sçavoir au mois de Mai (1712), et la reine nomma cinq commissaires avec lesquels il devoit traiter, sans passer par le canal des ministres. Cette intrigue fut menagée avec tout le secret possible, et l'on convint que le duc seroit provisionellement mis en possession de toutes les provinces de l'Espagne, sans décider pour lors ce qui arriveroit des autres domaines de la monarchie. On demandoit pour cet effet, que le duc renonçât solemnellement à ses propres états, qui devoient être donnez à quelqu'autre prince, afin qu'il ne devînssent pas un domaine de la couronne d'Espagne: mais le Comte Maffei refusa de rien conclure par rapport au dernier article, se contentant de faire connoître, que comme le duc avoit alors deux fils, si le cadet demeuroit dans les états paternels, cela suffiroit pour empêcher l'union qu'on paroissoit vouloir éviter. Les choses allerent même si loin, que le Comte Maffei signa à Londres un traité de commerce entre l'Espagne et l'Angleterre, qui ne devoit être ratifié qu'après que le duc seroit en Espagne, où la flotte angloise le transporteroit. Mais avec tout cela, peu de mois changerent entierement la face des affaires; le Duc d'Anjou fut rétabli de sa maladie; en Angleterre un autre parti prit le dessus; les troupes françoises eurent d'heureux succès en Flandre, et en un mot, on ne parla plus de rappeller d'Espagne le roi Philippe; et tous ces beaux projets s'évanouïrent. Alors cet habile ministre changea de batterie, et profitant de la conjoncture, quoiqu'il n'eût aucun ordre ni instruction pour la chose qu'il méditoit, il fit une autre tentative qui lui réussit à merveille. Il découvrit qu'on devoit accorder à l'Empereur les états d'Italie, mais que la reine Anne seroit la maîtresse de disposer de la Sicile. Il demanda une audience particuliere à cette princesse, et sçut lui représenter si vivement combien il étoit juste de recom-

*nunziata*, and divided it among some poor peasants whose cottages had been pillaged and burnt. But his bones lay in the sanctuary of Superga,* and on his tottering throne Providence had seated Charles Emanuel and Victor Emanuel, well-meaning, like all the princes of their race, but incapable alike of firm resolve as of bold and energetic deeds.

Like many other princes of that period, they themselves accelerated the destruction of their own

---

penser par-là *un prince si courageux, et qui avoit tant mérité*, et qu'elle pouvoit par ce moyen lui faire connoître ses bonnes intentions envers lui, que la reine y consentit de bon cœur, et lui remit un billet signé de sa propre main, par lequel elle lui en donna sa parole royale. Le Comte Maffei envoya ce billet sur le champ à Turin par un exprès, et les jours suivans il y expedia deux autres couriers. Ainsi le duc se trouva roi de Sicile, avant qu'aucun ministre, pas même ceux de l'Angleterre, le sçussent, et sans qu'on y eût jamais pensé auparavant. Ce fut ensuite une action bien digne de la magnanimité de Victor Amedée, lorsqu'il eût pris possession de la Sardaigne, d'en nommer le même Maffei viceroi, en disant publiquement, qu'il étoit bien juste de laisser le gouvernement de ce royaume à celui qui lui en avoit procuré la possession." *Mémoires du Marquis Maffei*, vol. ii. p. 218-22. La Haye, Jean Neaulme, 1740.

By a curious coincidence, nearly a century and a half later (1860), it was my fate to be attached to the King's Legation in London, when another Queen of England was the first sovereign in Europe who recognised the new kingdom of Italy.

* This church was built by Victor Amadeus II., on a hill to the north of Turin, to commemorate the defeat of the French under the walls of the city, 1706; and has been the burial-place of the princes of the House of Savoy ever since.

order. The monarchy of Savoy was shattered by the strength, and still more by the perfidy, of the French Government; at the same time it was undermined to its very basis by the Piedmontese republican party, whose activity and audacity made up for their want of numbers; and, as if all this were not enough, the royal family and its natural supporters helped to discredit themselves, and accelerated their own fall, by that blind pursuit of impossibilities which invariably hastens the last moments of systems doomed to perish.

My father witnessed these harrowing misfortunes, an impotent spectator of the ruin, and, what is a thousand times worse, of the disgrace, of all that he had most venerated and loved on earth. Whenever an opportunity arose of being useful to his country, he never failed to volunteer his services. He twice offered himself as a hostage for the king; moreover, when Napoleon went to Egypt, and fortune, following the great captain, had deserted the French in Europe, forcing them to yield to Suwarrow and the allies, he was sent to Sardinia to invite the king to return to Turin.

Victory finally crowned the French colours on the plains of Marengo, and Piedmont was definitively annexed to France. My father then adopted the only course open to him, and left a home which

reminded him of so much misery, to settle with his family at Florence. In his study, opposite his writing-table, he hung a view of Turin, on the frame of which was inscribed the word "*Fuit!*" As a child I used to gaze at the drawing, and spell that word, unconscious how many glories and misfortunes, what long and desperate struggles, what painful anxieties, passionate yearnings, and immortal hopes, a noble heart summed up in that word *Fuit*, which he kept before his eyes in the land of exile.

Florence a land of exile for a Turinese? This question may now well be asked, and with reason.

But nothing is more unjust or fallacious than to judge a man of one generation by the ideas of the next. In weighing merits, as well as faults and errors, it is most important to distinguish between those which belong to the man individually, and those which are due to the period in which he lived.

The ideas of nationality—now destined, unless appearances deceive us, to change the aspect of the civilised world, or at least very greatly to modify it—are peculiar to our century alone. They are a logical sequence of the Christian scheme, which, by guaranteeing his natural rights as man to each individual, implies a tacit recognition of those of nations, which are the most equitable and perfect form of human association—rights which are anterior to all

written law, and which constitute the least uncertain of all bases for the political edifice.

This new aspect of society, now admitted by everyone, is a step in advance, and one progression the more. But it is quite a recent progression, and it would be unfair to assert that our fathers should have acted upon its principle. Those among them who already felt the ignominy and evil of a foreign yoke deserve praise, on the contrary, and must be considered as the precursors of our epoch. My father was under the influence of this feeling. When reduced to an inert and passive life, he beheld his country, its institutions and its independence, prostrate before a power which from the outset threatened a violence that was afterwards carried to a height far beyond all previous conception.

If my father grieved for Piedmont and not for Italy (the different States of the Peninsula only thought of themselves, as we saw when a league for the general defence was proposed to them), the fault was that of his age, not his own. But the merit of having combated the foreigner by every means in his power; of never submitting to serve him; of remaining faithful through life to the political and religious faith his conscience dictated to him, without being ever drawn aside from that straight path by hope or fear,—that merit, I say,

is all his own. His was the merit of dying without having ever hesitated a moment when duty lay before him; and for this he had the honour of being deemed extreme and fanatical by the faithless and enervated generation amongst whom he was to spend his days.

But even the most violent and blood-stained revolutions do not end in merely producing political improvement, but, by a strange antithesis, they are often the cause of a moral regeneration. They rouse men up, force them to seek strength and resources in themselves, and to display qualities and virtues of which they had no previous notion. Certain political storms, like atmospheric ones, seem to clear the air; and men breathe more freely afterwards, under the influence of an invigorating breeze.

Far be it from me, however, to have any hand in the raising of such a storm. I do not like revolutions; but Providence seems to approve them at times, and I then content myself with trying to analyse their effects.

How many effeminate souls in all ages have been regenerated by persecution and martyrdom!

During the terrible days of 1793, how many victims overcame the ferocity of their judges and executioners by their heroism!

How many steadfast believers, how many indomitable characters, sprang up unexpectedly in the ranks of a court and boudoir clergy (who scarcely knew in what or in whom they believed), to defy the thunders of those new despots who had madly proscribed Christ, and proclaimed a courtesan as the Goddess of Reason!

Europe was then swarming with refugees who had escaped from the guillotine. They were to be found in Florence, as in every other country; and men who had sacrificed their all to a sense of duty were naturally the born friends of my father and his constant associates.

Among them there were the Bishop of Alby, the Bishop of Béziers (of whom I have still a dim recollection), and an old couple of the name of Sessolles. There were also in Florence, exiles like my father, Count Prosper Balbo with his family, Baron Perrone, the Marquis Delborgo, the Marchioness Prié, and Count Scarampi, all Turinese.

Besides these there was the illustrious voluntary exile, Vittorio Alfieri, who held my father in great esteem, not so much for his virtues or his erudition, as for the firmness he had displayed in opposing and refusing all submission to the French revolutionists.

My parents lived with this distinguished society,

and inhabited a small house in the Mercato Nuovo, of which I have no recollection, for they left it when I was quite a baby, and went to reside in the Casin de' Nerli oltr' Arno. I have some remembrance of this house, which was the scene of my earliest impressions.

## CHAPTER IV.

My apotheosis—Vittorio Alfieri and Fabre—I am persecuted by two girls—Anecdotes—Alfieri's bolt—The Marchioness Prié—End of my acquaintance with Countess d'Albany and Fabre—A catastrophe—My father's occupations—A sonnet addressed to Alfieri—Alfieri and Metastasio—Sonnet by the former in the Piedmontese dialect—he reads *Alceste* and *Myrrha* to my parents—Last days of Alfieri—He takes the sacraments—Clementina Prié-Incontri—Last illness of Alfieri—his death.

"*Eh! Mammolino, stai fermo!*" "Mammolino, I say, be quiet!"

These words, spoken in a sepulchral voice by a tall man dressed in black,—with a pale face, bright eyes, frowning brows, and reddish hair thrown back from his forehead,—were addressed to a child four years old, sitting stark naked on his mother's knees. The child, alarmed at the terrible black man and willing to obey him, suddenly became motionless as a statue; so that a painter who sat before a large easel painting a "Sacra Famiglia," almost out of patience, was enabled to proceed with the drawing of his infant Jesus in comparative comfort.

The scene was the studio of Fabre; the man in black was Vittorio Alfieri; and I myself the child, then known as Mammolino.

The picture was intended for Montpellier, and, as far as I know, is still in a church there, which is accordingly enriched with my portrait. I should like to know if any *ex-votos* have been hung before it.

This incident is one of the first of which I have any distinct recollection.

I also remember that I frequently went to the house of Madame d'Albany. I was taken there every Sunday morning, and the Countess heard me repeat the verses I had learnt during the week,—a recital which was immediately followed by its reward. I fancy I still see the ample and portly figure of that celebrated woman, all in white, with a large muslin *fichu à la Marie Antoinette*, standing on a chair in order to reach the box of *bonbons* which stood on the highest shelf of her bookcase.

After the sugar-plums, a pencil and drawing-paper were given me; and I remember (precious memory!) one sketch in which I tried to represent the Grecian fleet setting sail for Troy. This composition met with great applause; so that, if I never became either a great poet or a great painter, it was not for want of a Mæcenas nor of precocious encouragement.

Shortly afterwards, the Countess organised children's parties every Saturday evening. My brothers and I used to meet the Balbos, the Ricasolis of Ponte

alla Carraja, the Antinoris, with their sister, a resplendent beauty, the future wife of Rinuccini and mother of the present Marchionesses of Lajatico and Trivulzio. The Torrigianis, Santinis, Delborgos, and Priés, also used to come. If I close my eyes, I can see the whole scene as clearly as if it had been yesterday,—the great mantelpiece opposite the windows by which Madame d'Albany always sat in her arm-chair, dressed *à la Marie Antoinette.* I still see two pictures by Fabre—one representing the ghost of Samuel appearing to Saul and the Witch of Endor, the other a subject taken from Pompeii—on the walls; the round arched windows looking on the Arno, with their three steps upon which I used to sit and enjoy an ice and two cakes, the rations the countess assigned to us children. I still see my father in close conference with M. Lagensverd the Swedish Minister, Carletti, and Libri. I see, and I might almost say I feel, the two large sofas which stood on either side under the pictures, with their white-and-gold frames and red-morocco covers; for the two youngest Delborgo girls, who were always accustomed to tease me in every possible way, used to seat me on a sofa, which one withdrew while the other held my legs, so that I fell anywhere but on my feet. These two young ladies subsequently became the Marchionesses Passalacqua and

Pampara. May posterity judge between them and me!

Thanks to the autobiography of Alfieri, to the erudite research of certain collectors of scandalous gossip, and to the little care then taken to conceal frailties either masculine or feminine, we are as familiar with the figures of Alfieri and the Countess d'Albany as if the house in which they lived together had been made of glass, according to the wish of an ancient philosopher; and with theirs is inevitably coupled that of Fabre the painter, who succeeded to a heart which, agreeably to the habits of that period, more especially in the higher ranks, seemed quite unable to lie fallow.

It is therefore no violation of domestic privacy to add a few more particulars to that already famous piece of gossip.

Every evening at nine o'clock Count Alfieri paid a visit to a lady with a French name, which I have forgotten. Was she a rival of the countess? Was this a pretext or an excuse for the intimacy of the latter with Fabre? Heaven only knows!

When he came home at night, woe to the servant who, after admitting him, bolted the door while he was within earshot. "I am already slave enough," he cried; "but I will not hear myself locked up like a prisoner!"

My aunt, the Marchioness Prié, was a charming woman, very clever and active, thoroughly accustomed to society and politics, and so bitter an opponent of French innovations that Napoleon deemed it prudent to silence her, and sent her to the fortress of Fenestrelle.* My aunt, many years after, told me in her amusing way: "I had long since discovered the intrigue of the Countess and Fabre, and mentioned it to Madame Santini, who told me I was mad. The Count's tragedies used to be acted in his own house, and he was one of the performers. At one of these entertainments I and my friend were sitting in the front row: on my left, among a crowd of men, was Fabre, leaning against the doorway. He seemed to have his eyes fixed on me, and every now and then he raised his hand to his lips. 'What on earth does he mean?' said I to myself. At last an idea flashed upon me; . . . . I glanced to my right, and whom did I see but the Countess! Ha, ha! I understand. I whispered to Madame Santini, 'Look! Am I a visionary?' and she too saw Fabre ogling the countess, and kissing a ring he had on his finger.

"When poor Vittorio died, the Countess was in

* A strong fortress about twenty-five miles north-east of Turin, which defends the passes leading into France. It has often been used as a state-prison.

despair; but Fabre knew what he was about. He collected all the keys of the deceased, and gave them to her," &c.

The intimacy of these two lasted as long as they lived; and, to finish their history as far as I am concerned with it, I must now add, that gratitude for the primitive sugar-plums induced me to visit the Countess whenever I passed through Florence. I used also to go and see Fabre, in acknowledgment of my apotheosis. I sometimes found him suffering from gout, and the Countess nursing him, sitting beside his bed. But their tempers became gradually soured; I know not whether through political differences, old age, or from displeasure at the sight of my blooming youth. My visits therefore became few and far between, and the following catastrophe put an end to them altogether:

The Countess d'Albany still received, I believe, the diplomatic body, and also the *élite* of the foreign and Florentine society, every Saturday. My friends, the brothers Robilant, had just arrived from Turin, and I was to introduce them one night to the Countess. But on that evening we were tempted to go to the Pergola. In my eagerness to make matters easy, I proposed paying our visit after the theatre. But we did not arrive at her house till the party was breaking up. I put the best face I could

on the matter, and bravely presented my friends. The Countess, scarcely deigning to bestow on us a distant nod, and turning away, said aloud to Prince Borghese, "*A quelle heure viennent ces messieurs!*"

We drew back thunderstruck, and took refuge among the few remaining guests. Fortunately I perceived Count Castellalfero, the Sardinian envoy in Tuscany, a courteous old man of the world and an accomplished diplomatist, who bore no malice towards youth because he was no longer young himself.

I drew near and addressed him. Being a gala evening, he wore his embroidered uniform, covered with stars and ribbons. As usual, he received me with the utmost cordiality. My equanimity being somewhat restored by his kindness, I conceived, alas, the unlucky idea of taking an ice from a tray close at hand. It was in the shape of a peach, and therefore round and hard as a stone. I was just opposite the Count; and no sooner did I attack my ice with a small spoon than it bounced on to his broad ribbon like a cherry-stone, then fell upon the carpet, and rolled to the very feet of Madame d'Albany herself!

I still feel the terror with which I fled: and this was my last visit to the Countess.

My father, who had the precious gift of activity, and hated the *dolce far niente* (woe betide us, even as children, if ever he found us unemployed!), spent his time of forced leisure in study. He edited a newspaper called *L'Ape* (the bee), which dealt with moral and literary subjects, and was both popular and successful. He published a pamphlet entitled *Trattenimenti all' Elceto*, and several other literary or political and controversial essays, always with a view of making himself useful, and not disdaining to accomplish a little good when he was prevented from doing greater things.

This is an example young men would do well to treasure up and emulate in these days of perpetual and open war between good and evil. He even on one occasion addressed a sonnet to Alfieri, to thank him for I know not what. Alfieri appreciated the attention, and condescended to correct the verses; a great favour only to be obtained by his most intimate friends. He also corrected another poetical composition by my father, who told me that it ended with some lines in the style of Metastasio; and when Count Vittorio came to them, he flung the paper on the table, saying "*Roba Metastasiana!*" In truth, to have found Italy Metastasian, and to have left her Alfierian, is one of the chief glories of that noble soul.

But to me it seems his first and chief merit lies

in the discovery of Italy, one may almost say, as Columbus discovered America, and to have been the first to awaken the idea of an Italian nation. I esteem this grand thought far above his verses and tragedies. In point of style, and of accuracy and felicity of expression, he was far inferior to the imperial poet he so much despised; and if the latter erred through over softness, was not Alfieri perhaps too hard? This reminds me of a sonnet written in Piedmontese, in which he rebuts this accusation. And to be impartial, I quote the last line, the only one I can now call to mind. After having dwelt upon the charge of harshness brought against him by his equals, the nobles of Turin, he concludes by saying, it remains to be seen,

> "Se m' i sonn dur, o s' i se voui d' polenta!"
> "If I be hard, or soft *polenta** ye!"

As I have revived the accusation, it might be as well for me to examine my conscience, and see whether the retort is not applicable to myself.

Another anecdote I remember may interest the reader, relating as it does to so illustrious a man.

Alfieri was one day reading aloud to my parents his tragedies of *Alceste* and *Myrrha*. The first drew

* In the Piedmontese dialect the word *polenta* (the well-known favourite dish of northern Italy, made of the flour of Indian corn) is used to convey the idea of extreme softness.

many tears from my mother's eyes, but the second won for its author a still greater compliment, the truth and importance of which he knew how to value. My mother, whose reading had been confined to books chosen by my father, so as to prevent her ever being shocked by the slightest immodest allusion, had never heard the history of Myrrha.* (And I must confess I have always thought it very odd that classic scholars should attempt to make us endure anything so infamous disguised as the vengeance of Venus, when nowadays we believe but in one revenge of the goddess, which, by the by, is in no way a fitting subject for tragedy.) While Alfieri continued reading, first one act, then a second, then a third, my mother looked in blank surprise at her husband and at Alfieri, uttering exclamations of wonder, as if to ask, "But what can it be? What

* Alfieri took his subject from the fable of Myrrha, daughter of Cinyras, king of Cyprus. In revenge for some slight, Venus inspired her with a passion for her own father, who, being informed of it, attempted to kill her. Myrrha fled to Arabia, and was changed into the tree which bears her name. Alfieri has somewhat altered the primitive fable in his tragedy, which is considered one of his masterpieces; for in spite of the monstrosity of the subject, the language throughout is so chaste, that the dreadful mystery is not revealed till the end, when the unhappy daughter betrays herself in a paroxysm of despair. To have made this subject fit for the stage is a real *tour de force*, in which, however, the great Alfieri succeeded. Myrrha is one of the parts in which Madame Ristori most excels.

does the woman mean?" And it was only at the end, when Myrrha exclaims,

"Oh madre mia felice! . . . almen concesso
A lei sarà . . . di morire . . . al tuo fianco."

"How fortunate my mother! . . . she at least,
Press'd in thy arms . . . may breathe . . . her latest sigh!"*

that she understood the mystery which the author intended to conceal throughout the play until that moment. Alfieri was in the seventh heaven; and it was certainly a satisfaction to his self-love, and a genuine tribute to his genius.

There was but one point of difference between my father and Count Alfieri: they could not think alike on religion. Everyone knows the ideas of Alfieri on this subject, and those who have kindly borne me company so far are also acquainted with those of my father. Neither of them were men inclined to make concessions, and they therefore tacitly avoided uselessly discussing a question which has sown so much discord and caused so much cruelty and intolerance, from the days of Christ down to our own.

But sincere and ardent faith has a natural tendency to proselytism, otherwise it would be illogical. At home my father mourned over the moral con-

* *Myrrha*, act v. scene 2. Translated by Charles Lloyd, Esq. London, 1815.

dition of his friend, which he regretted the more because he had no power to alter it. My parents were not alone in their distress, which was shared by all our little colony of exiles, and especially by the ladies, as being more pious and compassionate.

This devout little circle was one day startled by great news, which filled everyone with joyful surprise. The Marchioness Prié had a daughter, Clementina, afterwards married to the Marquis Incontri, and mother of the present Marquis Attilio. One morning in Easter-week she came home from church, where she had been to take the sacrament, and found her mother at breakfast with her two sons, Curtius and Demetrius (the former died young; the latter was afterwards implicated in the Revolution of 1821, and was celebrated for the device of wearing fifteen wigs to simulate the growth of the hair*), and some

* I well remember this gentleman and his fifteen beautiful wigs, each of which was a trifle longer than the other: he put them on in turn, and on the sixteenth day brought out the shortest again, to make believe his hair had been cut. He was quite a beau of the old school; and as there are so many Piedmontese quotations in this book, perhaps the reader will pardon one more to complete the portrait of Marquis Demetrius. During the revolution of 1821 he one day received an ovation in the streets of Turin, and some people near him even wanted to embrace him. Our dandy was in a dilemma between his popularity and anxiety for his shirt-frill; and after a moment's hesitation he said, "*Baseme, baseme, ma sporcheme nen!*"—that is, "Embrace me if you like; but, for goodness' sake, do not soil me!"

other friends. I am not sure if my father was present, but I almost think so. At all events, he related the anecdote, so that it is certainly authentic.

"Signora madre," said Clementina, as she took off her veil, "only think who received the sacrament with me this morning,—Count Alfieri was next me at the altar-rails!"

The joy and the surprise of those good people may easily be imagined; and, to say the truth, I am astounded myself when I think of it; so much so that, it being impossible to doubt my father's word, I am almost afraid Clementina made some mistake. However, nothing is impossible; and it is at least certain that if Alfieri had once determined to take the sacrament, he was a man to do so in the teeth of the Encyclopédists, with Voltaire at their head. And this is the advantage of having a strong mind.

In the last short illness of Alfieri, Father Canovai, of the Scuole Pie, was summoned to visit him. Afraid of so great a responsibility, he went first to the archbishop to know what he was to do. This delay proved fatal, and when Father Canovai at last went into the sick-room, he saw the poet bow his head. The priest thought it was a sign of welcome; but, alas, it was the death of Vittorio Alfieri; so my father used to tell me.

I find in the manuscript the following words on

this point: "It was an immense sorrow to Cesare to find himself in the death-chamber of Vittorio Alfieri, and not venture, even at the last moment, to testify the true Christian friendship he had for him, and which would undoubtedly have been a source of eternal gratitude to Alfieri. But . . . . the judgments of God are inscrutable!"

## CHAPTER V.

Details of education—Matilda and I—Bad health of our mother—Theory of my parents on primary education—They did not flatter us—We were taught endurance—Children's rights—Liberty consists in obedience—Respectful criticism—Anecdotes—It snows on the soup—*Galateo*—Reform of Italian conversation—On my knees to *Giacolin*—Accustomed to pain—I break my arm—Warnings—How I used to be awoke—Abate Lena—Serpent-hunting—Unmerited ovation—Woods at night—Meritorious action—I possess a carriage—A generous gift—La Rochefoucauld and the Gospel—Mock Christian civilisation.

BEING now compelled to relinquish the service of his king and country, my father devoted his most earnest thoughts to the education of his children. The Tolomei college at Siena had a good reputation, and my three elder brothers, Roberto, Prospero, and Enrico, were sent there; I, being too young, stayed at home. My sister Melania was at Turin with my grandmother; and Matilde went to school at Ripoli, whence she returned soon after to live with us again. The daughter of the Chevalier Biscarra was engaged as her governess and companion. She was called Teresa, and afterwards married one of the Rimediottis. She is living still, and is my oldest friend;

for I have never forgotten her affectionate care of me when a child.

The entire attention of my parents was thus devoted to my sister and myself. She had a very quiet and sweet temper. Mine was passionate, but I must say equally good. Neither then nor for many years after did I know what it was to feel spite against anyone; nor should I have ever felt it, I believe, had it not been for those confounded politics. I may, however, venture to affirm that if these latter have sometimes been a source of much bitterness and indignation, thanks to those who convert Italy into a field for the indulgence of their avarice, cupidity, ambition, and vanity, it is equally true—and this I can declare in all sincerity—that I have never personally hated any human being. Those who might have aroused the feeling have not been wanting.

But I claim no merit for this; such as I am I was formed by Providence.

Neither of us being intractable, things at home proceeded very smoothly; and though Matilde was five years older than I, we lived in perfect harmony and peace.

Only one circumstance disturbed the happiness of our family; and this was the precarious state of my mother's health. The vicissitudes of fortune had

been too much for an organisation so sensitive and so frail. Her nerves—shattered from the first—never recovered tone; she was subject to strange and inexplicable phenomena. At times she had fits and hallucinations; at others, cramps and nervous convulsions; then for months she would be unable to utter a word, and be obliged to speak by signs like the dumb. The slightest noise often caused her intense suffering, and anything that accidentally shook the room produced the same painful effect. She could not, therefore, give much attention to our instruction; but fortunately for us such a mother never failed to impart to her children, by precept and example, a still more precious gift,—the education of the heart, and the right direction of their affection and impulses.

Both our parents had too much good sense to fall into the error so common in those parents who undertake the education of their children, viz. that of studying their own vanity or convenience instead of the good of their pupils. I was never subjected to any of those domestic tortures to which, through maternal vanity, those unhappy children intended to act the laborious part of *enfants prodiges* are so often condemned. Excepting a few lines of Ossian, learnt willingly with the prospect before me of Sunday *bonbons*, I never recollect being asked to recite

anything before the visitors who came to see my parents. I was never dressed up in any of those uncomfortable Highland or Zouave suits; nor did I wear smart hats or fanciful boots. Moreover, my father and mother never encouraged my personal vanity; nor did I hear them say, "*Quanto sei bellino! quanto sei carino!*" or the like flattering expressions. And yet—with my present fascinating appearance I may say it—I believe I was a very pretty child. Children pay much greater attention to what is said than people imagine; and I recollect that by strangers I was paid a thousand compliments and smothered with kisses and caresses; all of course very delightful to me.

My dear parents' foremost wish was to make a man of me. They knew that education must begin with the dawn of life; that it must grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength; that the germ of the future man lies in the first impressions of childhood; and that adulation and incitement to pride and vanity, though they may be a mistaken form of parental affection, are in fact the worst of lessons for the child, and the most baneful in their results. They also knew well that the mind of youth is a tablet from which no line once graven can ever after be effaced.

They never, therefore, admired or flattered me,

lest I should become conceited and presumptuous; they never adorned me with finery, so as to prevent my falling into that most absurd vanity—for a man especially—of pluming myself on my looks. Nor did they enervate me by excessive care and perpetual admonitions, such as "Mind! you may fall! you may hurt yourself!" And if by chance I did knock my head, they did not betray any over-anxiety or compassion, only saying, not harshly, but with an affectionate smile, "There, there, 'tis soon over!" One day, as I was crying after a slight hurt, my mother said, "Take care! if your inside finds the hole, it will make its escape." Ashamed of being laughed at, pride soon dried my tears.

In a word, the aim of my parents was to prepare me for the warfare of life, such as it really becomes in after years. And this useful training consists mainly in acquiring a habit of self-sacrifice, and in learning how to suffer.

Verily, if the excess of affection which leads parents to spoil their children were not in itself a touching excuse, what bitter reproaches might fall on those parents who enervate their sons by a childhood of luxury and indulgence,—those who, knowing the while that they must one day have to endure both burning heat and biting frost,—knowing also that, in after life, they must ere long brave alike

misfortunes, delusions, and the inexorable calls of honour and duty, yet never dream of forearming them against suffering. It should be likewise borne in mind that even children have natural rights, and that they may claim not to be corrupted, deceived, or misled.

They have a right not to be sacrificed to a misplaced and pernicious tenderness. They have a right to be led by the shortest and surest road to that moral and material well-being which constitutes, so to speak, their capital in life, which is a direct gift of Providence; no good being possible to man if he is not accustomed to suffer as well as to obey when duty or necessity requires it.

Now, of all blessings, which is the first and foremost? To be a free and honest man. We must obey the moral law to be the latter; the political and civil law to be the former. Can this be done without sacrifice, without suffering, more or less?

I know but too well that in Italy my definition of liberty as consisting in obedience is now not universally accepted. On the contrary, the opposite idea is afloat, viz. that liberty consists in disobeying every law. This error is excusable up to a certain point. A violent reaction necessarily succeeded the long and odious despotism of the past. But to fall from one despotism into another does

not solve the problem, and it is impossible to be free, strong, or independent until law reigns in place of the arbitrary will either of a tyrant or of the mob.

The seeds of this manly obedience must be sown in early life. By the law of Nature, children must obey and not question. I defy any parent to answer every question of his child otherwise than by the words, *Because I say it!* This authority must, however, be maintained in the minds of the young by profound respect and veneration for their parents. It is therefore quite a mistake to adopt the modern system of allowing children to treat their fathers and mothers on terms of equality, to let them express an opinion whenever they please, and ask the reason of everything. There is no equality between a man and a child, between the father and his son. Any apparent equality allowed to exist is one wholly unfounded in truth. In matters of education, as in politics, both the old despotism and modern license are a direct result of cause and effect. Will experience ever point out a rational medium? Let us hope so.

In my opinion my parents had almost discovered this middle path. I will explain why I say *almost.*

In spite of my profound veneration for my father, I think I may be allowed humbly to express my

doubts with regard to some of his acts and opinions. Moreover, were I to abstain altogether from criticism, my praise would be worth nothing.

I shall, therefore, state that in carrying out his excellent system of authority, he sometimes gave way to his hasty and impetuous temper; and this, added to the perpetual mistrust of his own heart, which I have already mentioned, occasionally betrayed him into the opposite extreme, and he was then, perhaps, over harsh with us. But I thank him even for this fault; a hundred times better such temporary severity than the permanency of the opposite system. In every way and in all cases there is no worse rule than a weak one.

These were the principles my parents followed in our education. A few anecdotes may serve to illustrate them. Though childish and trivial at the first glance, they are not so when we consider the importance and difficulty of guiding children aright from the beginning; and if these pages could in any degree facilitate the task of those who are to succeed us, my warmest wish would be attained.

The distribution of our daily occupations was strictly laid down for Matilde and me in black and white, and these rules were not to be broken with impunity. We were thus accustomed to habits of order, and never to make anybody wait for our con-

venience; a fault which is one of the most troublesome that can be committed either by great people or small.

I remember one day that Matilde, having gone out with Teresa, came home when we had been at dinner some time. It was winter, and snow was falling. The two culprits sat down a little confused, and their soup was brought them in two plates, which had been kept hot; but can you guess where? On the balcony; so that the contents were not only below freezing-point, but actually had a thick covering of snow!

At dinner, of course my sister and I sat perfectly silent, waiting our turn, without right of petition or remonstrance. As to the other proprieties of behaviour, such as neatness, and not being noisy or boisterous, we knew well that the slightest infraction would have entailed banishment for the rest of the day at least. Our great anxiety was to eclipse ourselves as much as possible; and I assure you that under this system we never fancied ourselves the central points of importance round which all the rest of the world was to revolve—an idea which, thanks to absurd indulgence and flattery, is often forcibly thrust, I may say, into poor little brains, which, if left to themselves, would never have lost their natural simplicity.

The lessons of *Galateo** were not enforced at dinner only. Even at other times we were forbidden to raise our voices or interrupt the conversation of our elders, still more to quarrel with each other. If sometimes as we went to dinner I rushed forward before Matilde, my father would take me by the arm, and make me come last, saying, "There is no need to be uncivil because she is your sister." The old generation in many parts of Italy have the habit of shouting and raising their voices as if their interlocutor were deaf, interrupting him as if he had no right to speak, and poking him in the ribs and otherwise, as if he could only be convinced by sensations of bodily pain. The regulations observed in my family were, therefore, by no means superfluous; and would to Heaven they were universally adopted as the law of the land!

On another occasion my excellent mother gave me a lesson of humility, which I shall never forget, any more than the place where I received it.

In the open part of the Cascine,† which was once used as a racecourse, to the right of the space where

* *Galateo* is the title of a celebrated treatise on good manners, by Monsignor della Casa, Archbishop of Beneventum (1544), and Secretary of State to Paul IV.; and his work is still so popular, that a "lesson of *Galateo*" to this day means a lesson of politeness.

† The Florentine Hyde Park.

23580

the carriages stand, there is a walk alongside the wood. I was walking there one day with my mother, followed by an old servant, a countryman of Pylades, less heroic than the latter, but a very good fellow too. I forget why, but I raised a little cane I had in my hand and I am afraid I struck him. My mother, before all the passers-by, obliged me to kneel down and beg his pardon. I can still see poor *Giacolin** taking off his hat with a face of utter bewilderment, quite unable to comprehend how it was that the Chevalier Massimo Taparelli d'Azeglio came to be at his feet.

An indifference to bodily pain was another of the precepts most carefully instilled by our father, and as usual the lesson was made more impressive by example whenever an opportunity presented itself. If, for instance, we complained of any slight pain or accident, our father used to say, half in fun, half in earnest: "When a Piedmontese has both his arms and legs broken, and has received two sword-thrusts in the body, he may be allowed to say, but not till then, 'Really, I almost think I am not quite well.'"

The moral authority he had acquired over me was so great that in no case would I have dis-

* The Piedmontese diminutive for Giacomo.

obeyed him, even had he ordered me to jump out of window.

I recollect that when my first tooth was drawn, I was in an agony of fright as we went to the dentist, but outwardly I was brave enough, and tried to seem as indifferent as possible. On another occasion my childish courage and also my father's firmness were put to a more serious test. He had hired a house called the Villa Billi, which stands about half a mile from San Domenico di Fiesolē, on the right winding up towards the hill. Only two years ago I visited the place, and found the same family of peasants still there, and my two old playmates, Nando and Sandro — who had both become even greater fogies than myself, and we had a hearty chat together about bygone times.

Whilst living at this villa, our father was accustomed to take us out for long walks, which were the subject of special regulations. We were strictly forbidden to ask, "Have we still far to go?"— "What o'clock is it?" or to say, "I am thirsty; I am hungry; I am tired;" but in everything else we had full liberty of speech and action. Returning from one of these excursions, we one day found ourselves below Castel di Poggio, a rugged stony path leading towards Vincigliata.

In one hand I had a nosegay of wild flowers,

gathered by the way, and in the other a stick, when I happened to stumble, and fell awkwardly. My father sprang forward to pick me up, and seeing that one arm pained me, he examined it and found that in fact the bone was broken below the elbow. All this time my eyes were fixed upon him, and I could see his countenance change, and assume such an expression of tenderness and anxiety that he no longer appeared to be the same man. He bound up my arm as well as he could, and we then continued our way homewards. After a few moments, during which my father had resumed his usual calmness, he said to me:

"Listen, Mammolino; your mother is not well. If she knows you are hurt, it will make her worse. You must be brave, my boy; to-morrow morning we will go to Florence, where all that is needful can be done for you; but this evening you must not show you are in pain. Do you understand?"

All this was said with his usual firmness and authority, but also with the greatest affection. I was only too glad to have so important and difficult a task intrusted to me. The whole evening I sat quietly in a corner, supporting my poor little broken arm as best I could, and my mother only thought me tired by the long walk, and had no suspicion of the truth.

The next day I was taken to Florence, and my

arm was set; but to complete the cure I had to be sent to the Baths of Vinadio a few years afterwards. Some people may, in this instance, think my father was cruel. I remember the fact as if it were but yesterday, and I am sure such an idea never for one moment entered my mind. The expression of ineffable tenderness which I had read in his eyes had so delighted me, it seemed so reasonable to avoid alarming my mother, that I looked on the hard task allotted me as a fine opportunity of displaying my courage. I did so because I had not been spoilt, and good principles had been early implanted within me; and now that I am an old man and have known the world, I bless the severity of my father; and I could wish every Italian child might have one like him, and derive more profit than I did; in thirty years' time Italy would then be the first of nations.

Moreover, it is a fact that children are much more observant than is commonly supposed, and never regard as hostile a just but affectionate severity. I have always seen them disposed to prefer persons who keep them in order to those who constantly yield to their caprices; and soldiers are just the same in this respect.

The following is another example to prove that my father did not deserve to be called cruel:

He thought it a bad practice to awaken children

suddenly, or to let their sleep be abruptly disturbed. If we had to rise early for a journey, he would come to my bedside and softly hum a popular song, two lines of which still ring in my ears:

"Chi vuol veder l' aurora
Lasci le molli piume."

"He who the early dawn would view
Downy pillows must eschew."

And by gradually raising his voice, he woke me without the slightest start. In truth, with all his severity, Heaven knows how I loved him.

When the opportunity offered he never failed to show me his approbation; sometimes even more than I deserved. At the Baths of Lucca, where my family went more than once, we lived at the house of a certain Abate Lena. He was a very eccentric person, tall and thin, and used to wear a kind of uncouth flowing garment, covered with a large flower pattern. No sort of difficulty ever stopped him; and many years afterwards he took a fancy to go to Paris. He owned a kind of crazy old gig, with one horse, in which he seated himself, and set off on his journey. On his way through Turin he stayed with us to rest himself and his beast, and then jogged on all alone as before. Many months afterwards he reappeared with the same equipage, which finally conveyed him home.

At the Baths of Lucca there are a great many snakes; they are harmless, but troublesome, as they often crawl into the rooms. One evening, being in a little orchard adjoining our house, I saw some of these reptiles, and seizing a stick I killed several of them. There was, however, no great merit in this achievement, for at that age (six or seven) I had no idea that snakes were venomous, or that their bite might be fatal; and as for the feeling of horror they inspire in many people, I never felt it either at that time or in later years, so that I showed no great courage in slaughtering them.

I was therefore greatly elated when, on bringing my trophies to my father and my two uncles Osasco, both veteran officers, who were with him, the latter hailed my victory with loud acclamations. My father too praised me, though with more moderation; and my reputation for bravery was thus cheaply bought, as often happens, and not only to children.

One of the chief objects of my father was to impress not only on me, but also on Matilde, how shameful a thing is fear; and still more so any display of or yielding to its influence. Sometimes he put us to trials adapted to our strength; among other things he would take us both with him into the woods after dark. As everyone knows, the shades of night impart a goblin-like appearance to

trees and rocks, &c., and when he noticed such he would stop and say, "Look if it is not like a huge animal, or a devil with his horns!" On such occasions he used to quote the Piedmontese proverb which I have already mentioned, "Fear is made of nothing;" and then, taking us by the hand, he led us up to the spectral appearance, which of course turned out to be nothing unusual.

But if my victory over the snakes deserved but little praise, I succeeded on another occasion in conquering myself, and there was some merit in this.

In every family the elder children are usually overwhelmed with every kind of playthings, which experience proves to be utterly useless; the younger brothers consequently generally come off badly. I, being the *eighth*, was never the possessor of a single toy, and was reduced to play with chairs or brooms, or anything I could lay hold of. The only exception to this rule occurred at the Baths of Lucca. Walking in the streets one day, we saw a number of toy-carriages, with one, two, and four horses, in a shop-window, and, in honour of I really know not what saint, I became the owner of one of the humblest of these; and, never having before possessed anything so splendid, I was in raptures. A son of Count Cinzano used to come and play with me sometimes; and as he too had not been spoilt with such luxuries

(it must not be forgotten that in those days money was far from plentiful with any of us), my little carriage made his mouth water, and I saw he was dying to have it.

I felt such compassion at hearing that he, poor fellow, had nothing to play with, that I gave it him directly, and of course away he ran in ecstasies with my beautiful carriage. I own I felt rather foolish, and almost repented my rash generosity, until, my parents hearing of it, I soon saw from their demeanour that I must have done something grand, so much was I petted and caressed. Nor was this all—the next day I was presented with the most magnificent toy-carriage to be found in the shop where the first had been bought.

This childish piece of self-sacrifice even now appears to me to have been praiseworthy; and I could never understand why M. de la Rochefoucauld makes so light of pity.* It is true that in his time the slightest headache felt by a *noble* met with attention; but who felt any sympathy for a *manant* condemned

* This is the maxim of La Rochefoucauld to which the author alludes: "La pitié est souvent un sentiment de nos propres maux dans les maux d'autrui: c'est une habile prévoyance des malheurs où nous pouvons tomber. Nous donnons des secours aux autres, pour les engager à nous en donner en de semblables occasions; et ces services que nous leur rendons sont, à proprement parler, un bien que nous nous faisons à nous mêmes par avance." La Rochefoucauld, Maxim cclxxii.

to the rack? The pity then in fashion was relative. Yet the Gospel says, "*Beati misericordes;*" and, after all, the Gospel existed even in those days.

This shows how long men who styled themselves Christians remained in reality worse than pagans. And if, taking this principle for our guide, we examine closely the actual state of society, we might perhaps find that Christian civilisation is even now far from deserving its name.

Let us take, for instance, one of the great buildings at Genoa, eight or ten stories high, divided into several apartments, inhabited by as many families. If we saw these apparently peaceful tenants always adding bolts, double locks, and iron clamps to their doors, and never coming out on the common staircase unless armed to the teeth with weapons of war, should we say that this community had attained the ideal of Christian civilisation, even though its members when they met overflowed with protestations of their love and esteem for one another?

And is not Europe nowadays in the exact condition of such a house?

## CHAPTER VI.

Instruction and education—A new department of state—The porter of the Scolopi Fathers my first tutor—Napoleonic tyranny—Compulsory return—Letter from the King—My father gives in his temporary adhesion to the French Government—Return of the family to Turin—Unexpected surprise—I am raised to the dignity of *cavaliere*—My grandmother and her castle—My great-grandmother Da Camino—Ancestress of one hundred and seven individuals—Don Andreis, the second priest—he bothers me too much—Another bore of a priest—Things go from bad to worse—The black Virgin of Oropa—St. Ignatius and spiritual exercises—Another priest—I am guilty of a sonnet.

As I have entangled myself in a digression, let us see to what conclusion it leads.

If the aforesaid tenants, who, divided into families, occupy the different floors of the great edifice called Europe, had, as children, found someone who would have devoted himself, not only to their instruction, but also to their training—not only to the cultivation of their intellect, but also to the development of their powers of appreciating what is good and true—does anyone pretend this would not have led to a considerable economy in cast-iron plates, am-

munition, and artillery, or, still better, in dungeons and scaffolds?

I am no Quaker, I do not believe in the Reign of the Saints, nor am I a member of the Peace Society. Unable to do better, I accept men as they are, with all their seven mortal sins, and I believe that there will always be crime, quarrels, and blows among them, more or less.

But this question of more or less, is exactly the point under discussion. I admit that perpetual peace, or the return of the golden age, is a mere dream. But, on the other hand, should he be considered a maniac who endeavours to find some means of diminishing the occasions which give rise to all those evils that afflict mankind because there is no equilibrium between the culture of their intellect and the education of their heart?

Perhaps one of these means would be to add to the Ministry of Public Instruction which now figures in the inventory of every constitutional government another dedicated to Public *Education*. The first might manufacture philosophers, while the second supplied honest men.

"But honest men are formed by moral teaching," exclaims the reader. "Morality is part of theology, theology is the science of the priests, and would you confide a department entirely to priests?"

The objection is serious, I know. But let us look at it more closely.

A department confided to priests is not what I mean, the less so because every Christian nation established one long ago. The teaching of morality is everywhere confided to the clergy.

Nevertheless, it is now universally admitted that this does not suffice. Men have ceased to heed them. It is therefore needful to find something better, or at least something more.

Could not the experiment be made, and example be added to precept? I am not speaking only of priests; nay, I will even refrain from naming them. I have raised my voice against the priests of Rome in times and places where no one else dared do so; but now that it is considered rather meritorious than otherwise to attack them, I feel inclined to leave them alone.

Let us, then, abandon this subject; and turn to that of governments of all kinds, without any exception—monarchies and republics, of every form and colour; nay, still more, of every power, including all sects and factions.

For once let us speak frankly. Is there a government on earth which constitutes itself into a ministry of public *education* (and this should be the true mission of every person in authority), and en-

deavours to promote the moral development of the people by the most potent of all means, that of example? Are the actions of those in office on a par with the principles they profess? Where is the government, the party, the sect,—in short, the authority of any kind, which fulfils the first and most important of all duties, that of setting a good example to those beneath them? Montesquieu says: "*Il y a des mauvais exemples qui sont pires que des crimes, et plus d'états ont péri parcequ'on a violé les mœurs, que parcequ'on a violé les lois.*"

And without introducing a philippic against authorities in general, I will recall one single fact. Since the Reformation we have often seen princes abjure their own creed to adopt the faith of the country which offered them a crown on this condition. What can the public say? Either you believe in your religion, and in that case you sell your conscience for a throne; or, you believe in no religion at all, and then you are an ignoble hypocrite to simulate for such a motive a faith you do not possess. Thereby, O prince, you teach all those below you that every man's real business in this life is to provide well for himself, and that "*Paris vaut bien une messe.*"

How, after this, can you blame those who be-

* *Grandeur des Romains*, chap. viii.

tray you whenever they find it their interest to do so? How blame those who feather their own nests as best they can, even at your expense?

Let us, then, institute a ministry of moral education—a ministry which might also be appropriately called that of *good examples;* and let it be administered by a member of the government invested with an authority to which men may bow, and which may claim the right of guiding them. Then there might be some prospect of Christian civilisation, but not before.

Behold the conclusions to which my little Lucca carriage has led! Let us now resume the thread of my story.

My childhood was happily and peacefully spent in fair and pleasant Florence, and for this reason that beautiful city has always seemed more like my native place than Turin.

On receiving my first lessons in reading and writing, I turned very refractory, and was soon sent to school at the Scolopi Fathers of San Giovannino, in Via Larga; and my first professor—a very modest one, but quite in keeping with his pupil—was the porter of the convent.

Signor Piacenti had three pupils, of whom I was one; and we spent the day in more or less semblance of study. I remember those worthy monks well:

especially a Father Mauro and a Father Bertinelli, who often gave me sweetmeats and caresses, so that of them I can say nothing but good. But far more profitable was the oral instruction which I received at home; and here my mind became gradually furnished with certain ideas of history, geography, mythology, and the French language, thanks to the care bestowed on me by my sister's governess, the excellent Teresa Biscarra.

Whilst my family was living thus quietly and in obscurity; whilst my father, after having witnessed the fall of what was most dear to him in the world, the independence and dignity of Piedmont, wished only to remain forgotten in his Tuscan retreat, the iron hand of Napoleon, which had smitten the proudest heads of Europe, penetrated even to my father's humbler destiny, and made him feel its weight.

Napoleon I., as everyone knows, had no predilection for universal suffrage, and saw no cause why people should choose their own rulers. The Piedmontese (that is, the French inhabitants of Turin) were forbidden to educate their sons abroad. Siena was of course *abroad*. My father was therefore obliged to remove his three elder sons from the Tolomei College, and bring them home. They pursued their studies under the direction of the

Fathers of the *Scuole Pie.* I continued mine with my porter, and our home became more lively and cheerful. The habits of discipline and good order were not thereby interrupted, but the system was applied to a large number of individuals.

Meanwhile the north of Europe was witnessing the great episodes of the Napoleonic wars, which were followed by extraordinary alterations of frontier, and by strange agglomerations of peoples forced to submit to political unions, contrary to their traditions no less than to their inclinations and interests.

Napoleon I. was not a political genius, and in fact no trace remains of his political work.

Piedmont was definitively annexed to France, and the first decree, forbidding the education of children abroad, was followed up by another still more tyrannical, summoning the new subjects to return home and take the oaths of fealty to their self-imposed master. My father, who was bound by another oath to his king, Victor Emmanuel, then in the island of Sardinia, wrote to him (I am quoting the manuscript), "that he was ready at any moment to devote himself to his service, to share his misfortunes, even to forsake his country, wife, and children for ever."

Meanwhile he left Florence, and went as far as

Parma, where he waited forty days before the answer could reach him from Sardinia.

Victor Emmanuel "replied, in the most gracious manner, and with expressions of deep gratitude, that he was determined not to increase the number of victims of his own calamities. He bade him take the oath exacted, as he would never consent to be the means of separating him from his wife and children, whose youth made them so dependent on the care of such a father; all the less as he (the king) was not sure of having even bread for himself and his faithful followers."

This answer, so full of sense and feeling, deeply grieved my father, but showed him the path he must follow. He had nobly kept his oath to his king and country, and had pursued his course of self-sacrifice till he found it closed against him by an iron wall.

He remembered his family, went to Turin, and tendered his temporary adhesion to the French Government.

Five years later Napoleon I. had reason to know the worth of oaths extorted by violence and uninspired by free will. Not that my father was one of those who made him perceive it. Under whatever circumstances he had given his word, that word once given was enough.

The decree fixed a day for the return of the exiles. The time was drawing near, and our mother received a letter from her husband desiring her to come at once with her family to Turin.

It was the end of December, and our caravan, starting from Casa Pitti Gaddi, our last quarters, left Florence by the Porta San Gallo. We had two carriages. In the first were our mother and Matilde; and in the second, a larger one, we boys were huddled together, in charge of the Abate Moni, of Lucca, recently engaged by my father. In every noble and pious household it was then the custom to have a family chaplain.

Travelling by the mail-coach is nowadays a relic of antiquity. But at the time I am writing of even this was an unknown luxury; and those who could not afford post-horses were obliged to travel by the carriages of Signor Pollastri, with whose fame and that of his mules all Europe had begun to resound. To give an idea of their velocity, I remember that having left Pisa one morning, we reached the Osteria Bianca, near Empoli, in the evening, and entered Florence the following day a little before sunset. Moving at the rate at which bags of rice and Indian corn now jog along, where there are no railways, we journeyed by Bologna, Piacenza, and Milan, to Turin, the bells perpetually

jingling in our ears for fifteen or twenty days, till at last, when it pleased Heaven, our carriages rolled into the courtyard of Casa d'Azeglio, 19 Via d'Angennes.

The inclemency of the season, the cold, the fogs of Lombardy, and, to crown all, the painful prospect of having to submit to a foreign master in our own country,—all conspired to make this journey more than wearisome to our poor mother, who arrived quite exhausted. But to us boys this unknown Turin, this ancestral home,—hitherto only beheld in dreams, and in *Giacolin's* highly-coloured descriptions,—excited our imaginations, and we were wild with expectation and curiosity. When, too, on alighting from the carriage, I found myself in an elegant vestibule, and saw the servants of the house and the secretary, Avvocato Cappello, coming forward to meet me; when, wonder of wonders, I heard the inquiry, "Have you had a pleasant journey, Signor Cavaliere?"*—I hardly knew whether I was awake or dreaming, so great was my elation at this unlooked-for mode of address, and my surprise at finding myself suddenly promoted to such high dignity. Fortunately, legions of people have been knighted nowadays who could not have expected

* In Italy the younger sons of noble houses are addressed as *Cavaliere*.

it any more than I did. I say *fortunately*, because if it were not for them nobody could have an adequate idea of the joy I felt in that solemn moment.

My raptures went on increasing when I entered a spacious room with silk hangings, balconies opening on a garden, a beautiful polished floor, &c. This was one of the few moments of satisfied ambition that have fallen to my share during life. Not that I was born without ambition, but, as the reader will see, if Providence permits me to finish these memoirs, mine was not one that aspired to titles, palaces, dignities, and other such gewgaws.

We found my aged grandmother, the Countess of Casal Grasso, already in the last stage of the chronic malady of which she soon afterwards died. We were all taken to her bedside, and the caresses with which she greeted us testified her heartfelt joy at our return. Her affection was so great that when towards spring we made an excursion to Stupinigi,* she insisted on our visiting the Castle of Millefiori, on the banks of the Sangone, which belonged to her, and even wished to leave it to us at any cost. The history of this castle would be more curious than that of Woodstock, but its legends are foreign to my present purpose. Here I entered on a new phase of existence. The privations of a life

* A royal castle about five miles from Turin.

of exile were exchanged for a wider horizon and a more luxurious life. I had a comfortable room, and a small garden entirely my own. By degrees I was introduced to my relations, of both sexes and all ages, beginning with an old great-grandmother, the Countess da Camino, who greatly impressed me by her enormous white cap, in the centre of which shone a diamond rose as bright as a star.

When Napoleon passed through Turin (I think it was on his return from the coronation at Milan), this lady, *bon gré, mal gré*, went to court. The hero of the day, as is well known, took no pains to make himself agreeable, and nobody in Europe was in a position to give him a lesson of politeness. Passing, as was his wont, from one lady to another, addressing an abrupt sentence to each, he came to my great-grandmother, and asked roughly:

"Combien d'enfants avez-vous?"

"Cent-sept, sire."

Napoleon started back, fixing his eagle eyes upon her; and the old countess, with the utmost composure, explained to him that having had nine daughters, who were all mothers and grandmothers, and, I believe, some even great-grandmothers, the total number of her descendants to the fifth generation was one hundred and seven. Napoleon (Madame de Staël knew well) liked large families: he

had his own reasons for so doing. His face brightened up as he replied, "C'est bien, madame; je vous en félicite;" and passed on.

My father being dissatisfied with the priest who had taken charge of and accompanied us on our journey, sent him back to Lucca. But as in those days it was thought impossible to do without a priest, it became necessary to look out for another; and the first having been somewhat too hastily engaged, more pains were taken in selecting his successor.

At last a second priest was discovered, whose references were perfectly satisfactory. In fact Don Andries of Dronero was the most simple-minded and virtuous of men, but narrow-minded and almost like a mummy.

I had to endure that worthy priest for five years. He never once hit the mark in matters of education, tact, or manners, &c.; I could plainly see all his blunders, and mischievously led him into fresh ones every day by playing him a hundred tricks. This shows in what esteem I held him, and what amount of moral authority he exercised over me. As a priest he was of the Jesuit school and oppressed me with pious exercises. Here is the programme of my religious duties at that time: In the morning (in winter before dawn) he said mass, and I served it; a little later, a chapter of some devout book;

before dinner (which was then in the middle of the day), self-examination; after dinner, a visit to a church, or afternoon service; in the evening I seldom escaped a *triduum* or a *novena;* and at night prayers, and so to bed; then he left me in peace till the next morning. At times of peculiar fervour (I had omitted this) I was required to find time in the day for an additional half hour of pious meditation. And this system was intended to make me take delight in devotion!

To accustom horses to the explosion of firearms, some people fire-off a pistol just as their oats are being brought. But my excellent priest acted on quite another system, and in order to make me fully enjoy a mass he used to turn me out of bed by candle-light, and oblige me to make the responses shivering with cold, and half asleep, in a damp and dismal chapel. You may fancy how I delighted in it.

For a certain time I had to submit to even a greater tribulation. There was at Turin a priest who I believe was not really a bad man, but he was one of those who are every day inventing some new spiritual exercise, in order, under this pious pretext, to collect children around him, with a view, perhaps, of gaining admission into their families through their means; this, however, is merely a supposition of my own, and may be unfounded in the

case of Father Polani, an ex-monk and a man of this peculiar kind. He had an oratory, where he assembled some thirty boys, of whom, thanks to my priest, I was one. He used to make me go through a variety of religious exercises, accompanied with sermons and meditations in the dark; and then from time to time he would comfort us with sanctimonious little dinners or refections in the country. I am, however, bound to say that I never discovered anything wrong or objectionable in the manners of the ex-monk. But to say the least, it was unwise and indiscreet to smother a lively and intelligent child under that friar's frock, which would have been too heavy even for a man.

To conclude the religious history of my childhood, I must add that my good priest was in despair when he perceived that his system, instead of making me very pious, as he expected, had produced (as was but natural) precisely the contrary effect.

To this day I am unable patiently to endure being bored. When anyone wearies me, a glance at my countenance soon makes him aware of the fact. The expression of my face must often have betrayed to the priest how much I enjoyed his holy practices. Sometimes I could not even refrain from laughing at some of his stories of apparitions, evil spirits, visions, and miracles. One day (and this was a

serious business) we went almost in the guise of pilgrims to the sanctuary of our Lady of Oropa, where the faithful worship one of those black wooden images, perhaps of Byzantine origin, which consist of a female head supported on a kind of bell, meant to represent the body. The infant Jesus in the arms of this Virgin is an equally fine specimen of art, and both are almost buried under the profusion of rosaries, jewels, necklaces, and other precious things with which the devout of many generations have enriched the shrine. I arrived, as it pleased Heaven, in sight of this marvel, which had cost us a journey of so many miles, the greater part of it on foot; and instead of being pervaded by a mystic emotion, I bluntly said that I respected our Lady who dwells in Heaven, but as to that ugly black Virgin, I did not care a fig for her, nor did I believe she could work me either good or evil.

I leave the reader to imagine what a hornet's nest I raised about me by the expression of these ideas. I was called a heretic and a miscreant, already without hope of amendment, who would come to a bad end, &c.

How often the master ought to be flogged instead of the pupil! As a last trial, it was resolved to make me go through what were then called "the exercises." Such things are now no longer heard of.

I think it was an invention of the Jesuits, at all events they were directed by men of their school, in a convent or sanctuary that had once belonged to them. Within a few miles of Sango, in the valley of the Dora, there is a mountain peak, upon which some shepherds, as usual, once had a vision of Saint Ignatius. The peak in question was a bare and pointed rock, but, thanks to the apparition, it was soon enclosed in a fine church, of which it became the centre, and round the church rose a convent. A corridor also ran round the walls of the former, giving access to rooms on either side. From the windows looking over the country there was a magnificent prospect of the Alps; but the opposite ones only opened into the church, and afforded the less magnificent view of Ignatius himself, in all the glory of painted mortar, standing bolt upright on the point of his rock.

One fine summer day in the year 1813, my priest shut me up in one of these latter rooms, that I might be less disturbed by external objects; and the reader may guess how cheerful I found this Alpine retreat.

This house of spiritual exercises was kept by a certain Abate Guala, and we lived together as if at college. There may have been about fifty persons; my two brothers, Prospero and Enrico, were also of

the number, but they had been indulged with a room looking on the open country.

Abate Guala had once been a celebrity at Turin. A great many priestly intrigues were attributed to him. It was said, among other things, that he had made a particular study of Horace's art of inheriting, and that he even surpassed his master. I have no proof of this, however, and it is my maxim never to affirm anything of which I am not certain. But exactly for this reason I may say, in the first place, that he was a fanatic, devoid of intellect, and utterly destitute of the wisdom requisite for doing any of that good which, I would fain believe, was his aim; and, secondly, what is still more certain, that he made me spend such a week as I shall never forget, were I to live a thousand years.

Excepting at meal-times, I either was continually at church listening to sermons, or in my own room, where I was shut up directly after to meditate upon them. And even at night, if I accidentally awoke, I saw that motionless black St. Ignatius mounting guard over me, who, by the glimmering light of the lamp dimly burning before the altar, looked like anything but a dweller in Paradise.

The result was, that, being at a loss to know how to while away the tedious hours, and wishing also to vent my wrath, I composed a sonnet, which

might indeed be called *de circonstance*, and inscribed it in pencil on one of the panels. I remember the first four lines:

"Volendo far veder la seccatura
Quanto tremenda sia sua potestà,
Fece dar gli Esercizi di pietà
Da un prete seccator senza misura."

"Boredom's tremendous power to prove,
A priest, of bores the chief,
Was bid to inflict religious rites
On all without relief."

I never learnt how my holy mentor discovered this poetical effusion. I did not even know it till long after, for he took no notice at the time. Assuredly his heart must have sunk within him, when he saw this fine result of his last effort.

My father was informed of the fact; but even he did not reprimand me. Probably he said to the priest: "It serves you right." One thing is certain, from that day forward the pious oppression was relaxed, and I was allowed to breathe.

## CHAPTER VII.

Religious instruction—Reflections on its place in education—I do not argue with Atheists—The teacher should educate honest men—Extra-dogmatic reasons to induce the pupil to be so—Faults of the religious instruction I received—Importance of the sense of respect—Examples of the Romans—Third element in a good education—Jesuit-teaching—History—I become a day-scholar at college—Shameful examination—Good sentiment—A stolen prize—My character is being spoilt—I enter the University—I begin to write—Excursions—I am taken for a highwayman—Gymnastics.

RELIGIOUS instruction is one of the greatest problems of education. It opens the door to the most subtle metaphysical questions; but heaven forbid I should venture into this labyrinth, since no Ariadne has yet been found to offer a thread which does not snap as soon as you try to make use of it.

From the beginning of time each generation has asked these questions:

Whence come I?

What am I doing?

Whither do I go?

And human reason, not having had the modesty to answer the simple truth,—viz. "I know not,"—

has from age to age found myriads of answers, each more futile than the last; and will doubtless continue to do so, as long as the Almighty leaves mankind a life-tenancy of this planet.

But, though we may avoid metaphysics, we cannot so easily rid ourselves of the practical questions of life, with all the inevitable needs it entails.

Religion may, and in fact has, supplied means to pilot man through those rocks without putting his reason to the torture of metaphysics. She boldly answers the three questions, and indicates the path to all those who accept her guidance.

But, as I have already said, many pages back, men believe according to their power, and not according to their will; and in the present age, whoever undertakes to examine and discuss the practical questions of society—foremost among which I place that of education—must, if he would secure listeners, take as a starting-point some universally acknowledged truth.

Here I must premise that I do not argue with atheists, pantheists, or materialists. Atheism, if consistent, reduces the question of life to this simple formula: Procure for yourself the greatest amount of advantage by any means whatsoever within the pale of the law. And, as we cannot conceive the existence of any human society without reciprocal,

spontaneous, and perpetual sacrifice, there is no possible compromise to be made with atheism.

In one respect, however, this does not much simplify the problem. There is a wide abyss between the system of my narrow-minded priest, which reduced education to the novitiate of a Capuchin, and that of Rousseau, who proposes to leave religion an open question with the pupil for the space of thirty years.

I will content myself with a few observations, the truth of which will, I think, be admitted by all.

Every teacher, be his religious opinions what they may, must necessarily aim primarily at making his pupil an honest man. To this end he must first of all learn to do many things contrary to his own inclinations.

It would be interesting to inquire for what reason I should do what I dislike, setting aside all idea of future reward or punishment? Apart from this, everything is reduced to a question of present impunity; or, in other words, the learning how to do what we please without incurring the penalty of some other inconvenience. What am I, then, to say to my pupil—what motive can I suggest to induce him to forego his own gratification and become an honest man? Shall I tell him he must be one in order to make his fortune? He would laugh in my

face, though he were but a child in arms! Shall I expound the Socratic thesis, viz. that justice is the only good, and injustice the only evil; so that, if I commit a crime, it must be a good *even for me* that I should be hanged for the triumph of justice? He would laugh at me more than ever!

This proves the absolute necessity of building morality on a dogma. Having established this point, we suppose that every teacher among us, even though a sceptic, would select the dogma of the Gospel, and not that of Islam or of Brahma. As a general rule, we all agree in considering the ten commandments as a basis of morality not to be lightly disregarded.

The sceptical teacher may perhaps say: I cannot teach or affirm what I do not know for certain. And I reply by asking, whether he is absolutely certain of the contrary? And if he assumes the responsibility of selecting between the two courses for his pupil, does he not run the risk of affirming his own infallibility? a position which, I suppose, he cannot pretend to maintain.

In my opinion, doubt itself should lead to the securing the morality of the pupil first of all; and the impressing on his heart, through dogma, that Christian sense of right and wrong, which is after all the basis of modern society, and the sole guarantee for that wise and equitable distribution of social

well-being, the most rational and the widest application of the first evangelical precept, charity.

The age of doubt will come only too soon; no need for us to forestall it. God exempts youth and childhood from its influence. Let us not seek to alter the decrees of His goodness.

My arguments, I know, will satisfy neither the theologian or the philosopher, but they may possibly have some interest for the many sincere and intelligent minds who are so often obliged to content themselves with a moral presumption.

A great many problems in life require a prompt solution, and there is no time to await the convenience of metaphysical or intellectual convictions. Among these is the religious instruction of children. Unhappily, through the injudicious system of instruction pursued with me, I lost all veneration for things most venerable. My faith also in things supernatural and moral was greatly shaken. How could I feel any respect for the worship of the Black Virgin of Oropa, or for the priest who was so fanatical on the subject?

He produced on me individually the same effect as Rome has produced on whole generations; that is, he made respect impossible by an excessive abuse of it.

The religious and political powers of modern

Europe, from alienating the respect of mankind by their conduct, have given rise to that general *bouleversement* of ideas and things in which the revolution may be compared to a steam-engine, and the general good sense of the public to the "break," which prevents us from going headlong to ruin.

But while all social elements are thus seething as in a caldron, the feeling of abstract reverence has evaporated altogether. The new generations may feel excitement, or the wildest love for men and things, but the sense of *reverence* is all but lost; and if we consider the past, and partly the present, this result is perfectly comprehensible.

Now it is the business of education (if the world is to be restored to its normal and orderly condition) to re-establish in the heart of man that noble and prolific sentiment of the human heart, *respect for that which is respectable;* without this, *example* becomes useless as an instrument of good; and no system of order can be firmly built up.

People are generally fond of quoting the Romans and the Greeks. Whenever an iniquitous or arrogant act is to be lauded to the skies, the Gracchi, Brutus, Cassius, and many others are constantly adduced as examples. But let us do the same by the laws and customs which bear witness to the importance attached by the Romans to *respect for*

*what is respectable.* Their respect for religion, for their city, for the law, for paternal authority, for the consular fasces, the magistrates, and the tribunes, is illustrated by hundreds of examples. When the Consul Nasica, preceded by his lictors, met his father on horseback in the street, he made him dismount to show the respect due to the first magistrate.

And when the Consul Duilius Nepos consulted the auspices before a battle, and on being told the chickens would not eat, said, "Let us see whether they will drink," ordering them to be thrown into the sea, he showed neither wisdom nor statecraft.

When, from the Gracchi downwards, the Romans having gradually lost their respect for all these things, fell at last so low as to be compelled to obey Tiberius, Nero, and men of their stamp, the *lex majestatis* served to refresh their memory.

Now, in summing up the above facts and reflections, we may fairly conclude that a *sense of respect for what is respectable* is the third element of a good education to be added to the other two already mentioned, viz. *obedience to rightful authority* and *firmness of will.*

Thanks to my father, at twelve years of age I was not entirely deficient in this firmness, and I had also learned to obey; but my priest, with his narrow intellect and indiscreet zeal, had stifled in me all

sense of reverence, which was tantamount to having endued me with a great dose of presumption.

The secular teaching I received from him was about on a par with the religious. Think of having spent five or six years in studying Latin at the age at which the acquisition of languages is most easy! and that, instead of being imperfectly acquainted with Latin and Greek, from which I have never derived much benefit, I might have thoroughly learnt German and English, which I should now find so extremely useful. But my education was governed by the Jesuit system, and the problem it has always so admirably solved is this—to keep a young man till he is twenty constantly employed in studies which are of little or no value in forming his character, his intelligence, and his judgment. In fact, my education, and whatever I may have acquired, has been the work of later years, and has cost me twice the trouble, at a time of life in which, instead of learning, one ought to be reaping the fruits of previous study. On historical matters, which, with languages, ought to be the chief study of all classes of men, as being the most capable of useful applications, I was furnished with classic books, and became tolerably well acquainted with all that had taken place at Rome, Athens, Memphis, and Babylon, before the Christian era; but of the events of which Italy was the thea-

tre in the Middle Ages I knew not a word. And why? because I was to be kept in total ignorance of Teodora and Marozia,* of Alexander VI., and of the ambition, the greed, the violence, and the frauds of the Popes!

But as I did not make much progress even in Latin, I was sent as a day-scholar to the college, which is now the military academy, and where Signor Bertone then taught rhetoric. It was clear that Napoleon did not care much for rhetoricians. There were but three scholars; one Perrier, a Frenchman, Fascini, a Piedmontese, and myself. Though I have never since met these two schoolfellows of mine, I still retain a friendly recollection of them. If they chance to read these pages, I beg them to accept a hearty greeting from their old comrade.

In this course of study I was invariably the greatest dunce of the three. It is perhaps the result of a bad disposition or of a spirit of perversity, but the fact is, that I was never inclined to study as long as my teachers tried to urge me on, but no sooner was I left to myself, than I began to devour books, and have continued to do so, more or less, ever since.

* Two Roman ladies celebrated in the tenth century for their beauty, their bad character, the influence they exercised on the politics of the day, and on the elections of eight successive Popes, mostly all unworthy occupants of the chair of St. Peter.

But the time for the examinations drew nigh, and one fine morning I found myself in a room with my two companions, each seated at a different desk, busy writing a theme. Nothing less than a Greek composition had fallen to my lot! and I puzzled like a blockhead over the Lexicon of Schrevelius and the grammar, and squeezed this grand Hellenic production out of my brain drop by drop. The *maître d'études* every now and then paid us a visit. He gave a look at Perrier and Fascini, and as I watched him I saw his face brighten. Then he came to my desk, glanced at my Greek, and suddenly his brow grew dark. Heaven knows what outrageous Greek I was producing!

The reader will soon understand the trepidation of the *maître d'études* on my account. I was the nephew of Count Prospero Balbo, rector of the University; and it was as clear as daylight that the nephew of one who held the fate of so many *maîtres d'études* in his hands could not possibly be allowed to appear a blockhead.

Our mentor disappeared for half an hour, then came back. He had taken one of those resolutions which save nephews, and sometimes greater men than them, namely, to perform my task himself, and leave me to reap the credit. With a dexterity worthy of a conjuror, he abstracted my theme without being

perceived by my school-mates, and replaced it by another sheet, with a Greek composition already written, so that I had only to copy it out.

To my credit I must say that, having at once understood the trick, and even its motive, I felt a bitter humiliation, and a great dislike to lending myself to such a fraud. But I must add, to my shame, that I had not the courage to act upon this praiseworthy sentiment.

I had always been accustomed to obedience, and my ideas on *fas et nefas* were not yet sufficiently precise and clear to permit me to carry out my own inspirations. I therefore bowed to authority, and impudently copied the Greek theme, which was naturally considered a marvel; and I heard my uncle Balbo say, while talking with my father, that he was quite astonished at my showing so much aptitude for the dead languages. Fancy how much less astonishing it seemed to me.

The day the prizes were distributed I received in public, from the hands of Count Balbo, a beautiful folio edition of *Homeri Opera Omnia*, elegantly bound, and was complimented on my erudition. This volume is still among my books, and I think of bequeathing it to some public library, as a restitution (the phrase is rather hard to utter, but I must bear that) of *stolen property*. I was certainly wrong; but the *maître*

*d'études*, heaven forgive him! was even more guilty than myself, for he set me a very bad example; and bad examples given to young people by their elders are in my opinion real crimes. The divine innocence of childhood might almost incline us to believe that human souls leave the lap of the angels to come down and assume our shape. He who tarnishes its purity by the first soil and degrades it by the first fraud is guilty of a great wrong.

I confess that this circumstance, added to many others, and perhaps also to the severe strain upon my mind, especially in religious matters, exercised about this time a bad influence on my character. Every despotism, great or small, is the ruin of character. Dissimulation gradually crept into my mind, then falsehood, which is even worse, and I could tell fibs with tolerable assurance. Subsequently I cured myself of this fault, and I really believe that for the last forty years few men in Europe have been more truthful, including the years in which I was a minister and a diplomatist—professions in which it is more important than in any other to abstain from falsehood, though the vulgar believe the contrary. But men will be convinced that I am right if they once understand that there is no influence so irresistible as that which springs from the confidence one has succeeded in inspiring.

Having thus honourably completed the study of rhetoric, the usual scholastic curriculum led me to philosophy, which I commenced at the University of Turin at the age of thirteen. At that period my mind began to possess a certain degree of cultivation. Whilst the priest taught me and my brothers Latin (the only thing he knew), our father himself superintended the other branches of our education. At regular hours we read with him the best Italian poets and prose writers; Dante, Tasso, Pulci, and Ariosto, each had their turn. Of course we were not allowed to read all their works; but even those selections which were adapted to young readers sufficed to give us a taste for, and a just appreciation of, their beauty of style, and to afford an opportunity for useful comments to our father, who was a man of retentive memory and of unusual erudition.

I preferred Dante and Ariosto to all the rest, and do so to this day. In this manner my taste was gradually formed, and I acquired the habit of constant occupation and reading, which I have retained all my life. Woe to us if our father had ever caught us indulging in the Italian *dolce far niente!* Fortunately its charms were never much appreciated by the Piedmontese.

We were also employed now and then in writing descriptions of real or imaginary subjects. Very

often, after an excursion, or a visit to some picturesque spot, a villa, or a castle, one of us had to write an account of what we had seen. This exercise is very useful for young people, and I have noted it down as a hint to teachers. In order to facilitate the task of the young writers, it is well to call their attention during these excursions to the different aspects of places and things. Our father took every opportunity that offered of explaining the different sites, and especially pointed out their applicability to military science. He taught us to find our way, to guess the points of the compass, to recognise places we had already seen, to calculate the probability of finding water, or the vicinity of a hamlet; also to judge distances, and the configuration of ground, &c.; all things, a familiar knowledge of which is extremely useful on many occasions, not only in time of war, but also in ordinary life.

These walks were in fact real military marches of eight, ten, and even twelve Piedmontese miles; and I remember one, the longest of them (which continued from the evening until two the following afternoon), of five-and-twenty of our miles, equivalent to thirty-six Italian ones. It is true that at the end (not being yet fourteen) I was quite knocked up, and slept twenty hours without waking. As in

these excursions, which included our father, the priest, and servant, we made a very formidable array, the more so because we boys were very tall, and as we wandered at random over hill and dale, through woods and fields, we were taken more than once on a dark night for a gang of robbers. I well recollect that in the famous pilgrimage to Oropa, about two in the morning, we had lost the road, not far from the Serra, a high mountain near Ivrea. My father heard people passing at a little distance, and called to me and another of us: "Go and ask your way from those people yonder." I ran as fast as I could; but on seeing us they took to their heels, and never stopped for all my shouts.

From this it will be seen that our father wished us to become men physically as well as morally. For this reason he accustomed us to gymnastics of every kind. There was at that time no school for such exercises, but his kind solicitude invented one for us. Before the age of ten I was taught to dance and fence, and later to swim and ride. Afterwards we went through a regular course of leaping, throwing somersaults, and dancing on the tight rope.

My brother, subsequently a Jesuit, had then just entered the first stage of clerical life; and I remember his appearance when he was practising the aforesaid somersaults, clad in his long black priestly

robe. Who would have foreseen in that coal-sack revolving on its own axis the future Father Taparelli, director of the *Civiltà Cattolica*,* and one of the most eminent members of the Society of Jesus?

* The *Civiltà Cattolica* is an ultra-clerical paper published at Rome, and edited by the Jesuits. It is well known for its violence and intolerance.

## CHAPTER VIII.

My Jesuit—our friendship—Jesuits' life—What my brother was—his habits—Black and Red Jesuits—Jesuits and Englishmen—Napoleon gives him a nomination to St. Cyr—Napoleon and Dr. Jenner—Roberto becomes auditor to the Council of State—Prospero is liberated—Matilde—her death—our grief—Giorgio Bidone—his affectionate advice—Political life of my Father—Persecution of Pius VII.—My Father's solicitude for imprisoned Priests—their merits—First tidings of the disaster of Moscow—Joy of everybody except those who lost their appointments—The *débâcle*—The folly of mankind—Relief to the wounded.

"BIRDS of a feather flock together" is not always a true proverb. It would be as difficult to find two men more diametrically opposed than my Jesuit brother and I in our political and religious opinions, as to find two more attached to each other than we were from our childhood till his death, which took place last year.

As a child I loved him better than either of my other brothers. He had more talent than any of us, with greater powers of self-denial, united to an unswerving and invincible will. His character may in fact be summed up in three words—wisdom, virtue, and strength. Had he remained in the world, even

as a priest, his powerful and well-organised nature might have led him to great things. Who can say of what use his talents might have been to his country, to society, and even to his own religious and philosophical opinions! But how act the part of a great man in the narrow precincts of a cloister?

I, who have spent so many hours with him in his cell, where one could never be half an hour uninterrupted, know it but too well. Imagine a poor fellow who is writing, for instance, a disquisition on the rights of man. Ding-dong, goes the bell. What is it now? It is time to give the boys their lessons in grammar—Amen. Accordingly he goes to teach grammar. Then he comes back and resumes the thread of his ideas on the rights of man. Three-quarters of an hour elapse. Ding-dong, again. It is the *triduum*, or the *novena* in honour of St. Stanislas Kostka, or some such worthy—Amen. To church he goes forthwith. Again he returns, and the rights of man are continued once more. Ten minutes after, rap, rap, rap, at the door. *Deo gratias.* A deep-voiced *Come in!* uttered in desperation, answers the knock. It is a novice come to beg advice on his absence of mind during Mass, or a pupil who asks whether *ancora* is spelt with or without an *h*! It seems to me madness to suppose that a man compelled to work under such physico-moral torment,

however great his intellect and powerful his will, should perform even the quarter of what he would accomplish if free and undisturbed. In fact, though the Jesuits have in their ranks men of great eminence and talent, purchased by Heaven knows what amount of labour and perseverance, they do not possess one of first-rate merit.

If, however, my brother never rose, by his genius to the high position he seemed born to fill—if he never earned the fame which is the due inheritance of all great men,—he has at least left some beautiful examples of self-sacrifice and virtue, far more valuable, and which are of more use to those by whom they can be appreciated and applied, than all the marvels of human intellect.

I do not of course mean that anyone need become a Jesuit in order to be like him; but these points in his character are worthy the emulation of all. He was a young man of ardent temperament and impetuous passions; he was liable at times to fearful outbursts of rage; he felt to the utmost all those aspirations and cravings, which the Almighty planted in our nature. Yet all these he subjugated, all these he overcame. Before the age of thirty, he had attained a meekness and serenity of temper, which I never saw disturbed on any occasion. The mind and heart, being in unison, had conquered, one might

almost say destroyed, the material nature; for in these violent and ceaseless struggles for self-mastery he ruined his health for life.

He had opinions, and very decided ones, on religion, philosophy, and politics; and throughout life sacrificed everything to his convictions. He enjoyed the singular privilege, reserved to few, of never even conceiving the possibility of being mistaken in his creed; he felt an absolute conviction of the truths in which he believed. His truth was not mine, nor that of many others in these days. But as Pilate said, *quid est veritas?* Let him answer who can. And if no one can give a satisfactory solution, let us at least learn to respect all sincere belief, and to act up to that which we have attained and our conscience approves. And in this my brother may be an example to all.

Born to a rank in life which entitled him to aspire to everything, he renounced all. I have closely scanned his life, and can truly say that, except that inward and certainly supreme satisfaction earned by the perfect fulfilment of duty, I never saw him indulge in a single mundane pleasure. A small comfortless room, poorly furnished, without fireplace or carpet, and a hard mattress for a bed, which he had to make every morning; the plainest of food, with no delicacies whatever; then ever-re-

curring acts of obedience, perpetual study, preaching, and other ministerial duties; rising every night at three o'clock, summer and winter;—if all this does not constitute a life of self-sacrifice, I know not how else it should be called.

I am not myself a Jesuit. I am well aware of all the evils they have worked by some of their maxims and many of their arts; but all the more do I wonder at the degree of self-abnegation to which every one of them condemns himself; and for what purpose? either to produce a bad result, or none at all.

Nor do I belong to the opposite side, that demagogue and revolutionary party, which is in my eyes the inevitable counterpoise of the other. But granting that the latter succeed in producing only a bad or a negative result, it must be allowed that, judged individually in the matter of self-abnegation, there is a yawning gulf between them and my brother the Jesuit and his companions.

On this subject some curious parallels might be drawn. I content myself with making the suggestion, leaving its further elaboration to those who take pleasure in the analysis of human griefs and follies. One resemblance, however, I will mention, and that is a likeness between Jesuits and Englishmen. Taken individually, all are good and honest

men; but taken as a body, when the interests of Old England or the Society are at stake, they would not scruple to sacrifice their dearest friends.

And as in general they mutually detest each other, I must beg pardon of both for having instituted a comparison between them.

Reverting to my brother: he narrowly escaped following a career very different from that of a Jesuit. Napoleon gave him a nomination to the military school of St. Cyr; and this piece of news, announced to my father by M. A. Lameth, the Prefect of Turin, fell upon the family like a bomb-shell. The reader may imagine the feelings of such a man as my father, when the most sacred of privileges—his paternal authority, the right, hitherto respected by all and at every period, of educating and disposing of his own sons according to his preconceived ideas—was thus rudely invaded. Two of them (for Roberto was simultaneously appointed auditor to the Council of State) were torn from him by the enemy of his country, the jailer of Pius VII., by him who, since the treachery of Bayonne, as everyone could plainly see, was intoxicated and maddened by ambition and pride; and to have no means of resisting him, was enough to break my father's heart.

I was not then of an age fully to appreciate all this; but I well remember the sadness which op-

pressed our home for a long period. It was then the idea took possession of my mind, which has never been effaced—that Napoleon was a tyrant, and that ten Austerlitzes or twenty Wagrams do not suffice to redeem either an act of violence or the brutal disregard of a natural right.

And yet, thanks to the singular good sense of mankind, Napoleon—who for his own gratification caused the slaughter of a million of men and broke the hearts of so many fathers and mothers—Napoleon is famous and admired even among savages; while I dare wager the reader does not even know the name of the man who has saved the lives of Heaven knows how many millions of his fellow-creatures by the discovery of vaccination. He was called Edward Jenner, and was born on the 17th of May 1749, at Berkeley in the county of Gloucester. And I myself who am preaching must confess to having been obliged to refer to the *Dictionnaire de la Conversation* in order to quote these dates accurately! Reader, let us at least remember his name!

A host of reflections here intrude themselves upon me. I must give utterance to some of them. I need no one to tell me that my parallel of Napoleon and Jenner will appear an idle jest, not seriously intended by its author. But this is quite a mistake; I am as serious as possible. I foresee the dawning of

an age in which it will seem incredible that men should ever have entertained other ideas than those I have just expressed. But I shall be asked, how do you arrive at this conclusion? From observing the gradual modification of certain ideas of the past, and thence prognosticating those of the future. This, in few words, is my conception.

The ruder the condition of society, the more it admires brute force and violence. Not to be tedious, I pass over the primitive savage state, and take an example from the Middle Ages. Boccaccio tells us that in the mediæval period Ghino di Tacco fortified himself at Radicofani, and attacked travellers on the high road. One day he captured the Abbot of Cluny, and addressed him in the following terms: "My lord, I am Ghinotto di Tacco, and assure your lordship I am a gentleman, and never had taken up this course, and declared myself against the court of Rome, had it not been in defence of my life and honour. I was driven from my estate, and all I had in the world was seized; so that mere necessity obliges me to be a robber on the highways. Your lordship may be aware this creates me a great many enemies."* And the Abbot of Cluny thought this a very sensible

* *Il Decamerone*, novel xcii., translated and printed in London, 1722.

speech, and, what is more singular, it seems that even Boccaccio had no fault to find with it.

To take another instance. Carlo and Grifone Baglioni conspired to usurp Perugia, the territory of their cousin Gianpaolo. They treacherously attacked him and his family, and slew them all, save Gianpaolo himself, who escaped, and coming back vanquished them in his turn. He killed Grifone, and drove out Carlo, who retreated to Nocera. From this stronghold he harried the adjacent country with fire and sword; and Materazzo, who was a partisan of Gianpaolo, and consequently an enemy of Carlo, nevertheless feels obliged to add: "On this occasion it cannot be denied that he showed himself worthy of his family and name."* It is clear that such views were then general, and not peculiar to the chronicler. Has not public opinion undergone a great change since that day? and if it has altered thus with regard to nobles and petty tyrants, is it not still more likely to do so respecting princes and great conquerors? Is it not already modified since the beginning of this century? If Napoleon I. were to return to life, could he play the same part over

* *Chronicles of Francesco Materazzo.* This writer was born at Perugia about the year 1240, was secretary to the town-council, and died in 1312, leaving, besides literary works, several chronicles of the factions of his day.

again? Let us not, then, despair of the progress of mankind, which in truth consists not in steam-engines, but in the increasing power of morality, of justice, and of truth. A day must come in which Jenner will stand higher than Napoleon I. Meanwhile the world, like an old serpent, is casting its skin. So much the worse for us who are living during the operation.

To return to the history of my family. My brother Roberto was eighteen when compelled to set out for Paris on his new duties. Cesare Balbo, Prié, Guasco, and Collegno, were appointed to similar offices, and Giacinto, a brother of the latter, was sent to the military school of St. Cyr. All these have since distinguished themselves in their respective spheres; and many of them took an active part in the subsequent political events in Piedmont and Italy.

On my father's remonstrance, the government granted Prospero, who was hardly sixteen, a year's delay before his entrance into St. Cyr; but Roberto was to start at once, and my father accompanied him to Paris.

The year of respite soon came to an end; and my father once more undertook that tedious journey over the dusty roads of Savoy, Lyons, and Burgundy, in company with a second victim of Napoleonic despotism. But after great exertions, with

the help and influence of friends, and, if I remember right, of Monsignore della Torre, Archbishop of Turin, a partisan of the French, count of the Empire, &c., he succeeded in bringing his son back to Turin, free to follow his own inclinations, which led him to a clerical life. He received his first orders at the hands of the above-mentioned archbishop, and began his ecclesiastical studies in the spirit in which he persevered to his life's end.

Of my two sisters, Melania, who had been left at Turin with my grandmother whilst we were in Tuscany, died at the age of twelve. The other, Matilde, who married Count Pallio di Rinco, was of extraordinary beauty; and owing to her excellent education, and also her angelic disposition and exquisite nature, she had become a real treasure.

It is no new thing for poets and writers of elegies to say: "He or she was too good, too heavenly; the world was not worthy of such a being; God therefore recalled them to Himself." And, in truth, experience often shows these poets to be right. There are some natures so perfect and angelic, that they seem to have come into the world by mistake, or as if they had lost their way. Soon they pass away from us; and though mourned by all, none seem to wonder at their so early death.

This was the fate of poor Matilde, the companion

of my childhood. I have her portrait, with her little hands clasped in prayer, and a blue scarf round her head, like that in which Carlo Dolci paints his exquisite Virgins; and in truth she greatly resembles them. She died of consumption at the Castle of Rinco, before the age of twenty-two. I never think of her without recalling the graceful and ethereal outline of those angels of Fra Angelico da Fiesole, with long robes fluttering down to their feet, and light celestial wings to carry them to heaven.

The reader must pardon this dream of bygone days. Few recollect her now, and I longed to bring her once more to remembrance whilst still alive to do so. Her death was an unspeakable sorrow to us all. But nature, which gives each generation its dawn, its noon, and its eventide, makes childhood incapable of that prolonged moral suffering which crushes middle age, and shortens the last days of the old. With us boys the natural elasticity of youth soon softened the grief, felt more by reminiscence in after years; but to our parents the blow was irrecoverable. Many years after, I recollect, they could never bear to listen to the music of the *Agnese* of Paër, and especially to that duet between the despairing father and Agnese:

"Quel sepolcro che racchiude
Di mia figlia i resti esangui."

"The sepulchre which hides
My daughter's last remains."

And this sad trial yet more impaired my poor mother's weak constitution, already shattered by the many anxieties she had undergone.

These events have brought us to the year 1813, in the August of which Matilde died. Meanwhile my education had dragged itself along at the University in a slow and slovenly fashion; arguing in *barbara et baralipton* under worthy Don Barucchi,* and writing the lessons on natural philosophy in Latin under the dictation of the famous and esteemed Professor Vassalli Eandi. In addition to these latter lessons, and that I might also acquire some idea of geometry and algebra, my father committed me to the care of Professor Giorgio Bidone, who afterwards attained a certain celebrity in mathematics and hydraulics.

As will be seen by and by, I ought to kiss the ground on which this man trod. With the exception of my father and mother, I am under more obligations to him than to anyone else in the world; but it is as yet premature to speak of them. He took every pains to insure my proficiency first in arithmetic, then in algebra and all its branches; but it only proved labour in vain. Providence had

* A good old soul who taught logic and ethics at the University of Turin.

not gifted me with any aptitude for figures. It is singular that, while I am naturally fond of calculating the causes, the consequences, and the probabilities of facts, &c., I have no power of dealing with written numbers.

But, in spite of my want of aptitude, and the little credit a master was likely to reap from such a pupil, he gradually became very fond of me. From his conversation, more than from his scientific teaching, I derived the greatest of benefits, that which my poor priest had never been able to bestow, and which is nevertheless the basis of every good education. By degrees I was learning to think, to reflect, to discard false ideas, and embrace accurate ones in their stead. My friend Bidone, I might say, was re-shaping my mind; not unlike the doctor and nurse when they endeavour to give shape to the soft cranium of a new-born child. From that moment I began to appreciate men in proportion to their honesty and wisdom, and things by their intrinsic merit. By following this system one may, if opportunity offers, perform sundry noble, great, and useful actions; but it is well to know beforehand that no one will ever make a fortune by it. This is a warning to anyone who may hereafter accuse me of having led him on the road to starvation by these theories of mine.

During the first years after our return from Florence my father lived a very retired and domestic life. Our house was frequented by a few old friends, adherents of the so-called Branda party (from Branda Lucioni, the chief of a royalist band in the time of the Republic), a name for which there is now no equivalent, as it has completely vanished from the political arena. To give an idea of them, suffice it to say that our present *codini** would have been considered so many Marats by the Brandas of yore. My father, who did not share their absurdities, used to quiz them; and we boys, being struck with their folly, so transparent was it, were fast becoming liberals, in virtue of the allopathic principle, *contraria contrariis.*

All this ended only in words. My father and most of his friends had sworn to enter into no plot against Napoleon, and would not have consented to realise even their fondest wish—the deliverance of Piedmont from the foreign yoke—at the cost of perjury.

At this time arose a persecution against the Pope, the cardinals, the bishops, &c., followed by events known to all. Piedmont, being on the high road between Rome and Paris, witnessed the

* Reactionists, and in general people attached to old fashions, are so called in Italy; *codino* signifying *pigtail* in Italian.

continual arrival and departure of priests of all ages, scattered here and there like withered leaves by the stormy will of the despot, who having lost all judgment, only retained his talent. Napoleon III. would have acted very differently.

My father was constantly and actively employed in assisting these victims; and when Napoleon, throwing off the mask, had recourse to his favourite argument of violence, and the different prisons (Fenestrelle especially) were crowded with cardinals and bishops, my father, who had sworn to abstain from conspiring against Napoleon, but not to abet his tyranny, took the foremost part in everything that could afford relief, comfort, and hope to the poor captives. Perpetually on the move, either in town or country, he would return home one day, and set off suddenly the next, always alone (an excellent plan for insuring secrecy), in one of those light two-wheeled vehicles with one horse, then called *padovanelli*, which have now completely disappeared. Wherever his help was most wanted, thither would he hasten, without a single thought of fear; for when urged on by faith, he would have sacrificed himself and all that he possessed in the world.

It was at this time that he became an intimate friend of Cardinal De-Gregorio, then a prisoner at

Fenestrelle. He found means of seeing him, and of communicating with other cardinals and prelates, all of whom were suffering for conscience' sake, and therefore worthy of respect and esteem.

Strange to think what these prelates had been a few years before, and what they had now become! To think of that ignoble mixture of corruption and intrigue of which the Roman court was composed, and yet to see such noble and strong natures emerge from its depths, — men who dared say *no* to Napoleon, then held immutable and eternal as Fate! They left their fair palaces under the bright skies of Rome to enter calmly the dungeons of a fortress upon which the snow fell in June. Could they know when and how their prison-doors would open? Who amongst them could then foresee Rostopchine and the Beresina?

Such is the power of self-sacrifice in renewing and ennobling the human soul. But another idea immediately suggests itself. Equally immutable is the mysterious decree by which almost every good, great, and beautiful thing in the world is the offspring of sorrow.

But into this path we must not enter, for Heaven only knows where it might lead; and I fear my narrative already too much resembles that of Jeremiah. As, however, the most tedious of pages

may always be skipped, it will be the reader's own fault if I weary him with my lamentations.

I have already said that to the minds of his contemporaries Napoleon appeared as an irresistible Fate; and this is true. Imagine, then, the bewilderment of all those who, though crushed under that enormous weight, and without hope of rescue, continued to chafe under injustice and disgrace, when the first ray of a possible redemption gleamed forth, —when came the earliest tidings of the report, borne almost on the wind, Napoleon is vanquished! Napoleon is retreating!

I felt the reaction—I know its effects; and although even it has not made me regret Napoleon and French dominion in Italy, it is none the less true that we lost a government which, sooner or later, would have secured the triumph of those principles which are the life of human society, to revert to a government of ignorant and imbecile men, full of vanity and prejudice. But no one at that time gave it a thought; or even had it occurred to them, I believe every one (my father and I certainly) would have said: "Rather the devil than the French!" And because this feeling is so strong in Piedmont, it has never been long under a foreign yoke.

The first uncertain rumour became an undoubted

certainty. The famous twenty-ninth bulletin announced a tremendous disaster, so great as scarcely to obtain belief. The whole population was aroused as if by an electric shock,—it was moved and shaken to its centre, and agitated by hopes and fears, by unlooked-for joys and by unknown terrors; for, after all, *he* still lived,—a time so well described by these words of the poet:

"Un volgo disperso, repente si desta,
Protende l' orecchio, solleva la testa."*

"A scatter'd crowd, aroused to sudden life,
With ear intent uplifts its eager head."

Meanwhile the tide of good news rose higher each day. Like Italy, Europe was rousing herself at the great discovery that Napoleon could be beaten. Nations called to one another like soldiers waking in a camp; they clasped hands and banded themselves together in readiness to rush with one accord upon the great wounded lion.

The year 1813 passed amid the anxieties of alternate victory and defeat: gradually, however,

* These lines may be found in Manzoni's tragedy *Adelchi*, and are from the following beautiful passage:

"Dagli atrii muscosi, dai fori cadenti,
Dai boschi, dall' arse fucine stridenti,
Dai solchi bagnati di servo sudor,
Un volgo disperso, repente si desta,
Protende l' orecchio, solleva la testa,
Percosso da novo crescente romor."

appeared long trains of military and civil officials, the last adherents of a falling power, dislodged and driven by the enemy like chaff before the wind. Then came ragged soldiers, with emaciated faces, and sad, dejected looks, their wonted arrogance laid aside; next there followed in constant succession ambulances, wagons, and carts, laden with wounded. New hospitals were prepared. The beds being insufficient, the want was supplied by layers of straw on the floor, first in one row, then in two, then all jumbled together, until there was no room for more: some remained under a doorway, others sought any imperfect shelter they could find. Exposed to snow and rain, they died from hardships, as so many had already perished by the way, after what amount of suffering heaven only knows,—shaken in rough carts, buried under the weight of their comrades. I often saw these carts unload their sad burdens: how many young men, mere lads, when lifted up were found to be dead, and thrust aside, then rudely dragged by the feet into a corner, there to await the grave-digger! How many fathers comfortless in their old age, how many mothers without support, how many forlorn widows, how many families made desolate or extinct, were represented by a single cart-load! And for what? for whom?

I believe those early and ineffaceable impres-

sions riveted for ever within my inmost soul that profound abhorrence of conquerors, and all the ambitious and wicked host, who, not content with shedding the blood of one or two hundred thousand men for the gratification of a caprice, have also even succeeded in attracting the admiration and enthusiasm, I might almost say the adoration, of all the fools whose lives they hold so cheap. It may be imagined how great was my father's joy at the downfall of the grandest and most invincible of tyrannies. It also offered a rare occasion of impressing true ideas and virtuous principles on his children, and he was not the man to neglect the opportunity.

Even in ordinary times, my brother Enrico and I (the two youngest) were taken by our priest to visit the sick poor in their garrets. This is a very good plan. For many reasons it is well that the rich should be acquainted with the poor, and that the latter should come in contact with the former. We used to carry alms and comforts to the destitute. Those who have young people to educate should follow this system of my father's. A child cannot learn too soon that every one does not find his dinner put on the table at the sound of a bell.

But in this great calamity, this influx of fresh misery, he sent us to the military hospitals, and was not withheld by fears of typhus or other contagious

fevers which raged there; and I still remember the painful spectacle of the poor wounded thrown on a heap of old and rotten straw, wrapped in dirty rags, to whom we took the few comforts it was possible to dispense while so many had to be cared for. Our father in this way taught us to see in a wounded, cast-down, and miserable man, not a stranger, Frenchman, German, or Chinese, but a brother, or, better still, a fellow-creature—(the word "brother" seems to be now a debased and worn-out term)—whom you must help and support for the love of Christ, if you are a Christian; if not, for the love of God; if you are an atheist, for your own sake, and be d—d to you! These principles, thank Heaven, were never effaced from my heart; and when, in after-years, prisoners of war, wounded and suffering, fell into my hands, I do not think they had reason to complain of me.

## CHAPTER IX.

Fall of Napoleon—Germans and French—A hint to France—Love for the detested German—Civic guard—Emancipation and farewell to Don Andreis—I become a sportsman—A few words to my priest—My first excommunication—it does not last long—Pious fraud and *pie credendum*—Entrance of Victor Emanuel I.—The royal family going about—My father Minister *ad interim* at Rome—Arrival in Rome—State of Europe and Rome—Blunders of the restoration—Napoleonico-Jesuitic despotism—We settle in Rome—Our acquaintances—Art and literature.

At last, one blessed day, came the glad tidings that Napoleon was no longer our master, and that we were, or were about to become, free and independent once more. He who was not at Turin on that day can form no idea of the delirious joy of a whole population at its utmost height.

Feeling deeply the debt of gratitude we owe to the house of Napoleon; knowing so well the value of every drop of that generous French blood shed on Italian soil for its ultimate renewal, I cannot say it without remorse, but I must nevertheless bear witness, because it is the truth, to the immense, the ineffable happiness then caused by the departure of the French.

But here I must observe, that the difference between the French army of those days and that of

our own is as great as between darkness and light. I do not speak of its merit or valour as an army; this was and is beyond question; but I am speaking of the spirit, the habits, the sentiments, the conscience, so to say, of the two armies. And under this aspect the balance is undoubtedly in favour of the present one. It has been said that the French can make conquests, but not retain them: and this is true. It has also been said, that the Germans toil hard in taking the goods of others, but never let go what is once in their clutches; and this, as a general rule, is equally true. Yet as regards goodness of character, which of the two nations is the better? The French undoubtedly a hundred times. How shall we explain this phenomenon? Simply by the fact, that the French make you bear the burden of their vanity, and load you with it as the Cyrenean was laden with the Cross; the Germans, on the contrary, make no difficulty about taking your cross on their shoulders, on condition of being masters in your house! And men in general are so constituted that in the end they will more readily tolerate a master who fleeces them with a modest and humble bearing, almost begging pardon for his audacity, than one who, though he may be less rapacious, makes them feel in his every word, look, and action, that he is everything and they are nothing. If that

noble and generous nation could but exchange its vanity for an honest pride like that of its neighbours across the Channel, then indeed it would be the first of all nations, past, present, or to come. And I have far too good an opinion of that people to doubt that ere long they will effect such a change. Not only the army, but civil officials and private individuals have made rapid progress since the downfall of the first Empire; and we all know the grateful memories left in Italy by the French army of occupation, which re-crossed the Alps three years ago. Under the first Empire, on the contrary, men called after the departing French—"*May you never return!*" In simple truth, the insolence of the military and the civil officials of those days was almost intolerable, and of this I have a vivid recollection. I shall never forget a scene which took place in our house just as the French army was in full retreat on Mont Cenis. A major or colonel had been billeted in *casa Azeglio*. Against this there was nothing to be said; under such pressing circumstances every one is bound to aid the municipality. In this emergency my father hired a suitable apartment in an hotel, in order to avoid any disturbance at home (my mother being always an invalid, and we children more or less young); but the officer refused to content himself with this, and insisted on taking the house by storm, making a

great uproar with his threats and bad language, &c. The worthy major's temper was doubtless ruffled, but he was clearly in the wrong. My father (never very famous for patience) confronted him at the top of the staircase, seized him by the collar, hurled him backwards; he swore fearfully; and my father, in a passion, gnashed his teeth with rage. The chaplain, Don Andreis, muttered objurgations; we, like little dogs who bark when they feel they are supported, were bravely pouring forth our little insults in French; and *Giacolin*, Pylades, and the maids, who brought up the rear, all made such an uproar, that I think the poor major or colonel, whatever he was, grew utterly bewildered, and was glad to beat a speedy retreat. Down the staircase, across the yard, and into the street, we all rushed after him bareheaded; on seeing which, the people, as usual, ran out of their shops, and a great crowd collected round us. Finally, seeing that all this would have ended in a regular squabble, we agreed to compromise matters; the colonel retired to his inn, and we returned home to rest on our laurels.

To the joy of witnessing the French departure, succeeded another, not its equal, but still a great one: this was, *the arrival of the Austrians!*—Verily, dear reader, I am feeling myself all over to see if it can really be *I* who wrote that phrase. And I find

it is I myself in person, body and soul.—I need not, however, explain what ideas were then represented by the Austrians, and what they have since become. The period of a change of masters has always been a harvest for every species of rogue. To save our pockets, a civic force was soon organised, which received the name of the Urban Guard. I was then nearly sixteen, but tall and strong as if I had been twenty, with a mania for seeing, doing, and rushing about, all life and spirits, *le diable au corps*, and an irresistible desire to tear away somewhere like an unbroken colt. The occasion was most favourable, the whole country being in commotion; my father, as may be imagined, was occupied with various interests and hopes, which kept him anxious, and prevented him from paying his usual attention to domestic concerns; I had only to defeat poor Don Andreis, and my victory would be entire, absolute, and complete.

Here I must take leave of that good priest, who, although somewhat narrow-minded, was in all other respects an excellent soul, and conscientiously tried all in his power to do me good. I shall always think of him with affectionate gratitude, and retain a sincere esteem for his memory, the more so as his extreme dulness prevented my appreciating his good qualities and made me harsh in my judgment of him.

It is really wonderful how much mischief is unconsciously done by pure stupidity.

I must now summon up resolution for the confession of that which, if it may not be called our last farewell, occurred but a very short time before our final separation.

Our holidays were usually spent at a villa situated on the hill behind Moncalieri, not far from a little town called Revigliasco. There we only studied enough to prevent our forgetting what we had previously learnt; the rest of our time was devoted to out-door exercises, running, jumping, shooting, &c. I had discovered in a garret an old gun, which must certainly have done duty in the war of the Polish Succession, and by dint of ingenuity and painstaking I contrived to make it serviceable. Armed with this wonderful weapon, I went out shooting with my brothers and the priest, using it surreptitiously at first, and then, finding I was not checked, almost openly, but still unknown to my father. This gun, in addition to some unknown internal disorder, had also another imperfection, of which I was but too well aware—that of kicking most violently every time it was fired off. This betrayed me, as I soon had a terrible bruise on the right cheek-bone, which at last attracted the attention of my father. This discovery did not lead to any un-

pleasant consequences, and I escaped with a simple admonition; nay, my father, touched by the pitiful bruise on my face, gave me a new gun on my birthday, which at least had the merit of leaving my cheek-bone in peace. In one of these shooting parties, finding myself alone with poor Don Andreis, I began to quarrel with him—for what reason I have forgotten, but no doubt a very trifling one—and gradually waxed into a towering passion. Words ran high, presently they became shouts, then we lost all control. I really know not who began, probably I, or perhaps both at once, but we fell upon each other with clenched fists, making full use of all the weapons supplied by nature, fortunately not of those invented by man. As I was very tall, robust, and active as a cat, and as, moreover, every blow I dealt represented the long-repressed vengeance of nearly five years, the drubbing was no child's-play. For the time I was blind with passion; and the poor priest escaped from my hands bruised all over, ragged, bleeding, and fearfully discomfited. As was only natural, he reported of me accordingly.

I expected nothing short of annihilation. The same evening the curate of Revigliasco, a certain Don Rinaldi, who was very intimate with my family, took me aside, and told me that my father was terribly angry, and did not consider me worthy of

being admitted into his presence; and as the parish priest, he (Don Rinaldi) was obliged to warn me that I had incurred the penalty of excommunication, because *qui percutiet clericum, suadente diabolo*, &c. I listened with bowed head, awaiting some other conclusion; perceiving, however, that none was forthcoming, I timidly looked up, and asked very humbly to what punishment I was condemned by this excommunication, that I might know how to behave myself. "You are now," said the curate, "a separated member of the church militant, and cannot participate in any act of worship until it pleases the bishop to relieve you from the censure you have incurred." I must explain that there was a private chapel in our villa, where we all had to say the rosary together every night, with such an addenda of *oremus*, litanies, and other prayers, that it seemed never to come to an end; and to me it was a perfect martyrdom. My thoughts immediately reverted to the said rosary, and I inquired in a doleful voice, "Not even the rosary?"

"No, sir; I have already told you that you cannot share in any act of worship."

*A quelque chose malheur est bon*, was my internal comment on the above, and at that moment I positively blessed, *suadente diabolo*, those most holy cuffs I had administered to the priest. From that day forward there were no more masses, prayers, or no-

venas for me; and during the rosary I went into a hayfield to hunt grasshoppers. It was quite a delightful respite. But the Archbishop of Turin spoiled all: a few days after, the curate called me into the sacristy, and read aloud the contents of a letter to me. It was a pardon for my crime granted by the ordinary superior, absolving me from every excommunication or censure I had incurred, on condition &c.; it being understood &c.; provided &c.

So, with as cheerful and relieved a countenance as I could contrive to muster, I was once more admitted within the unattractive pale of that evening rosary; to the great glory, relief, and satisfaction of the grasshoppers in the hayfield. From that time forward I could never rid myself of the suspicion, which afterwards became a certainty, that the excommunication and the letter of the bishop were merely a comedy intended to make a profound impression on my mind, and to prevent me from fighting any more priests, were I to live a hundred years. It was, in fact, a pious fraud, near akin to the *pie credendum*. All frauds, however, be they pious or impious, have the great defect of being very liable to discovery, and are indeed invariably brought to light, when, instead of improving matters, they only make them worse. One may almost compare the practice of frauds to that of dram-drinking: though seeming

to impart strength at first, in the end it leaves one weaker than before.

My admission to the ranks of the Urban Guard, easily obtained, formed the first step in my military career, and put an end to my education. I recommenced it later by myself, as soon as I had recovered, or rather acquired a little common sense. My new-born warlike enthusiasm was not displeasing to my father; but not wishing to leave me quite my own master before the age of sixteen, he took the trouble to join the same service, to mount guard, patrol, and drill on the parade-ground with the rest of us.

King Victor Emanuel I. had meanwhile left Cagliari, and was daily expected to arrive. Native troops there were none; the Urban Guard therefore had to do duty on the occasion of his entrance into Turin, and we were very busy, both officers and men, learning at least how to form line and break into column, without getting into complete confusion. At last, on the twentieth of May, the beloved and long-expected King arrived. I was under arms in Piazza Castello, and I well remember the group formed by the king and his staff. Got up in the old-fashioned style, with powdered hair, bags and pig-tails, and wonderful cocked-hats *à la* Frederick II., they presented on the whole a somewhat comical

appearance. To me, however, and to every one else, it all looked very grand, and quite *en règle;* the usual *cris mille fois répétés* greeted the good prince, with such enthusiasm as to remove all doubt of the affection and sympathy of his faithful Turinese. In the evening there was, of course, a grand illumination, which was equally splendid and spontaneous. The court, that is to say the king, the queen, and the princesses, appeared in public, if I mistake not without any suite or formality. I know not whether the horses and carriages of Prince Borghese* had disappeared; but even had they been forthcoming, the royal family would most likely have declined to use them. I know very well that his majesty had not even a carriage or a pair of horses; upon which my father offered him a huge antiquated chariot, which had done duty at his marriage, all gilding and glass, with dropsical Cupids painted on the panels. In this coach sat the good king, with his kind face, which though, it must be owned, not over-intellectual, was that of a thoroughly honest man (as was proved in 1821), and till one o'clock in the morning he drove slowly up and down the streets of Turin, amid the huzzas of the crowd, distributing smiles and salutations right and left, whence naturally resulted an

* Governor of Piedmont under Napoleon, whose sister Pauline he had married.

incessant wagging to and fro of his pigtail, which for young folks of my age had already become an unusual sight.

This year witnessed the return of all the dethroned princes to their capitals. That of the Pope was known to be near at hand; and it was the king's wish that he should as early as possible receive a welcome from the head of the House of Savoy, in which respect for the person of the pontiff is as much a tradition as its firmness in resisting the encroachments of the court of Rome. My father was chosen as the ambassador; and it would have been impossible to select a more fitting representative of the political principles and the religious creed of the two sovereigns.

This appointment made and announced, it was necessary to start at once. My poor mother, who, notwithstanding the joy of recent events, was still in very weak health, was alarmed at the idea of my remaining in her care, wild and refractory as I then was; and my father readily consented to take me with him. We started in two carriages, and took Prospero with us; for on the re-establishment of the Jesuits he had determined to enter their Order. All Italy was in wonderful confusion. Italians of all classes were returning, civil officials, soldiers, &c.; the French were hurrying away; and

all the roads were swarming with two opposite living currents, like those of an ant's-nest.

I remember that, before crossing the Apennines, we met with a poor Roman lad who was returning half-disabled from the army. I entered into conversation with him at a place where the horses were obliged to slacken their pace, and made him get up behind the carriage; so that, instead of having to toil on foot for heaven knows how many weary miles, he very soon reached his home.

We arrived in Rome late at night, about the middle of June. On entering the city, we found still standing the triumphal arches of plastered canvas, erected at Papagiulio and at Ponte Molle to celebrate the return of Pius VII., which had taken place only a few days before. We alighted in Piazza Mignanelli at the palace, situated at the farther end of it, which was then a hotel. Next morning, without loss of time (a symptom of Roman atmosphere), we had a street serenade under our windows, in which trumpets and drums took a leading part. "What is it?" We were answered, "His Holiness's household welcoming the arrival of *Vostra Eccellenza*;" a cordial mode of greeting, which every man of feeling is expected to acknowledge at once by a handful of scudi.

Rome, and one might almost say Europe, then offered a spectacle which can best be described by

comparing it to a tract of country upon which a hurricane has spent its fury before sweeping on to other lands. The inhabitants stare in each other's faces, and rejoice together, on finding themselves still alive. They gaze in astonishment at the fields, the crumbling banks, the ruins, the floods, the venerable trees torn up by the roots, and the shattered walls of unroofed cottages: but they themselves have survived; the storm has passed away; the damage, therefore, is not irreparable. Cheer up! it is but a question of money and time. They all set to work heartily, singing, and encouraging each other. Some make repairs, others prop the ruins and clear the roads; some restore what is old, others build up afresh. Such, at that time, was Europe; such was Rome.

The Romans had not as yet experienced a *papa neto*, like the *rey neto* of the Spaniards.* It is well known that, before the Revolution, the temporal power was restrained by capitulations, provincial and municipal rights, usages and traditions; and was consequently infinitely less odious than that established by Cardinal Consalvi,† in paltry mimicry

* That is to say, the Romans had not yet been under the yoke of a *true* Pope, in the sense in which the Spaniards say *El rey neto*, to signify the ideal of an absolute king.

† Ercole Consalvi was born at Rome in the year 1757, and died in 1824. He had been Minister of War under Pius VI. (1789),

of Napoleon. The latter had bequeathed to Europe as a legacy the most ingenious machines and instruments ever discovered by despotism since it began to torment mankind—the police* and the bureaucracy.

Neither the Romans nor Europe could then foresee that the sovereigns, and the ministers representing the re-constituted governments, would be so blind as not to perceive how different were the men of 1814 from those of 1789, and not to know that they would certainly be most unwilling to give up that portion of good to which the great genius of Napoleon and the changes wrought by time had accustomed them. The princes and their ministers, who returned from exile found it convenient to accept the heritage of Napoleon *sub conditione;* they retained the police and the bureaucracy, the taxes, enormous standing armies, and so forth; but the good system of judicial and civil administration, the impulse given to science and personal merit, equalisation of classes, improvement and increase of com-

---

was created a Cardinal by Pius VII., went to Paris in 1801, and signed the famous Concordat. Napoleon, who was well aware, however, of his indefatigable hostility, procured his removal from power for a few years, and even kept him prisoner in France for some time. In 1814 he went back to Rome, and once more became the Papal Secretary of State.

* This word here means that infamous spy-system and repression of all individual liberty inaugurated in Italy after 1814.

munication, liberty of conscience, and many other excellent features in the government of the great conqueror, were all ruthlessly flung aside. In Italy especially the state of politics, the new despotism, might be thus defined: Napoleon in the guise of a Jesuit, or the lance of Achilles in the hands of Thersites!

The two countries conspicuous beyond all others for this astute and far-sighted policy were Rome and Turin. Of the latter I shall speak farther on. Meanwhile in Rome everything was restored as *in temporibus illis*. I witnessed the return of the Bargello (the odious chief of the old bloodhounds of the police) and his familiars, the revival of the sbirri, the rack, &c., and all its dismal associates.

But at that time neither I nor the Romans gave much heed to politics. The town seemed to me full of life and enjoyment, and I revelled in all its novel splendours with the ardent vivacity of youth.

Pius VII. immediately granted my father an audience, and received him with the favour deserved by so staunch a supporter of the Holy See, who had lately given such courageous assistance to the persecuted cardinals and bishops, and who was now the envoy of the pious and devoted King of Sardinia.

My father was instructed to acquit himself, first

of all, of his special mission of congratulating the Pope on his happy return, and then to remain temporarily at Rome, as minister, until the arrival of the Marquis San Saturnino, who had been appointed our resident representative at the pontifical court. We accordingly took an apartment at the Fiano Palace in the Corso, and prepared for the necessary official representation; so that I found myself transformed almost unawares into a diplomatist, half secretary of the embassy and *attaché*. In one month, from a student at the university, I had become a diplomatist, wearing the uniform of a certain guard instituted at the arrival of the King, and having first of all passed through the stage of the civic guard. Was this a foretaste of the manifold transformations and metamorphoses I was destined to undergo in the course of my long career? My official rank gave me the *entrée* to the best clerical and lay society in Rome, as well as to the diplomatic body, then only in process of formation, as all the governments had so many things on hand, that they were unable to attend to any one thing uninterruptedly.

The Count of Lebzeltern soon appeared on behalf of Austria; a certain Abbé Sambucy, if I recollect rightly, represented France *ad interim*; I do not remember any others in the first instance. Cardinal

Consalvi was at the Congress of Vienna. Cardinals Pacca, Somaglia, De-Gregorio, were all intimate with my father; as were also Monsignori Morozzo (my grand uncle), Riario, Frosini, Ugolini,—all subsequently cardinals,—and many others. We frequently saw the Massimos, the Patrizis, the Torlonias, and the Piccolominis; but I, who even at that time preferred the friendship of kind and cordial people rather than the gratification of vanity by seeking acquaintances in high places, contracted an intimacy with a family named Orengo, of Piedmontese extraction, which had been settled in Rome for about a hundred years. From that time forward these good people ever treated me with the utmost kindness and affection, and I am always happy to have an opportunity of expressing the sincere gratitude I have retained for them.

Art and literature were represented in Rome by a great many distinguished and illustrious men. I made the acquaintance of Canova, Thorwaldsen, Rauch, Camuccini, Landi, Chauvin; the poet Ferretti, author of several of Rossini's librettos; the Abate Coppi; and the dramatic author Gherardo de Rossi.

All this society was pervaded by a brilliant animation and stirring life. Napoleon had *fouetté le sang* of that generation; and it was widely different from that sluggish type which has since flourished

for many years amongst us, under the shadow of the broad-brimmed Jesuit hat, and the microscopic thrones of the Austro-Bourbonist-Italian kinglets; Heaven rest their souls! In this exhilarating atmosphere I imbibed with avidity "the fresh breezes of a new spiritual existence," and felt that this at last was life.

## CHAPTER X.

We explore ancient and modern Rome—Visconti—Malvotti—Beginning of a bad period—Man is to be judged by his sincerity, and not by his flag—I acquire a taste for Painting—My first Master—I take to Music again—*Violicembalo*—Music is a mystery—Dreams on Music—Similitude between the human mind and body—Diplomacy—Murat—I am made a Cornet—My Brother joins the Jesuits—Wish to make me a "Monsignore"—My impressions of Rome—*Fleuve du tendre*—Canon Spaziani—Donna Teresa Bracucci—Monsignor Brancadoro—Boccaccio and John Huss.

ACCORDING to my father's system of education, we were never to lose time, but always to find the best means of employing it under the circumstances in which we happened to be placed. On this occasion the best plan obviously was to avail ourselves of the opportunity of seeing Rome. With this object we began our round of the city, accompanied first by Signor Visconti, an antiquary, a son or nephew of Ennio Quirino;* and afterwards with a painter—Signor Malvotti.

Every one then accepted Roman history as the ancients had transmitted it to us, without further

* Ennio Quirino Visconti was the celebrated archæologist who published the well-known work on Greek and Roman iconography.

inquiry; the valuable modern works of Niebuhr and his countrymen, of Micali, Thierry, Ampère, and many others, on the origin of the Italians, had not yet, I will not say discovered the truth, but at least proved with how much reserve the bulk of ancient history is to be received. From the instruction of Signor Visconti we gained nothing beyond a confirmation of facts we already knew; and we went through a most minute investigation of the antiquities (a task rendered unnecessarily long and tedious by cicerones, door-keepers, &c., for the purpose of extracting the inevitable three paoli from the pockets of the visitors as often as possible); without omitting a single stone, and accepting Romulus, Clelia, Scævola, Horatius at the Pons Sublicius, &c., in short all the *dramatis personæ* of that great drama, with the blind faith of a Mussulman.

Under the government of the priests, archæology was one of the few permitted studies. It would require a very powerful imagination to discover in it any revolutionary tendencies. I must, however, confess that the venerable relics which produced so great an effect on the genius of Gibbon and Goethe made but a faint impression on my youthful mind. In those days I preferred novelties to antiquities; and Signor Malvotti was exactly of my opinion in this respect. With him we resumed our survey of Rome

and its environs; but this time from an artistic point of view. We visited all the museums of sculpture, picture-galleries, churches, palaces, and buildings containing things worthy of note. This second tour interested me much more than the first. I must acknowledge that the character of my new mentor had no small share in this preference.

Signor Visconti was an old white-haired man, dressed in black, with knee-breeches, and a three-cornered hat as large as a house; and nothing induced him to converse on any subject but his own. Malvotti, on the contrary, was a man of thirty, of easy manners and high spirits, in short, a regular mad-cap, as artists usually were before the invention of *les hommes sérieux;* he talked about everything on earth, visible and invisible; and when my clerical brother was out of hearing, he would also expatiate on everything enjoyable by frail mankind. Scamps always recognise each other at a glance, and Signor Malvotti and I had established an understanding before we had exchanged many words.

When this second survey of Rome was finished, Prospero began cultivating the society of the Jesuits, whose religious habit he was so soon to wear; while I, under the guidance of the free and easy Malvotti, having finished my inspection of pictures and statues, turned my attention to their living originals. And

now begins one of the worse phases of my life; the remembrance of which I would gladly banish, as it must ever be a source of regret and shame. But, on the contrary, I remember it as if it were yesterday; only that in recalling myself as I then was, I seem to be thinking of quite another being, of some disreputable companion whom I had picked up, and afterwards dropped as bad company. And this is really true, thank Heaven; the Massimo of those days has been thoroughly thrown aside; I shook him off four or five years later, like a soiled garment. I would fain blot out those years; but it cannot be: I must be honest not only with the reader, but with myself; otherwise I should be treating my story like a half-decayed pear, the spoilt part of which I should cut out, and present only the sound portion; and by so doing I might end by deceiving even myself.

If I too early exceeded the limits of wholesome restraint, I owe it to Signor Malvotti alone. How was it, I shall be asked, that my father had not chosen me a safer guide? A monsignore had recommended the man; and it was assumed that a monsignore could not possibly err, either from negligence, ignorance, or design. The profound sincerity of my father's religious sentiments, as well as his unshaken faith, inspired him with a sort of exalted affection

for the Pope in the first place, and then for the whole hierarchy of the church; and the rogues of the clerical party, both laymen and ecclesiastics, took advantage of his straightforward and noble nature on several occasions, which I shall have an opportunity of mentioning by and by. From this we may deduce a precept of great practical utility.

In factious times, past and present, we fall into the habit of calling the men of our own party *good*, and our adversaries *bad;* as if it were possible that a country should be divided into two distinct bodies; five millions of honest men, for instance, on one side, and five millions of rascals on the other. Men who profess these ideas are, as is natural, often bamboozled, or worse, by a scoundrel, whom they believe honest for no other reason than that he belongs to their own party. To avoid this, let us forbear from selecting friends and confidants only on account of their political opinions; and let us remember that, if two different opinions professed by two opposite parties cannot be equally true, logical, and good, two men belonging to the said opposite parties are just as likely to be two arrant knaves as two honest men.

During my stay in Rome in 1814, the taste for painting, which has never since left me, began to develop itself. If the antiquities and the remains

of Roman greatness did not make much impression upon me,* I was at least struck by the greater and more durable grandeur of the

> "Vasta insalubre regïon, che stato
> Si va nomando."
>
> "The vast unwholesome region, which a state
> Men call."

All very true; but it is nevertheless a region which, like some of those fair women born under its skies, will ever remain the passion, the poetry, and the despair of the artist. It is impossible to say why, but

* Foreigners may find it hard to understand, but I believe many Italians share this sentiment of the illustrious Massimo d'Azeglio. At all events, such was the impression made upon me by the Eternal City. On my own first visit to Rome, in the year 1858, I was intensely anxious to behold the celebrated ruins of which I had heard so much. I arrived late at night, and next morning at daybreak I hurried to the Forum. The solitude and stillness combined to render the spectacle of mutilated columns, fallen arches, and crumbling temples even more striking; yet I felt conscious of a sad deception. Though I fully appreciated the artistic beauty of the relics before me, I was still more impressed by the image they afforded of the forfeited independence, broken fortunes, and utter downfall of Italy. As I turned back, lost in a thousand reflections, I met a few foreigners escorted by their cicerones, and was reminded that Italy had been called the land of the dead and of idle hotel-keepers. Presently I was roused by the sound of bugles and drums, and saw a French regiment march past the arch of Septimus Severus to the Coliseum for their morning drill, thus trampling under foot the very remnants of our ancient greatness. Upon my soul, I believe I forgot the Austrians at that moment!

once seen and known, their presence is enchanting, and their absence death—to the heart.

The dull pedantry of drawing-lessons—that invariable appendage to every education—with the usual course of noses, ears, mouths, &c. had utterly wearied me. It is true, I used to sketch horses, warriors, and a thousand things, on the margins of my school and copy books; but Heaven forbid such scrawling should be taken as a prognostic of future artistic eminence. Parents should remember this, unless they wish to expose themselves to many unpleasant disappointments. At Rome, however, I really felt within myself that internal fire, which is the forerunner and promoter of the persevering struggles of the soul with itself and the difficulties of science or art. My father, to whom I confided my feelings, helped me in every way with his usual intelligent affection. My first master was a native of Calabria, called Don Ciccio de. Capo; but this Don Ciccio, with his infantine name,* was eighty years of age, and belonged to the old school which faded into oblivion as the names of Voogd, Verstappen, Bassi, and Therlink, became known during the last years of the Empire. The old artists were painters of a conventionalist school; the new ones scrupulously imitated nature.

* Ciccio is the Neapolitan diminutive for Francesco.

Those who know Rome will recollect several large landscapes which adorned the walls of the Caffé del Veneziano in Piazza Sciarrá; very effective compositions, with great breadth of style. They were the work of my good old master, who deserves a kindly remembrance on account of his rare modesty. He used to tell me, in his Neapolitan jabber: "Now, the new painters are very good; but I, poor old man,—*chiù d' accosì nò saccio fare!*—more than this I cannot do!" Under his tuition I began to daub canvas with oil, and to acquire the habit of using a pallet and colours; splashing myself all over with paint, even to the nape of my neck.

Besides painting, I also resumed the study of music with great delight. I had previously begun it in Turin, as part of the afore-mentioned programme of a systematic education, with Maestro Tagliabò. He had, however, never been able to make me go through the seven notes without several blunders. At Rome, on the contrary, I was fired with enthusiasm for this agreeable branch of art, and took great pains to learn it. The passion for music has grown upon me ever since.

My father was a very good musician. He read with great facility; and as, in those days, there were no arrangements written for the pianoforte, he

was obliged to accompany from the score itself, which is exceedingly difficult, and requires a thorough acquaintance with all the clefs.

His was a bass voice, full and expressive; not flexible, but perfectly suited to the old style of music, of which he was very fond. The Jesuit, however, was the best musician of the family. He understood counterpoint, and was the composer of several pieces of sacred music, and might be considered an excellent pianist,—in those days, I mean; for since then immense progress has been made in this as well as in many other things. He even invented a new instrument, called by him the *Violicembalo*, in which the usual harpsichord key-board puts an ingenious mechanism in motion, producing, from the vibration of the chords, a sound similar to that obtained by the action of a bow on a violin. This instrument, with its sustained notes, had great power of expression, but was more adapted for grave than for lively melodies. The Emperor of Russia bought one of these instruments.

As for me, I was never thoroughly acquainted with music; but nature had endowed me with a rather pleasing and very flexible voice, and, if I mistake not, with a certain amount of taste for singing. There was a time in which I thought of nothing but semi-quavers; but finding at last that it occa-

sioned too great a waste of time, I renounced it entirely, together with the gay companions who had helped me to warble my days away. This was one of the few good deeds of my life.

And yet, of all the works of man, music is to me the most marvellous and only inexplicable one. Poetry, painting, sculpture, all the imitative arts, are comprehensible; their very name suggests their origin. Finding a model, mankind spent centuries in trying to imitate it, and in the end succeeded. Science is comprehensible. Granted the power of reasoning, and I find no difficulty in understanding how each age has profited by the work of its predecessor, and how humanity, raising itself on the shoulders of former generations, has attained its present height. But whence in all the universe came music? This is a mystery similar to that of the origin of languages. Yet music exists, and is innate within us; though not in all, it is true. I remember once, at a concert, Cobden whispered to me: "I never could understand the meaning of the noise they call music." The experiments made on the monochord and on the prism, the relations which exist between the distances of the notes and of the colours, prove that harmony and dissonance are not the results of human caprice, nor of an acoustic conventionalism. But what explanation does this

afford? It may be said, I am losing myself in the clouds; still I must speak. Why is it that certain melodies will bring tears to the eyes, like the sound of a beloved voice, or the awaking of a sweet half-vanished memory? And why, at other times, is the whole being roused, the soul ennobled and elevated, the will more resolute, the heart more true? . . . . How explain the influence of melody and harmony on the moral qualities? What did those notes impart? Why should they fill the mind with a craving for all that is beautiful, sublime, and good? May it not be that music is a lost language, the meaning of which is forgotten, and only the harmony retained? May it not be a reminiscence of a language perhaps heard before or to be heard hereafter? . . . . I descend from the clouds, and return to *terra firma.*

Alas for human genius! Bound to a fixed point, it dwells within a narrow circle, beyond the limits of which it can never range. Such is its doom.

This idea recurred to me only a few days since on seeing a little goat tied to a tree. The poor creature had but a few yards of tether, and a few square feet whereon to browse; it, too, complained, in the timid tremulous bleating which constitutes its language; it, too, looked beyond the limits assigned to its narrow circle, struggling to enlarge its

boundaries; and it, too, . . . . strained and toiled in vain!

Away, then, with vain regrets, and let us return to our subject!

My occupations in Rome were not entirely confined to the domains of poetry and imagination. It must not be forgotten that I was also a diplomatist; and in that capacity I had social as well as official duties to perform.

The Holy Alliance had accepted the confession and repentance of Murat, and had granted him absolution; but as the new convert inspired little confidence, he was closely watched, in the expectation, and perhaps the hope, of an opportunity of crowning the work by the infliction of penance.

The penance intended was to deprive him of his crown and sceptre, and to turn him out of the pale. Like all the other diplomatists resident in Rome, we kept our Court well informed of all that could be known or surmised regarding the intentions of the Neapolitan Government; and I had the lively occupation of copying page after page of incomprehensible cipher for the newborn archives of our legation. Such was my life at that time; and, in spite of the cipher, I soon found it pleasant enough. Dinner-parties, balls, routs, and fashionable society did not then inspire me with the holy

horror which now keeps me away from them. Having never before experienced or enjoyed anything of the kind, I was satisfied. But in the midst of my pleasure, our successor—Marquis San Saturnino —made his appearance, and we had to prepare for our departure. One consolation, however, remained. I had just then been appointed to the high rank of cornet in the crack dragoon regiment "Royal Piedmont." I had never seen its uniform, but I cherished a vague hope of being destined by Fortune to wear a helmet; and the prospect of realising this splendid dream of my infancy prevented me from regretting my Roman acquaintances overmuch.

The Society of Jesus had meanwhile been restored, and my brother was on the eve of taking the vows. He availed himself of the last days left him before that ceremony to sit for his portrait to the painter Landi. This is one of that artist's best works, who, poor man, cannot boast of many; and it now belongs to my nephew Emanuel.*

The day of the ceremony at length arrived, and I accompanied my brother to the Convent of Monte Cavallo, where it was to take place.

The Jesuits at that time were all greatly rejoicing at the revival of their order, and, as may be in-

* The present Marquis d'Azeglio, Italian Minister in London.

ferred, they were mostly old men, with only a few young novices among them.

We entered an oratory fragrant with the flowers adorning the altar, full of silver ornaments, holy images, and burning wax-lights, with half-closed windows and carefully-drawn blinds; for it is a certain, although unexplained, fact that men are more devout in the dark than in the light, at night than in the daytime, and with their eyes closed rather than open. We were received by the General of the order, Father Panizzoni, a little old man, bent double with age, his eyes encircled with red, half blind, and I believe almost in his dotage. He was shedding tears of joy, and we all maintained the pious and serious aspect suited to the occasion, until the time arrived for the novice to step forward, when, lo! Father Panizzoni advanced with open arms towards the place where I stood, mistaking me for my brother; a blunder which, for a moment, imperilled the solemnity of the assembly.

Had I yielded to the embrace of Father Panizzoni, it would have been a wonderful bargain both for him and me. But this was not the only invitation I then received to enter upon a sacerdotal career. Monsignor Morozzo, my great uncle and godfather, then secretary to the bishops and regular monks, one day proposed that I should enter the

Ecclesiastical Academy, and follow the career of the prelacy, under his patronage. The idea seemed so absurd that I could not help laughing heartily, and the subject was never revived.

Had I accepted these overtures, I might, in the lapse of time, have long since been a cardinal, and perhaps even Pope. And if so, I should have drawn the world after me, as the shepherd entices a lamb with a lump of salt. It was very wrong in me to refuse. Doubtless the habit of expressing my opinion to every one, and on all occasions, would have led me into many difficulties. I must either have greatly changed, or a very few years would have seen an end of me.

We left Rome at last, in the middle of winter, in an open carriage, and travelling chiefly by night, as was my father's habit. While the horses are trotting on, I will sum up the impressions of Rome and the Roman world which I was carrying away. The clearest idea present to my mind was, that the priests of Rome and their religion had very little in common with my father and Don Andreis, or with the religion professed by them and by the priests and the devout laity of Turin. I had not been able to detect the slightest trace of that which in the language of asceticism is called *unction*. I know not why, but that grave and downcast aspect,

enlivened only by a few occasional flashes of ponderous clerical wit, the atmosphere depressing as the *plumbeus auster* of Horace, in which I had been brought up under the rule of my priest,—all seemed unknown at Rome. There I never met with a monsignore or a priest who did not step out with a pert and jaunty air, his head erect, showing off a well-made leg, and daintily attired in the garb of a clerical dandy. Their conversation turned upon every possible subject, and sometimes upon *quibusdam aliis*, to such a degree that it was evident my father was perpetually on thorns. I remember a certain prelate, whom I will not name, and whose conduct was, I believe, sufficiently free and easy, who at a dinner-party at a villa near Porta Pia, related laughingly some matrimonial anecdotes which I, at that time, scarcely understood. And I remember also my poor father's manifest distress, and his strenuous endeavours to change the conversation and direct it into a different channel.

The prelates and priests whom I used to meet in less orthodox companies than those frequented by my father seemed to me still more free and easy. Either in the present or in the past, in theory or in practice, with more or less or even no concealment, they all alike were sailing or had sailed on the sweet *fleuve du tendre*. For instance,

I met one old canon, bound to a venerable dame by a tie of many years' standing. I also met a young prelate with a pink-and-white complexion and eyes expressive of anything but holiness. He was a desperate votary of the fair sex, and swaggered about paying his homage right and left. Will it be believed, this gay apostle actually told me, without circumlocution, that in the monastery of Tor di Specchi there dwelt a young lady who was in love with me? I, who, of course, desired no better, took the hint instantly, and had her pointed out to me. Then began an interchange of silly messages, of languishing looks, and a hundred absurdities of the same kind; all cut short by the pair of post-horses which carried us out of the Porta del Popolo.

Wrapped in my cloak, and nestled in a corner of the carriage, I meditated on all these discoveries (for such at that time they were to me), with many others besides, as we rolled along the road towards Tuscany.

The opinions of my father respecting the clergy and the Court of Rome were certainly narrow and prejudiced; but with his good sense it was impossible for him not to perceive what was manifest even to a blind man. During our journey he kept insinuating, without appearing, however, to attach much importance to it, that it was always advisable

to speak with proper respect of a country where we had been well received, even if we had noticed a great many abuses and disorders. To a certain extent, this counsel was well worthy of attention. He was doubtless much grieved at the want of decency apparent in one section of that society, or, to use a modern expression, at its absence of *respectability;* but he consoled himself by thinking, like Abraham the Jew in the *Decameron*, that no better proof can be given of the truth of the religion professed by Rome, than the fact of its enduring in such hands.*

This reason, however, is not quite conclusive;

* Allusion is here made to Boccaccio's novel (ii.) of the First Day of the *Decameron*, of which the following is the argument:

"Abraham the Jew, at the earnest request of one of his friends (Jeannot de Chivigny), goes from Paris to Rome; and being shocked at the scandalous lives of the clergy, returns to Paris and becomes a Christian."

The idea of the Jew, as expressed by Boccaccio at the end of this novel, was, that if the Christian religion shone triumphantly everywhere, in spite of clerical atrocities, it must be true and worthy to be embraced.

The following words, put by Boccaccio into the mouth of Abraham the Jew, are very suggestive. I take them from the already-mentioned London edition of 1722:

"That court seems rather to me to ape the devil than imitate God, insomuch that I conceive your Pope and all his dependents, who ought to be the protectors and the supporters of the Christian religion, take a great deal of pains to ruin and destroy it. But in regard I see they do not succeed, but on the contrary that your religion flourishes, and every day becomes more and more

for if Boccaccio had had patience to wait another forty years, he would have learnt, first from John Huss, and then from Luther and his followers, that although in certain hands things may last awhile, it is only till they are worn out. What Boccaccio and the Jew would say if they were now to return to life, I do not venture to surmise.

---

resp endent, I am entirely convinced that it is the most sacred of all religions, and that the Holy Spirit is its true protector."

Any reader desirous of further information respecting the scandals witnessed at the Court of Rome by this judicious and observant Jew had better read the whole of the novel from which the above passage is extracted. He will, I am sure, derive both pleasure and edification from its perusal.

## CHAPTER XI.

The helmet is secured—Reaction—Curious recomposition of the army—My father a bad courtier—Courtiers, and true danger for princes—End of Don Andreis—I definitively join the regiment—Injustice of my promotion—Well-founded humility—I learn my drill conscientiously—Follies of our masters—My love of justice—My dislike of aristocracy, and absurd ideas on democracy—I become corrupted, and live with rowdies—Quarrel with a brother-officer—My father is informed of it—His visit—Advice to young men.

At two or three o'clock in the morning I at last found myself at home again, groping my way in the dark to my bed, which was in the same room as that of my brother Enrico, who woke at the noise.

"Halloo, who's there?"—"It is I, Massimo, come back from Rome;" and in a twinkling I was in bed.

My first question was: "Has Royal Piedmont got a helmet?"—"Yes." I drew a long breath; after a few more questions we both fell fast asleep.

Scarcely a week had elapsed when one beautiful sunny Sunday I at last felt that blessed helmet on my head, and was enabled to contemplate myself in a mirror in all the glory of full uniform; in which, according to my fair flatterers, I was a rather good-

looking boy. At last I had the ineffable joy of receiving the military salute from all the sentries, and of parading in the streets till dusk, in order not to defraud any of the inhabitants of Turin of the happiness of admiring me on that memorable day.

The regiment was then in course of formation, and I believe at that moment there was hardly a troop mounted. The soldiers who returned from the French army were being enlisted, while old officers who had been out of the service for many years were recalled to command them. The plan which was then resorted to for filling up the vacancies both in the army and the civil service is very well known. The court calendar, at the date of the King's departure, was consulted; all those who had then held any office were re-instated, with the sole exception of such as had died in the interval—a statement by the bye which might have been left to the sagacity of the reader. But not to mention the gaps produced by death, the old officers were too few, and it was necessary to appoint some younger ones.

I was of the number, and was made an officer at once. And for what reason? only because, if the reader still remembers it, in the year 1240, or 60, or 80 (it is curious that I myself have forgotten the date), a certain knight Brenier Capel came to Savigliano, married there, and was fortunate enough

to be the efficient cause of that long line of Taparellis of which I have the honour to be the last but one.

As to those who returned from the French service, they were readmitted, with the loss of one step; the corporal again became a private, the sergeant a corporal, and so on up to captains and colonels, whatever they might be. It was simply the world turned upside-down; for we young noblemen received, without any desert of our own, that which was taken away from veterans who had earned it by their valour and their blood. We shall soon see the effects of this injustice upon my mind.

I must not omit to say that my father had an offer of returning to active service, for which he had always felt an inclination. But he refused, on the plea that, after eighteen years of inactivity, he should consider himself rather a burden than an acquisition to the country, if he reëntered the army. He therefore remained a general on the retired list. He was made a commander of the order of St. Maurice and Lazarus, which at that time had its value (the gallant chiefs of the Theban legion had not yet become omnibus conductors);* and a year afterwards he was appointed governor of Casale.

* The military order of St. Maurice was founded in 1434 by Amadeus VIII. Duke of Savoy, in honour of St. Maurice, chief

But in spite of his past conduct, and the merits and virtues with which the reader is acquainted, if he has not skipped too many of these pages, my father was never very popular at court or in the higher spheres of government.

The king was an honest man, and those by whom he was surrounded were by no means dishonest; the members of the aristocracy who had remained in Piedmont, and had more or less bowed to the power of Napoleon, received their share of honours and dignities without much difficulty; and these latter, generally speaking, were men of honour and distinction; they all esteemed my father, they appreciated his intellect and his erudition, nobody was his enemy; but if each of these individuals dived into

---

of the Roman legion called "Theban," because it was raised in Thebais, and entirely composed of Christians, who all embraced death rather than idolatry, in the year 303, under the Emperor Diocletian. The massacre took place in Switzerland, between Agauneun and Octodurus, the modern St. Maurice and Martigny. In 1572 this order was united to that of St. Lazarus by the Duke Emmanuel Philibert. The latter was a religious and military order established by the Crusaders at Jerusalem in 1119, and confirmed by the Pope in 1255. The amalgamation of these two orders formed that of Saints Maurice and Lazarus, which has ever since been in the gift of the royal house of Savoy. When the author here speaks of the leader of the Theban legion as not having in his young days fallen so low as to be compared to omnibus conductors, he alludes to the way in which this decoration has of late been lavished both at home and abroad.

his own conscience, he felt there was an incompatibility between him and them.

The simple fact is, that at times too much honesty is inconvenient. Courts have the same effect on the mind and character that marshes have on the body; there is bad air in both. I do not announce this as a new discovery; the iniquities of courts have passed into a proverb. The novelty would be to find out a remedy; but as this depends entirely on princes, who are the first to suffer from the noxious atmosphere in which they live, we are shut up in a vicious circle. And yet what has always been the primary cause of the downfall of thrones? Not a rebellious mob, but the court itself. It would therefore be for the interest of princes, as well as of their subjects, that the atmosphere should be purified; and I could suggest a mode, but refrain from doing so. Do not believe, however, that this reserve conceals any republican leanings. It would indeed be a bad exchange! We should have the kings, the chamberlains, *les marquis de la république!* Thank you.

My father — who, like all high-minded men, never thrust himself forward—whilst so many others were pushing their way to the front rank, was always left behind; and this will ever be the fate of men of his stamp.

My regiment was to be quartered at Veneria,

an ancient royal castle three miles from Turin, which, after being partly destroyed during the wars of Catinat, was granted by the king to the army to be used as cavalry barracks. I was one of the first officers equipped and provided with everything; and the day for our departure from Turin was fixed.

This was the last, the definitive separation from home as well as from every educational bondage. At fifteen and a half it came rather early, especially with a character like mine! I likewise took a final leave of Don Andreis. To end his history, relieved from the cares of my education, and thinking perhaps that his pupil had not turned out the pious young gentleman he had meant to form, he became a Capuchin. He died, poor fellow, in the year '30 or '31, if I am not mistaken, still praying fervently for my conversion. In my turn I heartily pray God to give peace to that worthy soul, who was in truth ever animated by an earnest desire of doing good.

On five or six occasions in my life I have felt a joy, a satisfaction, so complete, so overwhelming, that no words can be found sufficient to express it, just as at those times my heart seemed too small to contain its overflowing measure.

One of these few instances, which I shall carefully note down as we proceed, was that on which I arrived at our barracks rejoicing in my bran-

new uniform, the famous helmet on my head, and mounted on a prancing charger, to the full as frisky as his master, but who being also good-tempered and free from vice, was under perfect control. In those days, what with youth, gymnastics, fencing, swimming, and riding, &c., I was extremely active, and on horseback a perfect dare-devil.

Being, as I stated before, one of the first officers thoroughly equipped, I was very warmly received by my superiors and comrades. The trumpets sounded, and I rode out of Porta Palazzo to my new destiny as happy as a Pope,—possibly even happier.

Ours was a curious way of forming a regiment. The superiors, men of another period, had forgotten everything. We youngsters had everything yet to learn. Don Andreis had never given me any lessons in drill; and our subordinates, the non-commissioned officers and privates, who had almost all been trained in the first school in the world and were thorough soldiers, laughed in their moustaches while we were present, and openly behind our backs.

I shall never forget the first time I found myself with the regiment in battle array, and the impression made upon me when I beheld those martial, bronzed, and bearded countenances, made still more severe by the shadows cast from the visors of their helmets; men proof against everything, inured to

the snows of Moscow and to the scorching sun of Andalusia, and who had survived so many dangers to become the subordinates of beardless youths like me. I felt so small, so humble, such an utter zero, and, what is worse, so open to ridicule. This last idea stung me to the quick. The thought occurred to me—Why is all this, but because I am a noble by the grace of God? At every glance from those stern faces I seemed to feel the sensation of a cuff, such as is given to an importunate child to get rid of it. And what still more enraged me was to see that, while I was so deeply galled at these humiliating thoughts that they absolutely embittered my life, my superiors, who ought to have been ashamed to show themselves, looked as proud as if each one of them had severally been the conqueror of Napoleon. Among the captains and subalterns there were, however, several who had served in the French regiments. For instance, our adjutant, Marquis Doria Cavaglià, had been in the Cuirassiers. He arrived straight from Moscow, had swum the Beresina instead of crossing by a bridge, and would have faced anything. The Chevalier Gazelli, now a general, the Chevalier d'Albrione, one Lombardi, a Chevalier Lovera, and some others, were just fresh from that great epoch. Of course they talked of nothing else, and I listened open-mouthed, drinking in every word

and filling my imagination with those terrible scenes of sacrifice and bloodshed, eager to hear of daring feats, anecdotes, names, mixed up with wonderful stories of orgies, rows, military bravadoes, tavern and barrack-songs, and I know not what besides; from all of which I formed an idea of a world so different, so much greater, more dazzling, and worthier of men and soldiers than ours. My sense of humiliation increased every day, especially when I measured myself, many of my brother officers, and more particularly those who commanded us. Having my head full of the reviews, the grand parades, and the splendid manœuvres of Napoleon, it was very irritating to see our major on Sundays, when the regiment was paraded to go to church, get into almost inextricable confusion whilst attempting to break into column and march off the ground. "*Premier rang ne bouge! En avant! Ouvrez vos rangs!*" was an order I once heard him give with my own ears. The colonel too, who, having a bad memory, was wont to write down the movements and commands for a field-day on a bit of paper, and which, forgetting all about it, he would leave on his desk,—used to search his pockets for it and turn anxiously to those who surrounded him, crying in piteous tones, "Gentlemen, the paper,—who has got the paper?"

But I and the greater number of my comrades

would on no account submit to the disgrace of not knowing our drill. We worked hard under the adjutant, who was our instructor, and a month had not elapsed before we already knew more than the colonel, the major, and some of the captains; and in a very short time I was judged fit not only to lead but to instruct the third squadron, to which I belonged, in both the foot and mounted drill. The drill and the words of command were the same as those of the French army. But our shallow-brained courtiers of course had not come back from the island of Sardinia to submit to the caprices of the usurper. They wished to do something greater and better, and devised a new drill with Italian words of command; and, so far as it went, this was all very well; but their other innovations and inventions were really worth seeing. I will give a single example.

The position of the first rank in the charge was the same as that still in use, which every one knows; but what is not so generally known is the command prescribed to us when charging a square. We were to make sure of victory as follows (I quote textually): "Every horseman falling upon the infantry shall make a cut with his sabre *from below upwards*, in order *to try and break the bayonet* off the musket of the enemy"!

Nothing makes one hate people more than their

compelling us to cut a ridiculous figure. Thanks to this accumulation of acts of injustice and blunders; thanks to the vexations of every kind to which we were subjected,—the results either of an exaggerated monarchical principle or of bigotry,—the enthusiasm of the day upon which I had seen the entrance of the king on Piazza Castello was very considerably diminished, and my sympathy for the system had completely disappeared. Nor was this all. The final result was, that I conceived a hatred so intense for the nobility, which occupied the highest offices in the kingdom, that I defy the whole middle class of Turin in the old days put together to have felt half as much. And not only did I hate the aristocracy, but I was in despair at being a noble myself. I blushed for it, and concealed the fact whenever I could. One day at Fossano I passed myself off as the son of Signor Aragno (Mr. *Spider*, the family agent at our neighbouring castle of Lagnasco, and I was in raptures.

Here I must make a declaration. God in his goodness planted in my heart a love of justice and a hatred of injustice and deceit. He bestowed on me a love of justice, just as He gave me a sanguine temperament, fair hair (*quondam*), and light eyes. This is no merit of mine, and I could not be otherwise, even if I desired it. Therefore I say frankly

that I always hate injustice, no matter who is to profit or be injured by it. I hate it if it profits my enemies; I hate it if it profits my friends; I hate it if it profits me; I should hate it even if it were profitable to the persons most dear to me in the world, or if it forwarded the fulfilment of my most ardent yearning to see Italy *really* reconstituted.

Having said this, the reader may understand my deep despair at being a noble. Knowing that no human power could alter the fact, and that hence my misfortune was irreparable, I envied those who had escaped this disaster, and considered their happiness as immense. It may be supposed I am joking or exaggerating; but I could pledge my word of honour that I am not adding one syllable, and that I do not exaggerate in the least.

At that time I believed the nobility was justly detested for an insolence, of which it alone was capable. I then thought that its detractors would not on any account have condescended to be knighted or created counts. Blockhead that I was! Had I known then, as I have discovered since, that democracy is an egg which when hatched produces the chicken called an aristocrat, I should not have waxed so hot about the matter.

These extreme views of mine sprang from a good

sentiment—an aversion to injustice and undeserved privileges; only my want of experience made me believe that the vice of arrogance was peculiar to the aristocracy. Life has since taught me that it is inherent in mankind; and that *man*, when he has a weapon in his hand, and nobody to oppose or keep him in check, uses it to oppress his equals and make them his inferiors. It results from this that in a well-regulated community nobody should be irresponsible, neither individuals nor classes; hence no privileges, and perfect equality before the law.

But the king, you will suggest, is and ought to be irresponsible. True. But it would be more correct to say that his person is inviolable. Suppose a conflict between the Crown and the other two powers; in the end, if the latter did not yield, in which very likely they would be right, what is the sovereign to do? Certainly he can send a battalion to shut up the Parliament-house and put the keys in his pocket. But what then? Is not this responsibility?

If my contempt for the government of that period and my abhorrence of aristocracy were the offspring of a good sentiment, they nevertheless produced a bad result. Owing to the spirit of contradiction, and the tendency to extremes, which is a defect of youth, I gradually mixed myself up with

the worst company, and became intimate with an utterly depraved set. It was not enough that a man should not be a noble, I required him to be a rowdy.

I have already said that this is a period of my life I would, if possible, obliterate, and for which I have cause to blush. And to think that in after-years, and every day more and more, I have felt an invincible repugnance to all that is ugly or foul, either physically or morally! Nowadays I am often even compelled to accuse myself of intolerance; for, after all, men are not angels; we all need forgiveness, and I more than others. But in those days—I cannot explain how it was—I lived with the scum of society, and was as happy as a fish in the water.

This may teach mothers and fathers not to despair of sons who may chance to follow in my track; and it may prove to those who have fallen so low, that bad habits can be got rid of; it only requires *will*.

I did not, however, fail in my military duties; on the contrary, I attended very zealously to them, so that I was never punished for negligence. But I was often put under arrest for *tapages nocturnes*, escapades, freaks, quarrels, and wild conduct of every sort.

On one occasion I had a dispute with a brother

officer, and we went out to fight a duel. But I was not yet sixteen, he very little older; and as soon as we crossed swords, our seconds, both veterans, interposed. Perhaps they only wanted to see how the young recruits would behave. I, who am not often irritable, and then especially scarcely ever lost my temper, flew into a passion, and as soon as we reached the barracks and each went his own way, ran after my adversary, and said to him: "Let us go out alone, that nobody may disturb us."

Fortunately, General Count Richelmi came that day to inspect the regiment at the hour fixed for our second meeting. Being at liberty, I went to the place of meeting, and waited long, but no one appeared. My adversary was engaged on duty, and having immediately after been put under arrest, was prevented from coming. I say again *fortunately*; because two angry children, each of whom wanted to act the man, might have got into serious mischief.

Seeing I remained master of the field, I went back to the barracks at sunset. The adjutant told me *I had behaved well*, but that *I was for the present under arrest;* a premise, as every one may see, followed by its logical consequence.

My father learnt what had happened, and I was informed that he would pay me a visit. Here was a dilemma! I did not suppose my father had been

apprised of the affair, and thought to myself, If he comes here and finds me under arrest, he will ask why? And what answer can I give? I must pretend to be ill.

No sooner did I see a carriage stop at my door, and make sure it was he, than I jumped into bed without even taking off my clothes.

He came into the room, but there was no severity in his look. He approached my bed; I said that something or other ailed me: he made no answer, but after a little while went away with my sister-in-law, who had accompanied him, and who laughed at my sudden indisposition.

If this visit made me feel very uneasy, it was only because it was obvious that my father, with his religious opinions, though a thoroughly good soldier, as everyone knows, and one who in his youth had been involved in similar scrapes, could not hesitate about a matter which the Church has expressly decided under penalty of excommunication. Not yet sixteen, and already twice excommunicated! Well, he must have thought it a fine beginning!

A few days after, I received a letter from him, in which he analysed the question of duels with the warmth of heart and clearness of reasoning which were peculiar to him, and pointed out the principal reasons against them. This letter recapitulated, as

it were, all he had previously said to us on this subject whenever an opportunity arose, so anxious was he to convince us of its importance.

Unfortunately, this custom, which originated, not among the Greco-Latin, but among the Northern races, has its roots in the instinct which the human heart has most difficulty in expelling—vanity. In how many things the world would be better if vanity could be changed into honest pride! The latter suffices to itself; vanity requires applause.

The remedy, therefore, must be sought in public opinion. Take away applause, and duels will disappear. In England, where public opinion has declared itself against them, duels have become obsolete.

Without entering into the question of its moral or rational value, which would take me too far, there is, at all events, one good piece of advice to be given to young men: Let them always consider a duel as a very serious thing. They may kill, or maim a man for life, and by so doing strike many other persons to the heart. A day may come in which such a recollection will be as heavy as a millstone. I am speaking of a serious duel; one fought for social reasons is simply ridiculous. Therefore in both respects it is a bad business, and to be avoided as much as possible.

## CHAPTER XII.

Derangement of health—Return of Napoleon from Elba—Counsels of Bidone—Reflections on the charms of a currycomb—By Bidone's advice I quit the active service, and enter the provincial militia—Defeat and expulsion of masks from the Carignano Theatre—My triumphal entry into Turin—I go to Milan, and there sell my ancestors—A warning to young men against running into debt—The choice of Hercules—Bidone's maxims—his quotations—Glory and popularity are more highly paid than they deserve—At seventeen I was pining for glory—"Learn art, say I; then lay it by"—Complete conversion—Gossip of my companions on the subject—I am declared a downright lunatic.

THE formation of a cavalry regiment is a very laborious undertaking. I worked hard at it in my small sphere, and moreover underwent all the wear and tear of a wild scape-grace life. After a day's drill I often sprang on horseback at sunset and hurried off by cross roads to Turin, where I spent the whole night in revelry of every kind, contriving, however, to be back again at Venaria by half-past three in the morning for the *réveille*. A few months of such a life, as may easily be conceived, so much affected my health as to oblige me to pay it serious attention.

I also began to feel the emptiness of garrison life

in time of peace; and of war there seemed to be then no probability whatever. We had seen the landing of Napoleon, the general *sauve qui peut* of the diplomatists from the Congress of Vienna, and the renewed dread of the false warrior make many of the restored princes shake with fear. Not all, however; for Victor Emanuel, old and infirm as he was, showed on that occasion from what house he sprang, and lost no time in putting our little army in motion, ready to mount horse himself at the first signal. The delight we all, and I in particular, felt on learning the warlike news may be imagined. Young, active, and accustomed to hard work, what could I wish for better? Cesare Balbo, though an austere man, used to say: "There are two pleasures in the world,—making war and making love." It should, however, be added, both are the business of youth.

But as the world is always cross-grained, I was then, while a young man, obliged to stay at home; and afterwards, when years began to press upon me, I had to endure all the hardships of war.

After the crash of Waterloo, and the final imprisonment of the great world-disturber at St. Helena, it did not require much penetration to divine that for a long time the trade of arms, especially in the non-scientific corps, would be as exciting and pleasant as a nunnery.

My friend Bidone, whom I went to see every now and then, always let some ironical words escape him, some jest on the destiny to which I was called by my epaulette *d'officier tout juste*, as he used to say. "A pretty career, in which two arms take precedence of one head!" And, to be quite sincere, during the weary time in which my duty compelled me to pay profound attention to the grooming of the horses, and to see that the currycomb, the brush, and the wisps of straw were used in accordance with good principles; when for hour after hour I had to keep an eye on the soldiers to prevent them from using the currycomb on the manes, and to make sure that they sponged the eyes and nostrils of their four-legged companions properly; when I had to assist at the refections of these interesting animals, that the corn might be applied exactly in the manner specified by the war-office; when, I say, my mind was concentrated on these highly intellectual occupations, it occasionally struck me that I might have to go on thus for the trifling period of thirty years! This idea was at first as transient as a flash of lightning, but it gradually gained strength, and finally haunted me with daily increasing pertinacity.

But when to all this was added the ill health to which I have alluded; when I had attacks of fever every night, and coughed so that my wind-

pipe seemed like to burst, without being induced to refrain from any of my usual mad escapades and excesses, my parents saw that this must not continue, and determined to stop it.

They obtained a sick-leave for me, and, whether I would or not, I was put under medical care at home.

In the mean time my friend Bidone was always harping on the same string; and when I recollected that cursed currycombing, I began to think he was right. But I would not and could not come to a decision. At last, as I had always persevered in my artistic tastes, and even while with my regiment occasionally tried to sketch from nature, I announced my wish to leave the Royal Piedmont, and enter the provincial militia.* In this service there were only four months of active duty, followed by eight

* In the old Piedmontese military system the provincial militia was a sort of reserve, on the Landwehr principle, destined to be called out in time of war, and which was exercised for a certain period every year. It was by no means a bad institution; for when, in 1848, Charles Albert rushed to the rescue of Lombardy, very few days sufficed to raise the little Piedmontese army, notwithstanding fifty years of peace, to an efficient number, able to contend with the big battalions of Austria in a campaign far from inglorious for the old weather-beaten white cross of Savoy; and it is a curious fact, that among the many projects recently submitted to Napoleon III. for the reorganisation of the French army, this old-fashioned Piedmontese system was warmly recommended by an eminent general.

of liberty, which left ample time for any studious occupation.

My father, seeing my state of health, and not wishing to oppose any appearance on my part of a desire to turn over a new leaf and work, assented to this and took the necessary steps. I was transferred to the provincial militia, and joined the battalions attached to the brigade of foot-guards. The company I belonged to was commanded by Captain Santarosa, the same who was destined to acquire so much celebrity in the movements of 1821.

But the serpent changes its skin and not its spots. I became a scamp on foot, instead of being a scamp on horseback. I was to be found, more frequently than ever, in the worst society, both military and civil. It must be confessed that at that time the officers who had been in the French army, accustomed as they were to success, always behaved as if they were actually in a conquered country.

The arrival of a regiment was a real calamity everywhere; the cafés and inns frequented by us officers were soon deserted by all other customers; the noise, the rows, the insolence with which we treated the unfortunate *pékins*, made us odious and unwelcome; the officers of the actual army appear like nuns if contrasted with what we then were. Only imagine that one night there was a masked ball at

the Carignano Theatre, at which very few people were present. The officers took it into their heads to turn out those few, extinguish the lights and close the theatre!—a programme that was carried out to a tittle. I leave the muse to record the jostling, the hard blows, the scuffle, the swearing, and the uproar, produced by this beautiful scheme, which I must say seemed even to me rather too much, and our superior officers, being still more strongly of that opinion, rebuked us next day on parade as we deserved, and indeed they ought to have gone farther, and inflicted condign punishment upon us.

Another time the public of Turin was gratified by a spectacle in which I was the sole actor and inventor. The society in which I delighted, composed of individuals of both sexes, has been christened *demi-monde* by modern ingenuity; but we, being more primitive, used to call it by another name. All its members were very fond of going into the country to have jolly dinners at some suburban inn, as a pedant would say. I was the possessor of two horses and a small carriage. One Sunday, when all Turin was out for its afternoon walk, the said carriage suddenly making its appearance, dashed through the crowd at full speed; in it were two damsels renowned for their conciliatory dispositions, driven by the Chevalier Massimo d'Azeglio à la Daumont!

This expedition made a sensation in the town as well as among my relations, and my reputation as an irreclaimable scamp rose even higher than before. And this was exactly my aim. I wanted to be conspicuous.

My confession is now far advanced, and will soon be over. Yet I must not omit a last episode, which also had a great success at the time. I say, like Brantôme, "*Encore celle-ci et puis plus!*"

I had arranged to go to Milan with some other young rascals; but those were days of *pecunia rara*, and the capital we were able to scrape together was pitiably small. What was to be done? We scrutinised our respective possessions, but in vain; no resource made its appearance; in our cant phrase, "not a fly was to be detected in the air." Still, to Milan we must and would go.

One day, being alone in my room, lost in profound reflections on the great problem, my eyes fell upon two old portraits in oil, which hung on the opposite wall.

Luckily for me, a Count of Lagnasco had hit upon the excellent idea (as in the seventeenth century was the custom of noblemen who found no employment at home) of going to seek his fortune in Germany. He had taken service under King Augustus III., and commanded his guard in Poland.

A lady of the name of Wallenstein, descended from the same house as the famous Duke of Friedland, found him to her taste, married him, and, what was still more important to me, they both had had their portraits painted by Rigault, an artist of some celebrity with an agreeable style.

Their two figures (the count with a cuirass and a huge powdered Louis XIV. wig, and the countess with her hair *à la Sévigné* and the low dress of the period), surrounded by handsome gilt old-fashioned frames, adorned, as I said, the wall opposite me during my aforesaid meditation; and, as I also stated, on glancing at the handsome features of my beloved ancestor, he seemed to look at me with pitying eyes, almost as if, *non ignarus mali*, he invited me to throw myself into his arms at such a critical juncture.

I did not wait for a second hint, but pounced upon the idea, and responded to the kind invitation as follows.

Two days after, at dawn, trotted along the Milan road a horse (no longer two), harnessed to a two-wheeled carriage, intended, therefore, to hold only two. In it, however, were five persons, namely, I and two friends, and then the Count of Lagnasco on the right, and the Countess of Lagnasco Wallenstein on the left, like two large screens, which prevented

us, it is true, from enjoying the beauty of the landscape on either side, though they permitted us a full view of the straight road before us leading to the sighed-for Milan.

I remember we were packed rather close. Now, why did that happy couple travel with us? They were, I blush to relate, destined to be sold to a dealer in old pictures, and thus defray a part of the expenses of the trip. As the Georgians and the Circassians sell their young sons and daughters alive, can it be so heinous a crime to sell a brace of painted old ancestors?

I shall not attempt to relate all the follies we committed at Milan, where, among other pleasant incidents, its future governor was arrested for want of a passport. I will merely add that the abduction of my ancestors was considered so original by everyone, that my escapade was forgiven, and my excursion to Milan was spoken of in the family ever after as "the journey with the ancestors."

They were eventually brought home several years after; so that the service they rendered me on that occasion only cost them a sojourn of a dozen years at Milan.*

My wild life, so morally and physically fatal to

* The two innocent abettors of this youthful freak are now in London among the valuable collection of Marquis d'Azeglio.

a young man, caused the deepest anxiety to my father, and still more to my mother; and even now, as I write these lines, my heart aches to think of all the grief I cost her in those days. Would to God they had been the only ones!

In fact, I was on the road to ruin; for I have not told all, nor even the worst part of my adventures. I declare this because, after so many protestations of sincerity, if I am not at liberty to say everything, I must not leave the impression that I have done so when it is not true.

My mother, poor woman, often went alone and muffled in her veil to the house of my friend Bidone, to pour out her distress about me, seek advice and comfort, or sometimes to repay him any small sum he had lent me in some hour of need.

But as to debts, I must do myself the justice to say that I always detested them. I may have sold ancestors, but never ran into debt.

For a young man such repugnance is a most precious boon, and I had received it from nature without any merit of my own. Knowing how to live upon what one has, be it little or much, is the first earnest of an honest and quiet life. When, on the contrary, one begins to live on borrowed money, farewell to peace, and but too often farewell to honour. Let young men think of this; and every gen-

tleman should bear in mind that if Don Juan came back to this world, he could no longer slam his door with a jest in Mr. Dimanche's face. No one now laughs at the creditor, but at the ruined debtor.

The worthy Bidone endeavoured to reassure my mother. He spoke well of me, and inspired her with some hope; so that she used to leave his house a little consoled. He, besides, actually laid siege to me; not trying to take me by storm with sermons and reproaches, but, as he possessed great skill and knowledge of the world, he contrived to invest me on all sides, and in the most effectual way, without causing any irritation.

I partly evaded him—*monitoribus asper*—and partly, whether I would or no, succumbed to the power of that clear and calm intellect, that sterling straightforwardness which shone in his eyes, and made it impossible to doubt the sincerity of his opinions and of his endeavours.

The ancient myth of the choice of Hercules is the poetical expression of a fact which every man must have more or less experienced for himself, and it was reproduced in me with full intensity. Sometimes, influenced by my wild companions, I absconded; and poor Bidone waited long for me in vain; then, drawn on by a fascination which I was unable to resist, I again, almost against my

will, knocked at the door of my friend. I entered his neat little lodgings, equally simple and severe, in which everything was as orderly and exact as a page of mathematics. I never saw a house which was so exact an image of him who inhabited it. He always received me with placid benevolence, and never made a scene; for he was one who knew the surest ways of becoming master of a human will.

This oscillation between the attractions of two opposite poles lasted for some time. I now remember with real and heartfelt gratitude how earnestly that excellent friend endeavoured to make something good of me. Himself naturally fond of study, and fully occupied by the duties of his professorship, he nevertheless found time to watch for opportunities of meeting me, and enticing me to take long walks with him, that he might be able to talk to me at length, and insinuate good and sound ideas into my head in a hundred different ways. A volume would be insufficient to enumerate them all; they may be summed up, however, in these simple ideas: man possesses a value in proportion to his honesty and instruction, and to his utility to himself and to others; he should therefore aim at everything conducive to this end, and avoid whatever leads him the oppo-

site way; it is the duty of every man to regulate his life so as to be able to preserve the full power of his intellectual faculties and good instincts; consequently, among material blessings, the greatest is health, without which it is impossible to be a great man, and therefore it can never be paid for too dearly, and it is to be obtained by temperance in everything, &c.

In order to support these truths by tangible examples, he pointed out to me the miserable wrecks of a disorderly life—old men with blear lifeless eyes and emaciated bodies, who spend their last days in cafés, age not having taught them either to seem or to be respectable, and who die, useless, abandoned and despised by everyone. "Look!" he used to say to me, "what you will become fifty years hence by following your present course of life. Behold yourself!" At other times he took as his example some entirely opposite type—some man, either old or young, who, starting from a humble beginning, by firmness and constancy, had succeeded in doing useful and praiseworthy deeds. He did not always censure me; nay, often he would say, for my encouragement, "Providence has given you a powerful intellect; so cheer up! and try to do something with it."

I cannot remember these times and the friend-

ship of Bidone without recalling to my mind the affectionate verses in which Dante describes his meeting with Brunetto Latini—lines which express so well what I feel:

"Se fosse pieno tutto 'l mio dimando,
Risposi io lui, voi non sareste ancora
De l' umana natura posto in bando:
Chè in la mente m' è fitta e or m' accora,
La cara e buona immagine paterna
Di voi quando nel mondo ad ora ad ora
M' insegnavate come l' uom s' eterna;
E quanto io l' abbia in grado, mentre io vivo,
Convien che nella mia lingua si scerna."

"Were all my wish fulfill'd, I straight replied,
Thou from the confines of man's nature yet
Hadst not been driven forth; for in my mind
Is fix'd, and now strikes full upon my heart,
The dear, benign, paternal image, such
As thine was, when so lately thou didst teach me
The way for man to win eternity.
And how I prized the lesson, it behoves,
That, long as life endures, my tongue should speak."

Would that my tongue could speak a tribute worthy of him! But Brunetto Latini, so inferior, had Dante, whilst Bidone, so superior, has only me. Just see upon what celebrity and oblivion depend! and ought one to toil so much for glory, and believe so blindly in the infallibility of fame?

These ideas have now been paramount in my mind for a long time; and however much I may enjoy (I do not deny it) being praised when the

occasion arises, I am also perfectly happy if no one thinks about me. I have learnt in life, that however many testimonies of approval a man may earn, one only is sound, true, and worth seeking; for that which makes everything pleasant and smooths our pillow is the approval of the judge we all carry in our hearts, when it says, You have done your duty! It has happened to me to be praised and lauded to the skies by the outer world, while this internal judge was saying, You do not deserve it. And then I have felt embittered, and on going to bed found that, in spite of all the applause and bravos, I had laid my head on thorns.

But at seventeen, having as yet no experience of any kind, my pulse beat faster at the idea of applause, glory, and fame. Bidone, who perceived this, stimulated my self-love, saying, that, if I chose, I might do great things. This roused me, and my mouth watered at the hope of being perhaps —who knows?—even mentioned in the newspapers. How delightful such a prospect would seem now! I began to turn over in my mind all the ways, methods, and means by which it could be arrived at. I began to consider my wishes, inclinations, and tendencies, seeking to penetrate the probabilities of the future. Having resolved, fin-

ally, upon action, I had next to determine what I should do.

It was no use to think of exact sciences; poor Bidone, who, with all his endeavours to teach me mathematics, had never succeeded in making me master of the first four rules of arithmetic, was well aware of that. All other branches of knowledge, however, were open to me; and when I asked him, "What must I do?" he answered, with a smile, "Do!"

"*Impara l' arte, e mettila da parte*"—Learn art, say I, then lay it by—was a proverb that seemed invented by him; it was also one of his maxims, that every man ought to be able to earn his daily bread without depending on his fortune, salary, &c.; not that he, however, pushed the theory so far as to require that every educated person should be a carpenter—as Rousseau does in his *Emile.*

It was thus that I became more and more strongly imbued with the idea of dedicating myself to art, for which I had already a great inclination. It is certainly not the surest means of avoiding starvation—my dear brethren in the profession know that; yet a brush may be put to so many uses, that, so long as one can keep clear of the desert of Sahara, it would be very hard if, in a Christian land, it were not the means of procuring

at least a daily loaf of bread. Up to this time, alas! I had not gone beyond good intentions; and except in the rare moments when Bidone succeeded in surprising me and tearing me away from my vices, just as Socrates did Alcibiades (excuse the audacity of the comparison), my dissipated life continued and flourished, as before, in the midst of the usual scum by which cafés, billiard-rooms, &c. are peopled.

But the blessed day of the great, stern, absolute, and durable resolution dawned at last!

Within twenty-four hours the change was complete. The society I had frequented was given up; male and female companions, cafés, billiard-rooms, theatres, taverns, and all that is unmentionable, were abandoned; habits, hours, places of resort, walks, &c. were all altered. The old man had vanished; the new one appeared. I now rose before daybreak, and without intermission I studied, read, and drew till breakfast-time; after breakfast I returned to work, except an hour's walk, till dinner; and the same in the evening. All this of my own head, without guidance, but impetuously, and especially without giving any warning to my former friends. I disappeared, and there was an end of it.

For a day or two this passed unnoticed; then my companions began to murmur. Where is Massimo? Have you seen Massimo? What has be-

come of Massimo? Nobody knew anything. I think, though I am not quite certain, that I had ordered the servants not to admit any visitors. This was, perhaps, superfluous; for few, if any, of my wild companions would have dared to show themselves in a house inhabited by my father; and in this they did thorough justice to him and to themselves.

Being without any guidance, and yet wishing to paint landscapes in oil, I applied to one of our painters, the Chevalier Bagetti, a man full of talent and imagination, bold, and familiar with the world, foreign countries, and society. Napoleon had taken him with him in several of his campaigns, that he might paint the fields of battle.* I applied to him, as I said, to learn how to begin. He advised me to copy two marine views which the Marquis Cambiano had in his gallery; good pictures, I never knew by whom, or have forgotten. I obtained leave from the marquis, who kindly had the pictures taken down to a lower room for me, and (wishing first to copy them in chalk) I worked at them in the evening. One of my old friends (it would be more correct to say enemies) came to see me there. He entered with a smile; but I saw that he scanned me from head to foot, with a look in which confi-

* In the gallery of modern pictures belonging to the municipality of Turin there are many of Bagetti's large water-colours.

dence was not predominant; just as if approaching some dangerous animal.

"Why, nobody sees you now. May one ask, What have we done? What has happened?"

"You have done nothing, and nothing has happened," said I, laughing also; "only I have a whim of learning to paint and to copy these two pictures."

This answer was as good as none; and my friend took it in that light. After a few more words he went away; and I have learned since that, having gone back with his report to the society of scapegraces, it was unanimously voted by them, after having heard, weighed, and examined the whole business, that I had gone mad. And when by any chance someone inquired after me, they invariably answered: "He has lost his head."

## CHAPTER XIII.

An act of pride—Training for sacrifice—My diligence—I fall ill from over-exertion—I have an organic complaint—Mania for going to Rome — Lassitude of my mother, and her patience in suffering—Abate Natali—My mode of life—My occupations—Poetical sins—Æneas an odious hero—Other precepts of Bidone—Vestri the actor, and my vocation for the stage—My rage for Alfieri — Alfieri has discovered Italy — What I would now say to Alfieri—My mother a subtle literary critic.

I SAY it in all sincerity, though there are many things I did in those days of which I am ashamed, and which I should like to forget, I am rather proud of this one. Come, dear reader, say truly, do not you think that a young man who, after being a downright rake for some years, passes without transition to the life, I may say, of a Capuchin novice, must have a certain strength of will, and that the case is not a very common one? The fact is, after being always tied to some apron-string or other, I lived four years and eight months in the most strict and absolute abstinence from any connection of the sort. The temptation sometimes was almost too strong for me. But stop. I said *no;* and if I am a man, it must be *no*, and *no* it was.

This was a first result of the education I had re-

ceived, and of the example set me by my father and mother, and perhaps a proof of the advantage of being born of such parents. The devoted and thoughtful friendship of Bidone had also something to do with it. The latter, moreover, taught me a method of acquiring strength of will; a method which might be termed "moral gymnastics," being not unlike the physical means which are employed to give strength to the muscles and elasticity to the nerves. He used to tell me: "Accustom yourself, in the common acts of life, to make sacrifices which no one is aware of. Train yourself in silence—so that you may not be compensated by either praise or thanks—to give up things that please you, and to submit to others that are distasteful; beginning with small things, and gradually attempting more important and difficult acts of self-abnegation." I entreat young men—I implore them in the name of that which is most dear to them in the world, in that of our poor country, of our decayed Latin race, whose greatest, and I might almost say only, need is to nerve itself to acquire character, steadiness, moral strength (for with these qualities it would become the first nation in the world)—I entreat them, I say, to consider this precept of Bidone, convince themselves of its importance, and practise it better and more effectually than I did.

I do not mean to say that I utterly neglected it, for in substance it was homogeneous to my nature—a new application of an old theory I had often heard inculcated by my father during my childhood; and, thank God, I had good sense enough to appreciate its immense value.

I therefore trained myself to small sacrifices; for instance, to give up a pleasure, to continue an occupation for half-an-hour after I had become weary, to get up an hour sooner than usual, to defer drinking or eating when I was hungry or thirsty, and so forth; and always without the knowledge of anyone but myself.

Do not laugh, dear reader, at trifles which may appear childish. Remember that, if I were not bent on writing a good wholesome book—an eminently practical book, which may be useful to young people —I should not be taking so much trouble. Remember, too, that in every case analysis leads to synthesis; that to become a good fencer one must practise for hours and hours against a wall; to become a good dancer one must go through millions of *battemens;* and that to create a character of iron like that of my father, and such as I should wish to see all Italians possessed of, it is necessary to nerve oneself, and so acquire the habit of suffering and making sacrifices in trifles, as to be able in

time to do so in great things; and then a man may flatter himself that he has become akin to those who are destined to found as well as to save and to regenerate nations; but not before.

I, however, wanted to effect the change at once, and to begin by great sacrifices. I exchanged an active and unshackled life in the open air for a sedentary one at home, hardly ever leaving my studio; in a word, I gave up the life which, barring excesses, fattens a fool, for that which makes men eager in the pursuit of knowledge grow thin;—add to this that I slept among colours, oils, and varnishes —odours which might have thrown a mule into fits; —and the end of it was that, after six months of furiously hard work, I fell ill. Mine was not an acute fever, nor did it confine me to my bed; but my nerves were thoroughly unstrung; my ruddy complexion became white as wax; besides which I was as thin as a lath. I had such an oppression on the chest that I could hardly draw my breath; and finally my heart beat almost incessantly with such violence that, especially after meals, I felt as if it would leap into my throat. Conceive what a state! Farewell to the studio, to painting, reading, and writing; farewell to it all! And I was condemned instead to lie still all day, whilst the desire of working hard preyed on me more than ever. It was a great

trial. My parents, knowing this time that, if I had committed excesses and suffered from them, they had been virtuous excesses, surrounded me with the most tender solicitude, and the doctors were called in. To begin with, I was forbidden to do anything.

It was fearfully wearisome. Bidone consoled me and kept me company while my treatment followed its course; but its success was not great. In process of time I recovered my health, and was again able to resume my former occupations; but it was many years before I lost the palpitation and difficulty of breathing, and sometimes even now I feel their effects. I took it into my head that I had an organic complaint, and spent whole days in feeling my pulse and counting its beats. All this was not very lively. I found that a morbid feeling was creeping over me, and came thereupon to a peremptory resolution, based on the following reasoning: If I have an organic complaint, it is incurable; if not, it is absurd to torment myself. In either case I had better not think of it, nor feel my pulse, nor pay attention to every slight indisposition, nor give way to anxiety. Having thus made up my mind, I followed this system, and have done so ever since with the happiest results.

But meanwhile I improved very slowly, in spite of change of air and of all the medical prescrip-

tions. My love for art continued to grow upon me. I had been for some time in the studio of a certain Revelli, an indifferent artist, but who had spent years at Rome, whence he had brought back a series of studies recalling the splendid beauty of the Campagna. I conceived a longing to go back to Rome, which soon became a sort of mania. I recollect that my eyes once filled with tears as I gazed on a picture by this same Revelli, representing Monte Sant' Oreste, a very poor performance, but which in those days I looked upon as the *ne plus ultra* of art. I began to expatiate on this Roman hobby to my mother, as the idea became more paramount in my mind; and, to make a long story short, that dear blessed woman, who would have done anything for me, spoke to my father; and partly in the hope that I might succeed in something good, partly for the sake of my health, and perhaps also to remove me from all risk of a moral relapse, they decided that the journey should be undertaken.

In a few days the preparations were completed, and my mother, my brother Enrico, and I, started with a maid and a valet, in a travelling chaise drawn by four post-horses.

My mother undertook this journey solely on my account. God knows whether any other reason

would have made her face a fatigue which, with her delicate health, was a real risk. But no one in the world knew how to bear suffering with serenity equal to hers. The least attention paid to her was rewarded by an affectionate smile; she was never exacting; not a word of complaint or fear ever escaped her; and she kept up a continual and calm cheerfulness which only the most acute pain was ever able to disturb.

Our first halt (at Piacenza, I think) gave us some anxiety. She was extremely tired and exhausted, and seemed to doubt whether she could continue her journey. But a night's rest restored her. The next morning she was quite another creature, and said, in a lively and cheerful tone: "We are getting on well; let us set off at once."

Monsignor Morozzo had already found us an apartment, at which we alighted. It was a first floor, situated in Piazza Colonna, opposite the Chigi Palace, and belonged to a certain Abate Natali. He was what is called a *Monsignor di Mantellone*,* superintendant of the office of weights and measures, and was very old.

* *Mantellone* is the name given at Rome to a purple mantle, the privilege of wearing which is conferred by his Holiness, as a proof of his favour, although it does not constitute any particular dignity of the Church.

I soon had a sample of the new atmosphere in which we moved, so different from our own. One night we had heard a noise in the house. The next morning on rising we asked, "What happened last night?" "They came to fetch the abate, and took him as a prisoner to the Castle," so said the neighbours. *Diavolo!* A priest—a high functionary—an old man! It seemed impossible.

We heard afterwards that the wretch had committed a forgery in an official transaction. This fact made an immense impression upon me. If high functionaries, priests, old men, said I, do such things at Rome, and at eighty run the risk of ending in gaol or a *quid simile*, what must the rest be like?

Just as I was about to begin my studies, I fell ill of gastric fever. It lasted a fortnight, and was the only serious illness I ever had. The symptoms of this fever were not threatening, but it left me very weak, and with a prodigious appetite, which my doctor prevented me from satisfying, so that it was a real torment. How fully it made me appreciate the condition of those who cannot appease their hunger even when in good health!

I spent the winter which followed our arrival at Rome, working with constant but ill-directed diligence. My life was, however, a model of regularity.

Except the Orengo family, who then lived at the Falconieri Palace at San Marcello, Gherardo de' Rossi, and a few others, I frequented no society. I rose early, and went straight to my studio. At first I had one at the Due Macelli, at the corner of the street leading to Capo le Case; then another close by, near the Palace of the Pupazzi. In the evening, I went to bed betimes, to the great surprise of the Romans, especially the ladies, during the fine season.

In Rome, as everyone knows, sunset determines the hours. Certain things are done all the year round after the "Ave Maria."* One goes into society, for instance, at *tre ore di notte* (the third hour of the night); so that in winter parties begin at eight, and in summer at eleven o'clock in the evening, if we count in the way usual elsewhere. This gave rise to perpetual *qui pro quos*. "Why," they said, "do you go to bed at half-past two?" and I, "No, at half-past ten, as I do all the year round."—"But it is

* The *Ave Maria* (in France called the *Angelus*) is a prayer in honour of the Virgin, announced by the church-bells at dusk; and in Italy its name was formerly used, as it still is in many parts, for the beginning of the evening. Where the old Italian custom of computing the hours from sunset to sunset still survives, the *Ave Maria* is rung out at 24 o'clock. This system of counting to number 24, instead of stopping at 12, being regulated by the sun, occasions the additional inconvenience of a perpetual change in the hours, and greatly puzzles the uninitiated.

now half-past two." "No, it is half-past ten." And so forth.

These regular habits greatly assisted in the restoration of my health. Besides my favourite study of drawing, I improved myself in music, Italian literature, history, &c. And as I was just at the age most liable to the sin of poetry, I became guilty of it, like all the rest, and actually fabricated a heroic poem, stanza by stanza. Nay, now that I think of it, I had previously, when a boy of fourteen, written several cantos of another poem, called *Rinier d'Aspromonte*. What a curious Garibaldian coincidence!

I forget the title of my second epic composition, but know that the scene was laid at Saluzzo, at the court of the then marquis, and the argument was a somewhat comical adventure. The victor in a certain tournament was to be rewarded by the hand of a fair damsel. A sorcerer, however, her enemy, was interested in preventing the marriage. The lists are opened, the most illustrious paladins take part, and soon remain masters of the field; when suddenly a knight presents himself—black horse, black armour, all black, of course. He begins to lay about him, and no one is able to resist the shock. Fresh warriors continue to compete for the young lady, and the tournament is protracted so long that a certain fatal hour strikes; after which, farewell bride and

wedding; it was not to be thought of more. The hour having struck, the black knight, who till then moved, acted, and spoke, suddenly becomes immovable as a post,—he and his horse. At first this attracts no attention; but as his immobility continues, first remark and then marvel is excited. He is spoken to, called, at last shaken, upon which the coat of armour tumbles to pieces, the helmet falls on one side, the cuirass and the gauntlets on the other. In short, the hauberk was empty! A spirit had assumed the arms to prevent the marriage, &c.

What do you think? was it not a most charming invention?

And besides a poem, in those days I wrote a comedy, half a tragedy, and frantic odes and sonnets about Italy.

The tragedy was *Dido.* Act I.: Æneas summons the chiefs of the Trojans to a council. He tells them that Anchises has appeared to him, and bitterly reproached him (Æneas) for spending his time in soft dalliance, instead of going to Italy to fulfil his destiny and escape from the curse of Juno, &c. He must therefore depart. But the Getulians? but Iarbas? but poor compromised Dido? In spite of all this, he determines to go; and they must depart forthwith. The object naturally not being to write a tragedy in one act, it was necessary

to fill up the other four with the phases of the contest between Æneas and Dido, until the catastrophe, which everyone foresees, of the departure of Æneas and the suicide of Dido. And this was, in fact, my plot. But when half of it was written a ray of light flashed upon me, and I abandoned my tragedy, writing on the manuscript, "A hero who announces in the first scene what he is going to do in the last, is an ambulant bore." And so I sent Æneas, Dido, Anna, and the whole of them to the devil.

Even then I had a great tendency to work out my ideas by my own lights, instead of humbly accepting them from others ready made. In those days it was almost a heresy to treat the hero of Virgil so cavalierly. But, Virgil or no Virgil, I had no sympathy for Æneas, nor with his treating poor Dido as a traveller's caprice, nor especially with his useless and silly whining when he meets her soul in the realms of Pluto, merely for the pleasure of being snubbed; a fate he exactly encounters. Not to speak of the impossibility for us moderns of taking a passionate interest in the gossip of the ancient Olympus, and the famous vengeances of Venus, Juno, or Neptune.

The reasoning which made me abandon my tragedy contained an excellent principle, which I have always tried to develop—that of seeking out truth,

and professing it, without regard to either persons or things. Bidone insisted very much on this research, and extended his theory to all the acts and incidents of every-day life. He used to say to me, "Seek for the truth; and when you have found it, speak it openly and freely. Of course, there are modes and forms to be observed even in the most rigid sincerity. And especially," he added, "do not measure your words timidly according to your audience, nor pause to consider whether your opinion will please or displease," &c.

I will not mention a comedy of mine in one act, the subject of which was an episode in the life of Frederick II.,—a senseless absurdity. Yet—but it may be conceit—I cannot help thinking that I might have succeeded in this line. But I met a person who stifled my ambition in the bud. Can you guess who it was? Vestri,* the actor; and it was in this wise: having finished and made a clean copy of my comedy, I put it into my pocket, and, with truly Arcadian simplicity, went straight to the Valle Theatre, where the Vestri company was then acting. It was about noon, and they were at a rehearsal. I succeeded in finding my way to the

* A very celebrated Italian actor, who founded a school, to which several distinguished modern artists still belong,—for instance, Madame Ristori, &c.

stage, asked for Vestri, who was superintending his actors book in hand, and with great trepidation opened my case, and offered him my precious manuscript.

He gave me a glance which, translated into language, seemed to signify: "Poor baby, you must be completely born before you write comedies!" and turned on his heel, leaving me alone, under pretext of some stage engagement.

Thus I did not become a writer of comedies. The idea, however, often came back, knocking at my door to gain admittance. But I always dismissed it with my blessing, as Vestri did me,—not under some pretext, but for the very good reason that, as Italy has no language, no actors, and no public, it is useless to think of writing comedies. The explanations requisite on this point would be too voluminous, so I defer them till a more favourable opportunity.

The age which, as I said, is most inclined to the sin of poetry has an equal tendency to political sins of a democratic-republican hue. Who has not felt himself more or less a citizen of Athens or Sparta, or at least of San Marino, while he was a student? Who between fifteen and twenty has not slain at least one tyrant,—of course only in imagination? As for me, I confess that I would have given I

know not what to have discovered a tyrant to slay; but I never had the good fortune to hit upon one. I vented my enthusiasm by declaiming the tragedies of Alfieri, which I had learned by heart; and, shut up in my studio, foaming at the mouth, and ringing my *r-r-r*'s, I intoxicated myself with those fits of fury, of which I must say I cannot understand the meaning nor the use in modern society,—when I now think them over calmly,—in spite of all my affection and respect for the name of Alfieri.

The daggers and cups of poison are welcomed as a real blessing after five acts of uninterrupted wrath, because at least they put an end to it; but to us they seem the proper province of a criminal court; and Heaven forbid that they should produce any other effect. I did not think of this then.

We had organised a company to recite these tragedies, and every now and then we used to have private representations. One night I remember that Don Carlos in drawing his sword gave such a blow to a lamp that it sent a deluge of oil over Philip, Isabella, Perez, as well as over his own beautiful cloak, which was sky-blue and silver, of course—he being the lover.

Howbeit, if Alfieri showed a great deal of oddity and eccentricity in his ideas, as in his life, it is

none the less true that he was the first to discover Italy, and that we are indebted to him for the first symptoms of national Italian resurrection. For this, more than for anything else, he is worthy of the highest honour; and it is the bounden duty of Italians to immortalise his memory by realising the prophecy he made in the following sonnet:

"Giorno verrà, tornerà giorno in cui
Redivivi omai gli Itali staranno
In campo armati, e non col ferro altrui,
In vil difesa, ma dei Galli a danno.

* * * * * *

Odo già dirmi, o Vate nostro, in pravi
Secoli nato, eppur creato hai queste
Sublimi età che profetando andavi!"

"The day will come, the day return, in which
Regenerate Italy, at length aroused,
Shall speed unto the battle-field in arms;
Not now for tame defence, with foreign steel,
But hurled against the Gauls.

* * * * *

Methinks mine ear already hears this strain,
Thou Bard, who, fall'n upon degenerate days,
Couldst yet create this age sublime,—thyself
Its prophet."

Suppose someone had then whispered in the ear of the bard, "The Gauls will be the efficient and immediate cause of the triumph of Italian nationality. They will be led by the nephew of him who signed the peace of Campoformio; and the Italian press, existing in the 'age sublime' which you are

foretelling, will fire off against him and France a volley of insolence, as a sign of their tender gratitude."*

I should like to know what the honest and generous Alfieri would have replied to this counter-prophecy. I do not know what he would have said, but I know well how I should be tempted to address him, had I the honour of being in his presence at my actual age, as I was when a child. I would say to him: "Signor Conte, forgive my excess of sincerity; you are one cause of these enormities, while another is that strange mixture of ideas which are at once pagan, immoral, and without any rational applicability in our day, and which nevertheless have been the basis, or rather the fertilising essence, of our education, and, I might add, of your own."

If at least we had been taught to judge and appreciate facts! If we had been told, for instance, that nothing can excuse assassination, because it is an act of treachery in execution of a sentence pronounced without trial by an incompetent tribunal! It is true that Alexander of Pheræ, Nabis the Lacedæmonian, the Sicilians Agathocles, Phalaris, and

* Written in 1863-64. It would be curious to know how the author would have modified these views had he heard the speeches on the Roman question delivered before the Corps Législatif in the year of grace 1867 by the mouthpieces of the French Government.

Dionysius, Nero, Commodus, &c. were such loathsome wretches, so powerful and so well guarded, that the benefit of extenuating circumstances may be conceded to those who rid the world of them, by whatever means. But such tyrants no longer exist (I do not speak of the French terrorists, whom I regard as exceptions); brazen bulls are no longer cast, the living are not now sewn up in sacks with corpses; and modern petty tyrants can be dealt with in many other ways, more efficacious, because far more loyal and straightforward. We ought to have been made to observe how fallacious and erroneous the verdict of the assassin has almost always turned out to be; how little he discerned who was deserving of death, even if the legality of the form be admitted: we ought to have been shown that the present age has a paramount need of universal responsibility, and is eager for general security, and an act of *habeas corpus* extending to the whole world; that it is inclined to clemency on every occasion, and revolts from the infliction of capital punishment, especially for political reasons; and still more from arbitrary judgments pronounced without a trial, without a defence, without witnesses being confronted. This antidote should at least have been administered to rectify the false ideas necessarily instilled by reading and study-

ing Pagan classics: and also—if Count Alfieri will allow me to say so—by the recital of his tragedies: for what is really the fundamental simple idea they contain? What act attains the highest summit of virtue, glory, and human fame? What remedy is suggested for the evils produced by wicked princes and bad governments? What is the shortest way for a nation to arrive at perfect felicity, liberty, prosperity? &c. Let someone hide behind a door, lying in wait for the tyrant, and when he passes —bang! a good blow on his head, and the thing is done, completed and terminated; one blow makes a whole people joyous and independent; all are free, happy, virtuous, equal, like loving brothers; in a word, they have suddenly become inhabitants of a land of *Cocagne!* And is it really thus? Is all this true, and does it perchance inspire sound ideas?

Count Alfieri must allow me to say he is in part responsible for the political ideas (I have proofs of it) rampant in Italy in the universities, behind the scenes of the theatres, in the billiard-rooms, the cafés, in the press generally, in the barbers' shops —and this list unfortunately embraces three-fourths of the Italians; and an equal responsibility weighs on the antique classical education which was given us, winding-up with the finishing school of the secret societies; and if a grain of jest pervades my

words, it is because this is part of my nature. But the imaginative fancies, immoderate cravings, and unbridled ambition, which, after long brooding, explode in certain brains of small capacity, little judgment, and less instruction, are unhappily only too serious. And all this is the result of ancient examples badly applied and worse understood; of the glorification of a hundred guilty and insensate acts in history, dramas, and tragedies; and to think of the vast interests, the incalculable consequences that are thus abandoned to the caprices of madmen, scoundrels, or fanatics, rendered all the more dangerous, thanks to such a strange perversion! When we Italians consider—had Orsini succeeded!—

But let us leave this subject, which makes my hair stand on end. Let us thank God that he did not succeed; and inquire whether it would be possible for teachers, authors, poets, and also for preachers, professors, and play-writers, to persuade themselves, once for all, that false ideas corrupt human brains, and that misguided minds are the ruin of society, and thus learn to inculcate better ones: and put forth such as may be heard with pleasure if well expounded, and yet better a man instead of making him worse than he was before.

My mother, who was highly cultivated, and added to exquisite taste in literature the greatest upright-

ness of intellect and heart, might have been a model for the teachers I am sighing after, to rectify the false ideas that are current in the world. It was my special good fortune to have her near me, and disposed to help me in every possible way. As I wrote, I showed her my productions, and she found in them a text for subtle criticism and ingenious remark. Then, as ever, I did not profit by this precious advantage as I might, nor was I so grateful to her as I ought to have been.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Journey to Naples—The friends I met there—The Carbonari—Greeting to Cardinal Amat and Count della Margherita—Our travelling-chaise passes over my body—Visit of my father—he sees my works—M. de Blacas—Miss Knight—English friends and my shame—Miss Knight and one's native country—The Emperor of Austria at Rome—General yearning for peace in Europe—I catch the malaria fever—My master Martin Verstappen—his character—his school—We were pupils and servants as in the fifteenth century—Our impertinence to the master—My mind slowly ripens—Period of moral distress—Dreams of the future—Method of study I proposed to myself—Flights of fancy—Modified political ideas—Cardinal Consalvi—Love appears upon the scene.

ABOUT the middle of winter, my brother Enrico, who, as an artillery officer, had only a limited leave, went to Naples, that he might not lose so good an opportunity of visiting that interesting country. After spending some weeks in the usual round of ancient and modern sights, he fell ill, and in a few days the Chevaliers Germagnano, two Piedmontese gentlemen, friends of my family, who were at Naples, had to write to my mother that his illness had increased, and that serious fears began to be entertained of a fatal issue.

The case was urgent, and my mother sent me to Naples without delay. I started in the evening,

in our usual travelling-carriage. It was the time at which brigands were most rife. This made my mother very anxious, and to the sum required for my travelling expenses she added another to pay for an escort. I at once calculated that the latter could be so much more pleasantly employed at Naples, that it was worth while to run some risk. I did so, and successfully; saw no brigands; and, on arriving at Naples, beheld in their stead a little heap of crowns ready to offer me their services. Unfortunately, the wide and easy roads of roulette soon led them into the hands of Barbaja.* Would they had been the only ones!

I found Enrico much better; he was soon able to leave his bed, and was visited by a young gentleman of Macerata with whom he had made acquaintance, to whom I too was consequently introduced. Like me, he occupied himself with music and drawing, and his name was Marquis Domenico Ricci. We never met after those days at Naples, nor did I know what had become of him, until one day in 1852 he came to ask the hand of my daughter Alessandrina

* The famous Neapolitan *impresario*, who at one time had the management of all the principal Italian theatres. Rossini and Barbaja were great friends; and it was for him that the illustrious maestro wrote his first musical compositions. He also kept a large gambling-house at Naples, in a palace in Strada Toledo, still called "Palazzo Barbaja."

for his son Matteo; a marriage which happily took place.

At Naples I found the Marquis San Saturnino, the same who succeeded my father as minister in Rome, and who had been transferred from thence. His Secretary of Legation was an old friend of mine, whom I was very glad to see again, and in whose society I spent my time. I drew from nature, studied, and admired the beauties of Naples (not those of the animal kingdom, mind!). He wrote verses and tragedies, which he then read aloud for my benefit.

This friend of mine, this tragic poet, was afterwards for sixteen years a minister of Charles Albert. He was Count Clemente Solaro della Margherita, with whom I have been engaged in constant disputes ever since.* Even then we discussed politics, religion, cosmogony, philosophy, a little of everything, but without any bitterness. At that time Naples was already pervaded by that subterranean agitation which subsequently burst out in 1820; and the increasing organisation and discipline of the secret society of the Carbonari was a notorious fact.

* Count Solaro della Margherita, after the fall of the system of which he was the impersonification, at the first liberal reforms granted by King Charles Albert to his people in 1847, became for many years the well-known leader of the Piedmontese reactionist opposition.

We were neither of us great admirers of secret sects; and verily, when Italy determined to regenerate herself, she had to apply to a society anything but secret—that of rifled artillery! At all events, it was the duty of the Legation to inform its own government of what was preparing.

I laugh even now when I remember a poor devil of a Carbonaro, who earned a scanty pittance by the trade of a spy in the service of the Sardinian Legation. When he was pressed with questions to discover some very secret matter, his contortions were piteous. He remonstrated, saying, with his funny Neapolitan accent, "Eccellenza, I cannot tell you that; it is impossible." And if the question was urged: "Eccellenza," he would exclaim, "you understand. . . . I have taken an oath . . . give me at least another ducat!"

Besides Count della Margherita, I again met another countryman, Marquis Amat di San Filippo, a very accomplished and charming young man, who is now a cardinal, and one of the most highly esteemed among the sacred college.

If these pages happen to fall into the hands of my two old friends, I beg them for one moment to forget the disparity of the lives we have each led, and to remember the pleasant excursions we made together in the balmy evenings of that favoured

clime; giving a thought also to the memory of the worthy Federigo, our attentive and accomplished cicerone, who guided us in that vast labyrinth, and thanks to whom we were able to enjoy its beauties and singularities.

On our return to Rome my neck was near being broken by an accident; but I was destined to escape this, and many others still worse, without receiving even a scratch. The carriage had stopped at a post-house on the long straight road across the Pontine Marshes, and fresh horses were being harnessed. The postillion of the preceding stage had already been paid, and poured forth the whole string of oaths and maledictions usually employed to extract a little extra payment. I had put an end to the negotiation, and was reading. The departure of a chaise-and-four from one of these post-houses might seem the start of a troop of demons and witches on a nocturnal ramble, so desperate are the howls, jumps, plunges, and rears of those six beasts (if I include the two postillions), or rather of those eight or ten, counting the ostlers, helpers, and urchins, who push, whip, and bellow, the dogs that bark, &c. However, off you go at last, and generally straight along the high-road, till a series of tremendous plunges and back-leaps, or at least a gallop at full speed, brings you, if nothing is broken, safe to the next relay.

But this time was to be an exception. Instead of dashing along the high road, the whole convoy rushed into the canal excavated by Pius VI. for the purpose of draining the marshes, and which runs parallel to the road the whole way. Enrico and our servant, who foresaw what was going to happen, had time to leap out of the carriage. Being occupied with my book, I was too late, caught on the step, and was thrown to the ground. I heard a consoling voice cry "poor Massimo!" just as I saw one of the hind-wheels of the carriage coming right upon my back. Good-bye to my spine! thought I. The good-natured wheel, however, passed over me without breaking any bones, causing only a slight contusion, much to the astonishment of all. Springing to my feet, I leaped for joy; the chaise, horses, and postillions were motionless in the canal; the post-master seized a pitch-fork, threatening to kill the latter, and even when pacified by our entreaties, he continued the comedy by dismissing them, which of course only resulted in their hiding behind the post-house until the interested parties were gone, when they emerged from shelter and resumed their duties.

In spite of this mishap, our mother saw us both safe and sound in the evening, Enrico perfectly recovered from his illness.

Early in the spring we hired a villa at Castel

Gandolfo (the summer residence of the Pope), of certain well-to-do proprietors of the name of Albenzi.

Here my father came to see us. He examined my drawings, and certainly did not attribute to them more merit than they deserved; but, not to dishearten me, he showed himself tolerably satisfied, and did not criticise them severely. It must have seemed to him hardly possible that a thorough scamp like me should be bent upon work, and, good or bad, produce something, instead of spending his life in cafés and billiard-rooms as before. It is certain that from that time forward it has been unceasingly my endeavour and delight to live among honest people, and avoid rowdies. The society which we mixed with at Castel Gandolfo was very interesting. M. de Blacas, his wife, and the staff of his Legation,* who lived at the Villa Cybo; an English lady, Miss Knight, an old friend of my parents; and occasionally the Torlonias, when they were at their villa, besides the visitors we each of us received, and who came from Rome.

Miss Knight had been governess to Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Regent, and first wife of

* The Duke of Blacas, Minister of Louis XVIII., and intimate friend of Charles X., was for many years French Ambassador at Rome and Naples. Gifted with wealth and a taste for archæology, he formed the celebrated collection of antiquities which bears his name, and which has lately been added to the British Museum.

Leopold, King of the Belgians. She had known all that dazzling but corrupt generation, and had been in Italy during the last years of the century. She had seen the Court of Naples, King Ferdinand, and Queen Caroline, Acton, Nelson, and Collingwood: the captain of the Centaur (the ship which led the line at Aboukir, and served as a signal to the others by the misfortune she had of running aground, whereby she was prevented from taking part in the action), the gallant Trowbridge, was to have married Miss Knight, but, as she used to say, "he was born unlucky:" ordered to India with a ship of war, he sailed, and was never heard of again, only a report spread that he had gone to the bottom in the Mozambique channel.

This kind friend of ours, who was no longer young, taught me English, and talked to me of literature, arts, and sciences, for all subjects were familiar to her. She would relate to me events she had herself witnessed. Nelson was her idol, and it is impossible to describe the feelings with which she spoke of the fatal Emma, Lady Hamilton, of the death of Gravina, and the breach of the capitulation of Castel dell' Ovo.

Through her I knew and became intimate with other English families—Lady Dawson, the Fairfaxes, Miss Mackenzie—who all showed me real affection

and overwhelmed me with kindness; but I felt so painfully humiliated in their company, that familiar acquaintance with them caused me more bitterness than pleasure.

I was ashamed of being an Italian!

I cannot describe the shame with which the then political state of Italy oppressed me. I felt the guilt of it as if disgrace were stamped upon my brow; every word seemed to me an allusion, and I fancied all eyes were fixed on me. The cold bearing of the English, the indifference with which most of them naturally regarded a youngster like me, the quiet self-possessed pride written on their faces, all seemed invented on purpose to mortify me, to make me feel my inferiority, and give me to understand that when a country has for centuries belonged to whoever chose to take possession of it, and has allowed adventurers from the four quarters of the globe to feed and fatten within its borders, like huntsmen in a region where game is abundant,—he who belongs to such a nation may be tolerated by foreigners, but as to being on terms of equality with them—never.

One day, I remember, Miss Knight was talking of my fatherland to me; I answered in the bitterness of my heart, "*Have* the Italians one, perchance?" She stared at me in surprise, and my mother reproved me. I did not explain my idea, nor reply

another word; I could not bear to touch that chord, it was too painful. Heaven knows what the good Englishwoman thought of me; for though certainly not in favour of any revolutionary aberrations, she was English to the core, and consequently loved liberty, and her own country above all.

The fatherland is not merely the spot on which we are born; the Italians have long known that.

This sense of humiliation has kept me sad company almost throughout life; it has been in part the cause of my constant disinclination for foreign travel and for the society of strangers. I own to having always had a morbid sensibility on this point; and I have often taken exaggerated offence at words and acts which probably alluded to anything rather than to our inferiority. Happy Gioberti, who triumphed in having discovered the supremacy of the Italians!*

* An allusion to the celebrated political and philosophical work of Vincenzo Gioberti, *Il Primato morale e civile degl' Italiani* (The Moral and Civil Supremacy of the Italians), first published at Brussels in June 1843. In spite of this disparaging remark of Massimo d'Azeglio, it is not only a great book, as Cesare Balbo called it, but its appearance was an important event in Italian history, or politics rather, and had both at home and abroad an effect for which Italy will always owe gratitude to its author. *Il Primato* is dedicated to Silvio Pellico, and bears as an epigraph a quotation from Pliny, describing Italy in the following emphatic terms: "Terra omnium terrarum alumna, eadem et parens, numine Deûm electa, quæ cœlum ipsum clarius faceret,

But so I was and so I am, and cannot feel otherwise.

This painful thought almost entirely vanished from 1848 to 1859; since 1860 it has partly revived, and taken fresh root in my mind. We are not the admiration of Europe, it must be acknowledged; therefore I live alone.

The Emperor of Austria came to visit Rome; and you may imagine if the idea of witnessing the festivities in his honour ever crossed my mind! I would sooner have hidden myself in the thickets of the forest Fajola, an immense wood which stretches for hundreds of miles from the lake of Albano along the backbone of the Apennines, and is an almost virgin forest, like those of America.

The reception of the Emperor by the Pope and the Romans was, however, most splendid. The latter were *then* very different from what they have since become, and might in all sincerity have addressed to Kaiser Franz that verse of Dante, which

---

sparsa congregaret imperia, ritusque molliret, et tot populorum discordes ferasque linguas sermonis commercio contraheret? colloquia et humanitatem homini daret: breviterque, una cunctarum gentium in toto orbe patria fieret." The whole work is somewhat in keeping with this hyperbolic strain; but it had the merit of fostering the national idea, still further developed in the *Prolegomena* and the *Gesuita Moderno*, subsequent publications of the eminent philosopher.

the papal court alone would willingly recite now if it could:

"Cesare mio, perchè non m' accompagne?"

"My Cæsar, why dost thou desert my side?"

It must, however, be observed, in justification not only of the Romans but of the world, that, after twenty years of slaughter, devastation, and invasions; after being plundered by republicans, imperialists, foreigners and natives, Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, Cossacks, Tartars, and I know not who else besides, all the nations of Europe were utterly exhausted, and longed to see the end of so much desolation, that they might live; live in peace, no matter whether under a king, pope, emperor, or the devil, provided only they might live.

But I, who had scarcely perceived all the evils which had come to pass during my childhood, was not possessed with this intense longing for repose; on the contrary, I bore within me the seeds of the new generation and its works. Quite the reverse of living in peace!

While we were staying at Castel Gandolfo, I used to go out shooting in the plain below, and instead of birds I caught the terrible Maremma fever, the ancient scourge of Latium. Fever undoubtedly raged in the time of Horace, who complains of it, as everyone knows. I do not, however, understand

how many students can believe that the ancient Latins were equally afflicted by it. How reconcile large armies, like that of the Rutuli, for instance, which Coriolanus led to the gates of Rome, with the existence of malaria? Whoever has been at Ardea, their ancient capital, and the head-quarters also of the fever (which I have visited, thanks to the hospitality of my excellent friend Duke Sforza, the actual lord of that ancient citadel), and has seen their territory, which certainly did not exceed forty or fifty square miles, will never believe it possible to have raised an army of 40,000 men there, had the Maremma fever existed at that time. Try and raise 1000 men in the Pontine Marshes now, if you can!

When I caught the fever, quinine had not yet been discovered; the only remedy then in use was bark, of which I was made to swallow large tumblers-ful at a time. But in the beginning I had eight or ten violent attacks without intermission, and the antidote could not be administered till they ceased. Thank God, it did not turn into malignant fever; but I narrowly escaped a premature journey to the next world. Even after the disease left me, I went on taking bark, and swallowed seven or eight pounds in a few months. Still, for more than a year I continued subject to occasional attacks of the fever; but, strange to say, it did not affect my constitution

in any way. A proverb of the Roman Campagna says on this subject, "*La terzana, il giovane risana, Al vecchio suona la campana.*"

"Tertian young men treateth well,
But for the old it tolls a knell."

No one can have a conception of the icy shiverings of the algid stage, nor of the agonising heat of the burning one, both characteristic of these fevers, which certainly make one suffer intensely. For the Roman Campagna quinine is the most valuable of discoveries. Since they are deprived of steam-engines, the press, and many other discoveries, let its poor inhabitants at least have quinine, which for them is a blessing that makes up for all the others.

I continued my study of art with the same ardour. At Rome I drew in the studio of Martin Verstappen, and in the country from nature.

Martin Verstappen of Antwerp was one of the best and most esteemed artists of that day. He was born without a right hand, instead of which nature had only given him two or three deformed fingers, with which he was able to hold a palette made on purpose for him, while he painted with his left. He had the qualities as well as the faults of the Flemish school—colour, execution, and deficiency in drawing. But his love for the true, which he sought not in that which is ugly but in the beautiful, was so

real, he took such pains to study nature, in spite of trouble, danger, and fatigue, that he succeeded in producing pictures that had the great merit of being pleasing and attractive, and of procuring him the means of living comfortably.

He was an excellent man; but he lived in great retirement, avoiding not only gay society, but every one in general: he got up at daybreak, worked as long as he could see, and then in the evening walked for miles and miles, always alone, and for the sole purpose of stretching his legs. His strong constitution required violent exercise; and, not to lose time during the day, he walked at night, defying rain and everything else. He had been doomed to this hermit life by the extreme diffidence of his character. He had come to Italy with heaven only knows what idea of the Italians; and even I cannot say they are angels. On the contrary, there both are, and were, in Rome, especially at that period, an abundance of scamps of every degree, not to mention wild fellows, who, partly for their own advantage, and partly for fun, would have deemed it a real treat to expose and ridicule a *German muff* (a technical phrase of our artistic slang), by giving him a chance of showing himself as great a *duffer* as nature had already made him.

Whatever the reason, it is a fact that he lived

as a recluse, associating with no one, not even with his pupils, who were only two in number—a young Roman and I. My fellow-student was a son of the sculptor Pacetti, his landlord; and I believe Verstappen had only accepted him because of the quasi-impossibility of saying no. I had been admitted for similar reasons, and I think our presence gave him as much pleasure as the eyes derive from the smoke of green wood. The only advantage to be enjoyed at his school was as follows. His lodging was composed of an ante-room with large studio-windows, in which he hung up his finished pictures until sent to their destinations. Another studio adjoining this room was his sanctum, and gave access to other rooms unknown to mortal man.

The gate of Castel S. Angelo, though sufficiently well guarded, cannot be compared to the studio in which our master worked. The latter was always secured by a bolt, which was only withdrawn on certain days, not regularly. On these occasions the good Martin came forth with a face like a boiled apple, and two white eyes as round as ducats. We used to be copying one of his pictures. He would stop behind our chairs, and gaze for five minutes without uttering a word; we, who were ignorant of the rules, the different methods, and the tricks of art, awaited some wise precept, as from the mouth of an oracle.

"A leedle hart," was the great sentence which fell from his lips, in his harsh German pronunciation; and he passed to the other pupil. Five minutes more of contemplation, and then, "A leedle heffy;" and off he went to his own affairs: it was for the sake of the latter, and not for ours, that he occasionally came out and glanced at our daubs as he passed.

He understood the relations between master and pupil much in the same way (except their affectionate side) as the old masters did. When he accepted pupils, he expected them amiably to become his servants to a certain extent.

I did not much object to this idea, finding in it something of a patriarchal and familiar character, which excluded all sense of humiliation. I am ignorant, and he knows a great deal; I require his help, he has no need of mine; my object is neither gain nor ambition, but art. Besides, I must confess that a touch of Don Quixote lurks in my nature. Just as he imagined himself a comrade of Tristan or Launcelot, I fancied that I was one of the many pupils of the ancient schools, who were part of the family of their teacher, did everything for him, and looked upon him as a father and master in one.

For two or three years therefore, though I did not actually use a broom or carry water, I very often opened the door when I heard a knock, received or

delivered messages, carried pictures, and, in a word, rendered a variety of services which, though above the duties of a mere menial, may nevertheless be thought below the dignity of the descendant of so many heroes, and of a future President of the Council.

What say you? Was I right or wrong in accepting the part of a pupil upon the old model of Giotto, Masaccio, and others, when painters used to keep a shop and shopmen, like pork-butchers?

At all events, there is one consideration in my favour. If I was a servant for the love of art, I have never acted like one to be helped up that greasy pole, at the top of which hang decorations, ribbons, titles, and ministerial portfolios, instead of sausages and fat turkeys. And in my conscience I really think that the sin of servility will not be the one for which I shall risk condemnation at the Last Judgment.

Faithfully to observe artistic traditions, we every now and then played off some trick upon our unsociable master. If, for instance, we had been left to desire his appearance for several days—he often forgot our very existence for a while—we decided in council that an example must be made.

We piled up easels, chairs, and frames in such a way as not to occasion any damage; then gave a push, and down they all came with a crash as

though the house were falling. Poor Martin fancied all his pictures were in tatters; and he darted out like a flash of lightning, I can tell you. Of course, we always had an answer ready for the anxious "Vot has peen de matter?" which would escape him as he withdrew the bolt and ran into his exhibition room.

You see, if the instinct of mischief had no longer a mastery over me, I could not boast that it was entirely vanquished. A grain of this ingredient adds a certain charm to youth, and I certainly did not possess a larger dose of it. My character began to show some signs of maturity; but it took a long time to ripen thoroughly. I did not really feel myself a man, nor succeed in arriving at firm convictions, nor in conceiving clear and well-founded ideas on the majority of the most important moral, social, and political phenomena until very late. This tardy growth is perhaps inherent in my intellect; or it may spring from the longing I have always felt to discover as much truth as possible about everything, not being able to content myself with probabilities, or accept the decrees of authority unquestioned. It takes time to examine the reason of everything for oneself. In those days I had hardly begun this long and up-hill task; and besides, my age was not that of logical reasoning, but rather prone to sentiment

and passion. I, who was destined to experience very ardent ones, and of various kinds, then found myself in a very peculiar condition. I felt within me all the strength of passion, but there was no object to give it shape, soul, and life. In the early morning I often used to wander among the groves of the Villa Borghese, taking with me both drawing and writing materials. I sat alone in the shade, but neither wrote nor drew. Aspirations, yearnings, forebodings, hopes, dreams of love, glory, sorrow, bold and brilliant actions, mysteriously inflamed my heart and imagination. It was a painful state, because it had neither aim nor issue; but yet it awakened an intense joy in my inmost soul from the fulness of life with which it inundated me. The mysterious flower which blooms in our souls as the forerunner of spring was budding within me. It is an inestimable treasure, the greatest of all to him who knows how to profit by it, for it reveals the most powerful of all the faculties which God has imparted to men. But, unfortunately, most of us fling this treasure to the whirlwind of passion; the energy is uselessly squandered, and the evil is not felt until too late. How often in this world he who knows cannot, and he who could does not know!

I had done like the rest. In my earliest youth, made precocious by circumstances, but which, in fact,

was only adolescence, I had trampled the first bloom of my heart and soul in the mud; but, thanks to example and education—thanks to Bidone—that shameful recklessness came to a timely end. My perversity was not complete, only the surface had been scathed. Perhaps this was owing to my nature—a gift of Heaven, and no work of mine—a nature from which it is difficult to efface that youthful and glorious impress which is so faithful a guardian of generous thoughts. In fact, I did not suddenly become old. Youthfulness of soul lingered long after age had crept upon my body, and even now it is not quite extinct. It is only since 1860 that I begin to feel my heart grown old. Hope is the best preserver of its freshness, and years (it is their bitterest insult) carry away several with every change of season.

Fancy, therefore, what I was in 1819-20. I sought a means of imparting life and form to the resplendent future that appeared to me in my dreams. In art I imagined new methods, new conceptions: not pictures painted after the recipes of the mannerists of the eighteenth century; not the minute and scrupulous imitation of nature of my contemporaries; for if this were the essence of art, photography would be preferable to painting. I could not then take into account the scrupulous imitation

of the *ugly*, realism not having yet invaded the class of landscape-painters.

Yet, as I am on this subject, the realist school in landscape-painting is an invention which does honour to human ingenuity. Someone arose who had no artistic fire, no sense of colour, and, who was too lazy to work. A fool would have humbly slunk back, saying, "I have not the qualities to become a painter; patience; so be it, I will be a carpenter." The man of talent said instead, "What is execution, composition, and colouring, this precision of lights and shades, this glimpse of truth? Nothing but the clap-trap of the fogies of the old school. Here is the new art, the art of the future."

And everyone can see what it has produced. But the public swallows it all.

Let us, however, leave this subject for the present. I shall find some better opportunity of speaking of art and artists—a topic which demands much discussion.

Thus, in art too, I built castles in the air, and fed on fancies; but being aware that my first business was to acquire a thorough mastery of my brush and palette, and the power of execution in the reproduction of nature, I was bent on securing a good foundation at whatever cost of labour. The idea of writing as well as painting, nevertheless, danced before my

mind, and I had only to decide on the subject, the object, the language, and the style—mere trifles, of course! I had often talked this over with Bidone when at Turin. In this also his single piece of advice was, "Write." "But about what?" "Write." "But in what style and language?" "Write." "But," said I at last, "if, one may say, there is neither language nor readable prose in Italy?" "Is there not? Invent one on purpose!"

It was easily said, but meanwhile I chafed at being unable to arrive at a satisfactory solution. I then thought, "Let me study in the interim;" and I was right. During my stay in Rome the question of writing remained undecided. It was not to be solved, well or ill, till many years later; and in the interval I suspended all further consideration of it, thinking it impossible to draw from nature and write simultaneously. And herein I was not far wrong. But my poor little imagination fluttered its wings, as diminutive as those on Mercury's cap, even beyond the fields of art and literature.

Happy they who can remain on the spot where they were born, smiling on heaven and earth, on men and beasts, and swallowing everything that is thrust into their mouths or brains, and when their turn comes, leave the world as they found it. And unhappy they who, scarcely out of their cradles, and

as soon as they have glanced around them, chirp out an insatiable *why?* as naturally as new-hatched chickens twitter. And these inquirers fret, roam, examine, weigh, confront, search, grope. And what next? They too leave the world—but no; by heaven! they do *not* always leave the world—as they found it. Then man was born to move, to scrutinise, and to know (if he can) who he is, what he does, and whither he is going; and if he dies in harness, he dies with honour, and perhaps with profit to his kind. Therefore I do not complain if my nature be inquisitive, as it always was and always will be.

From that time forward, besides art and literature, I asked myself a hundred questions about politics, philosophy, morals, and religion—all emanations of my own soul, and not reminiscences of books. What had I read—I, who was a soldier at sixteen?

My political ideas had already undergone some modification. I no longer felt an urgent desire to slay a tyrant. It may be imagined that the tyranny of Alfieri in his exaggerations had sobered me. But the craving to see my country its own master grew more and more potent within me, just as I increasingly felt the outrage of our humiliation. The behaviour of the foreigners in Rome towards the Romans of every class, in society, and more especially at public solemnities,—such as the ceremonies in the

Papal chapel, those of the holy week, &c.; their superb assurance in overriding, disobeying, and browbeating the officers and soldiers whose duty it was to maintain order on those occasions,—aroused an indescribable anger in my breast. The English were the most domineering; and some of them would go so far as to attempt to force a passage through some door protected by the Swiss guards. It sometimes happened, however, that these halberdiers, dressed and armed like those of Giovanni delle Bande Nere,* answered with the sharp edges of their armour and with the butt-ends of their pikes; and I blessed their hands, praying Heaven to deliver them from those of Cardinal Consalvi.

The latter was, as is well known, secretary of state to Pius VII.; and if in one way he had more progressive ideas than the rest of the sacred college, on the other he wanted to copy the forms and centralisation of the Napoleonic system in the narrow limits of the tiny Papal state; and this idea—by entirely altering the old traditions and usages of the inhabitants, sweeping away ancient charters, which were precious to the government as proofs of an accepted sovereignty—was, in my opinion, the true *commencement de la fin* of the temporal power. He

* Giovanni de' Medici, born in 1498, and thus surnamed from the celebrated "black bands" of Italian mercenaries whom he commanded.

endeavoured to increase the public funds, which had suffered so much under the past administration. He knew well that it was neither an easy nor a short task to reopen the dried-up sources of this wealth; and thus it was his particular study to attract foreigners, and induce them to stay in Rome.—Unfortunately, in default of other trades, Italy, from Florence downwards, has long practised that of an hotel-keeper!—So, whenever a poor Roman official tried to resist the encroachments of a stranger, the latter never failed to exclaim, "I shall go to Cardinal Consalvi." And unluckily his Eminence nearly always decided in favour of the impertinent foreigner, and against the faithful official. Therefore I prayed heaven to save the Swiss from his most eminent hands.

But if my heart rebelled against the foreign yoke, my intellect did not reveal any means of breaking it. Even at twenty I already understood that Austrian regiments could not be driven over the Alps by the Carbonari conspirators, and still less by their daggers. The time was still far distant in which the possibility of a solution of this great problem was to flash upon me. Then, on the contrary, the shades of the Villa Borghese and many other places were the confidants of my melancholy, and sometimes of the tears I shed in secret over our degradation, which I deemed everlasting.

And as if art, literature, and politics were not enough to throw my heart and mind into wild confusion, love also intervened. But should anyone ask, "Were you in love?"—"I? not in the least," would be the answer. And this was exactly my torment: to be in love, and not to know with whom.

In every autobiography love is sure to make its appearance about the age of twenty. It is not a subject to be exhausted in a few words, but requires a separate chapter, and this shall be the fifteenth.

## CHAPTER XV.

First love—How many sorts of love there are—Difficulty of understanding them, and still more of naming them, except one—Love in the literature of the reign of Louis Philippe—Little love-making in the world—Silence on my love-adventures—Love is the father of lies—Theory of fidelity—Sad end of every love-adventure—Least bad way of getting out of it fairly—Conclusion favourable to women—It is useless to preach abstinence.

ALL polytheist religions place love among the divinities. Christians in a sort of way look upon it as God himself and his first essence—so at least we are told. But this said love is the most inexplicable of mysteries. "*Vous m'aimez, vous êtes roi, et je pars,*" said Olympia Mancini to Louis XIV., when she left the court by order of her uncle Cardinal Mazarin.

"You love me, you are a god, and I suffer;" the poor human soul says this only too often. But wherefore? The key of this mystery is not to be found on earth: let us hope to find it in heaven. Mere intellect is an inexperienced and useless guide in such a labyrinth, and abandons us in the midst

of darkness. Let us rather follow the dictates of the heart.

Who could conceive with his intellect, or explain in words, that primeval love before which "there were no created things"? One feels God, but he cannot be conceived or explained. One feels him to be an infinite love, and the motive power of the universe. One feels him to be a protection, a defence. One feels that he is good, and has prepared for us an eternal future,—inexplicable and unfathomable to mortals, but full of happiness and rapture, of justice and equity,—worthy, in a word, to be the work of God. Therefore let us take heart, and throw ourselves courageously into that vortex where so many generations have already disappeared.

If perchance you were to say, "I do not feel this God of yours," I should answer, "I am very sorry, but in truth I know not how to help you." But this love,—the love of God for his creature, and of the latter for its Maker,—if it is the first, is not the only one. Here the problem becomes multiplied. What is love in the heart of man? Love of himself, of others, of ideas, of things? Which is true love, and which is false? Which is virtuous love, and which is sinful? Which is noble and generous, which is foul and abominable? &c. A hundred such questions might be asked. But every-

thing is confused, indefinite, and illogical; everything is struggle and contradiction in this vast realm of love; and even language is under its influence.

What an inconceivable lack of expressions! what indecision! In French, for instance, which appears to me the most perfect instrument of communication invented by man,—in that language, the most precise, the neatest, and most logical in existence (I only speak a few, alas! still I think my assertion is true),—nevertheless, in French there is only one word for the expression of love: "J'aime Dieu, j'aime ma patrie, j'aime ma mère, j'aime ma maîtresse, j'aime la science, j'aime le vaudeville," or "j'aime les épinards au jus," but always "j'aime."

In Italy, as in England, we are not much better off; but still I can put spinage in one category, and my country or my family in another, and say, both in Italian and in English, "I like spinage," and "I love my country;" "Mi piacciono gli spinaci," and "amo la patria."

Can this want of precision, this poverty of language, be the result of pure chance? or is it rather a defect which necessarily governed the origin, the formation, and the crystallisation of languages? Is it then an anomaly, an absence of logic, or, on the contrary, the application of its most exquisite sense?

If the latter hypothesis be correct, language would only possess one substantive, *love*, and one verb, *to love*, because love would be one, and its applications many, but hitherto badly understood and badly defined, whence the uncertainty and obscurity.

There is, however, one sort of love which is understood, perfectly defined, and known by everybody, for which language has found, if not a verb, at least an adequate substantive, or rather two—*self-love* and *egotism*.

Perhaps it might be said that love for dear self should be stigmatised by the vile name of *selfishness*, while, on the contrary, love for any object not ourselves has an exclusive right to the beautiful and noble one of *love*.

Europe is under great obligations to France; and since Solferino, Italy in particular owes her an immense debt of gratitude. There is no doubt that the dazzling light which, by showing the world its own deformity, made it ashamed, and thus induced it to attempt an amendment, first radiated from France. By her intelligence and her press France achieved a real and beneficent victory over the world; but I, who am the friend and not the flatterer of the French, tell them: "You have made Europe pay dearly for your benefits." Who till now ever saw a flood of books written for the express purpose of

perverting human nature, like that known by the name of the literature of Louis Philippe, and that which followed?

These works of imagination—novels especially—(I have seen some very sad instances) have really inoculated Europe with unwholesome humours. With few exceptions, the only object of the writers was to make money, wherefore they coveted popularity, and basely pandered to all the depraved instincts of the multitude. And as, when these are to be incited, the true and holy democracy of equality before the law is of much less use to him who seeks to become rich and ride in his carriage than that other democracy which tramples—when it can—upon every law, and which is the apotheosis of all that is hideous and foul,—the writers in question, in order to flatter the masses, have in their books proclaimed the triumph of baseness. For a long time, courtesans (I am speaking of no new thing), convicts, murderers, scoundrels of every description, have been held up as the only persons capable of heroic actions, whilst honest men were represented as foolish or impotent. And the leading ideas inculcated by such books were, and are, that the distinction between good and evil is a bugbear for idiots; that violent passions are symptoms of a powerful nature, which

is exactly the reverse of truth; that the infallible sign of absolute moral supremacy is a total absence of respect for anything, whilst it is precisely the contrary. And as to love, that ancient and never worn-out axis on which all narratives destined to please the masses turn,—tell me, dear reader, have you ever found in French novels of this school a chaste and graceful type like the Lucia * of Manzoni, for instance; the personification of an honest woman, who is at once natural, attractive, and refined? Sometimes the author (it is easy to perceive) would fain present something angelic, some flower of innocence, some being breathing purity and candour—but, good heavens, what an exertion! what an incessant effort, what an utter misconception of nature and of real simplicity, of smooth and easy deductions flowing spontaneously from the story and the circumstances! One sees so plainly that the author, wishing to raise himself above his own level, is obliged to walk upon stilts.

But if we turn to a scene of courtesans at supper,—to a description of the luxurious fare, the wines, the plate, the lights, the scantiness of the women's dresses,—what fulness, what truth, what life in the imagery and the details, what an in-

* The lovely and charming heroine of Manzoni's *Promessi Sposi*.

spired style, what an outburst of eloquence! It is quite evident that the author longs for that which he describes, that he feels in his element, and is anxious to receive the price of his manuscript, that he may seat himself at the same table, and perhaps roll underneath it.

This literature is one of the causes of the very remarkable fall which—as everyone knows—has taken place in the moral thermometer of the reading world in Europe. From the high-born damsel who reads in secret, down to the humble girl who, to read novels, defrauds herself of the few hours' rest allowed her by the milliner for whom she works—what disorder, what deceit, how much irreparable mischief! And all this for what? Let us go to the core of the question. Because Mr. So-and-so, the author, wanted to have six horses in his stable, and all the rest of it; and because he knew that the public, the king of our time, like many other kings of yore, liberally rewards those who flatter his depraved instincts, and, better still, those who serve him in this respect.

Now at last, after so many words, we must arrive at a conclusion.

Love plays a much less important part in the world than is generally supposed. It is most often the child of idleness, and is an artificial product of

literature. And French literature has made it a disgraceful object of speculation.

These ideas are, as usual, the fruit of my own observations, reasoned out by myself. I do not, however, consider them infallible. I know not what the reader will think of them. He may very likely say, "All very well; but there are people who cannot read or write, who work like horses from morning to night, and yet they fall in love." This is my answer:

First of all, among so many passions there are no two of exactly the same essence; and it would be necessary to make a chemical analysis, in order to test the real value of each. We are agreed, as you know, that in speaking of the rarity of love I mean to specify that which deems the advantage of the beloved one preferable to its own; otherwise, as we saw before, it is no longer love, but selfishness. And if all those who fall in love were submitted to a moral filter, do you think the result would be an essence as pure as spring water?

Secondly, setting aside analysis and filters, the question is reduced to saying, every rule has its exception, which I admit. I admit it so completely, that, without going further, I offer myself to serve as an exception, and can confirm your observations in my own person.

In my youth I had read no love-stories. I

worked, and to such an excess as to make myself ill more than once; yet I had so impressionable, so passionate a nature, that it would be impossible for me to express the violence of the storms of this kind I have had to go through. *Dieu merci, c'est fini!* quoth Richelieu.

This might appear to be the moment for entering on a narration of my love-adventures, which I might afterwards take up whenever their turn came. But I intend to do nothing of the kind, and for the following reasons:

In the first place, only change the names, and essentially this particular is always the same. Secondly, while reading the autobiographies of others, and the descriptions of their conquests, the authors have constantly seemed to me rather ridiculous. Then, all those who become lacrymose in recording the havoc they have made in female hearts; those who, for instance, just meet a woman in a shop trying on a pair of gloves, and because she pays them enough attention to avoid having her dress trodden on, note her down forthwith on the list of conquests; and, finally, those who scatter flowers on the grave of some dear angel who died of love (or dyspepsia) for their sakes,—all these gushings of an inconsolable heart, poured out into the vast bosom of the public, invariably appear to

me one of the drollest masquerades assumed by human vanity. To relate victories, therefore, is ridiculous; while as to defeats, frankly, dear reader, do not you think it possible to find a livelier subject? Thus it is better to be silent on both.

These are the reasons of self-interest; the following plead on behalf of social propriety and real feeling.

A true, loyal, and self-sacrificing affection is a great treasure—the greatest in existence. If there was a woman who gave you every possible proof of it, ought you in return to expose her love to publicity? Names, I know, are never published; but can anyone who has had a large acquaintance veil the incidents and the different periods of his own life to such an extent as to prevent the real names being easily discovered?

I have always considered ingratitude as one of the most ignoble depravities of the human soul. But ingratitude towards a woman who has loved you truly and loyally, were it only for one single hour, has always seemed to me the lowest form of the sin. What more could she do, poor thing? What good, what happiness was there in her power to bestow, that she did not give you with her love? What did she not risk? what did she not confide to your loyalty and love? And ought you to trample

all that under foot? Ought you to betray her trust, and make her a subject of common talk, to gratify the most stupid of vanities?

As it is very rare for a man, however unattractive, not to have met with love of one calibre or another, the best rule for everybody is not to say, and still less to write, anything about it.

It is undeniable that some good might be derived from the narration of such adventures by reasoning on them, and thus discovering some compass for the use of those poor frail barks which set sail for the first time, full of hope and illusions, on that sea which may be termed with peculiar force *the faithless element.*

Wishing, for my own part, to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, as the adage has it, I shall confine myself to an exposition of general facts, and the reflections they suggest.

The greatest harm of love, as it often exists in the *reading world*, springs from the necessity of perpetual falsehood. It very rarely happens that one can make love without being obliged to deceive every moment. Thence a habit of dissimulation is acquired. The character becomes distorted, and it soon ceases to produce any disagreeable impression; just as those who have no ear for music get accustomed to false notes.

I was never guilty of the lie — worse than lie, the perfidy—of a cold and calculating love. I have never told or tried to persuade a woman that I loved her when it was not true. Unfortunately it is by no means uncommon for a man to see a young woman contented and happy with her husband, fond of her family and home, without mysteries or cares, with good spirits and a light heart, and to fix his mind on her, taking it into his head to make this pleasant garden of domestic happiness his prey, and render its inhabitants miserable, for the sake of boasting afterwards, "I succeeded!" There are men who, without feeling any love, without a shadow of passion, set to work with perpetual dissimulation, representing themselves to the poor victim as models of delicacy united to invincible love. Woman is usually good, confiding, ignorant of human baseness. She believes, she yields; and the happiness, the peace, the future of many persons are often forfeited for ever; and the authors of such disasters generally find the door of every house open to them, whilst those who rob on the highway are hanged! And this is called justice!

On this score I have no remorse. Whenever it was my fate to pronounce those fatal words, "I love you," and to utter them in earnest and not lightly, it was but too true.

In early youth I was neither more nor less than

a scamp, and I only associated with female specimens of the same genus, among whom the word 'love' was not current coin. A little later, I went through a very bad phase—which, however, did not last long—when I carried on two or three intrigues at the same time, more from recklessness than anything else. But the day at last came when I really fell in love with unutterable violence. This lasted for many years. In the mean while life and experience were maturing me. Dissimulation and falsehood became every day more hateful to me. I attempted to limit myself with regard to falsehood, as families sometimes do in their household expenses, to the strictly necessary; and I was thus led into adopting a maxim not often observed by young men—of telling the truth and keeping a promise, no matter to whom—even to women!

I therefore believe I am one of those who have been most scrupulously faithful, chiefly because I should never have been able to deny an infidelity if I had been questioned and driven to bay. Thus I was more veracious than faithful. I used, in fact, to say, "In love constancy is a necessary, fidelity a luxury;" and this was said half in jest and half in earnest. And as it is possible to hate many people at once, why should one not love them also in the same way? Not in an equal degree certainly,

but according to a graduated scale? Constancy, the essence of every true passion, is rooted in our hearts; but might not fidelity in detail be counted, perchance, among the sophisms of literature?

I know some of my fair readers, if I were at hand, would gladly tear my eyes out for these lax doctrines. The curious fact, however, remains, that in spite of these peculiar theories on infidelity, in practice I was entirely the reverse. But this, I repeat, was more a repugnance to falsehood than anything else.

For the same motive, I never pushed deceit so far as to seem the friend of a husband in order to lay his vigilance asleep. I always considered this, as it is in fact, a low and dastardly action. This is one great evil engendered by such love; the character acquires indelible blots, which remain even when their cause is over. As love has a beginning, it also, unhappily or happily, as the case may be, has an end. This end, however, is never reached by two lovers on the same day and at the same hour. While one of the parties says, *enough*, the other says, *not yet*. Only once I had to recite the part of *enough*, and thought the easiest way was to confess it; which I did by way of economising lies, as well as, in truth, economising useless scenes, reproaches, and lamentations. For though we are told that cer-

tain men have risen from the dead, I never heard of love being resuscitated, least of all by means of tears.

If I once said *enough*, on two other occasions I had the more painful task of saying *not yet;* and my suffering was so great that, wishing to avoid recriminations and lamentations, I had to sustain a great internal struggle :

"Le bruit est pour le fat,
La plainte est pour le sot,
L'honnête homme trompé
S'éloigne et ne dit mot."

and this was the system I adopted.

I might prolong this chapter,—for matter would not be wanting,—but I think I have said enough to show what my character is in this respect. In writing my life it was necessary to speak of it.

The conclusion to be drawn is the affair of the reader. All the evidence against me is in his hands. As to the reflections which may arise from the above facts, and which may perhaps be useful to youth (as far as precepts and sermons are available against passion), the following are those which seem to me most obvious. Illicit passions, besides the intrinsic evils inherent to them, are a source of trouble, sorrow, and even of real misfortune, in the present organisation of society. Holding aloof from them, if possible, is therefore all gain. If that cannot be, there are

two things, at least, not to be lost sight of—to do the least possible harm to others as well as to oneself. To oneself, by resisting the invasion of lies converted into a habit and a system; to others, by never feigning a passion that does not exist, and by never sacrificing to personal vanity the peace, welfare, and happiness of the being who has had the misfortune to come across your path.

I certainly do not lay down these ideas as the expression of a complete and perfect moral theory; but I think them practical, and therefore useful.

To explain my opinion of myself, I must say that, unless I am greatly mistaken, I do not believe I was the cause of much harm to others; but I certainly greatly injured myself. I was obliged to work very hard before I could restore to my character the rectitude, sincerity, and purity I had received from nature. The sincerity, the genuineness of my feelings, have made me suffer so much that I certainly have left by the way a considerable portion of vitality and health which I might have employed much better in the service of my country. Reflecting on the past, it seems to me as if my sincerity of heart and complete abnegation of self were often the cause of my becoming odious; and, unfortunately, I ended by suspecting that very few women can love an honest man truly and for a length of time. Perhaps

the fault is more that of the honest man than theirs! In spite of all this, the impression I have retained from what I have felt and seen is, that, as a general rule, women are much better than men. And, however great the suffering I have had to endure on their account, I once found the compensation of an affection which never failed me, and which was never influenced by any circumstance whatever. Let him who can say as much be content. Not many can.

And with this I end the chapter. I entertain no illusions about the conversions which ought to be the reward of my wise reflections. In everything, and especially in love, who is not desirous of trying for himself?

Try, then, for yourselves, young men; and fifty years hence you will be able to preach to the next generation, just as I have to you, and perhaps with the same result.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Return from Rome to Turin;—Francis IV. of Modena—Excursion to Venice—State of Turinese society in the year 1820—I have always avoided secret societies; and the advantages I have derived from so doing—Remarks upon the political events of 1821 in Piedmont—Military revolutions are the worst of all—Passive resistance to bad governments generally preferable to violence—Examples taken from the Lombardo-Venetians—Conclusion of this subject—Summer of 1820, and Count Benevello—Tribute to this worthy nobleman—Difficulty of living in peace in the society of Turin at that time—I persist in my intention of leaving the army, and going back to Rome to continue my artistic studies—My parents consent, after much hesitation—Criticisms and gossip of the town—Dialogue giving an idea of high Turinese society in 1820.

In the spring of 1820 my parents left Rome, and I returned with them to Turin. Our road lay through Umbria and Tuscany; from Florence we went to Bologna, and thence reached Modena. We stopped at this latter place, as my father had to pay his respects to the Duke, who had not yet earned the celebrity as a crowned police-officer (I might use a less polite expression) which he afterwards enjoyed. Still, he was an archduke of Austria, who, under the name of the House of Este, tried to insinuate himself into favour. He was always a supporter of that

evil-minded race which oppressed my country. Fortunately I had no uniform with me. I have always forgotten it intentionally, as a proximate cause of many torments. I adduced this peremptory reason to my father, who accepted it as such; but the Duke, wishing to be amiable, sent me word that I might go as I was. I was thus obliged to undergo the diversion of an audience. If this was a bore to me, the Duke meant it as a great favour; and therefore, though he had been Francis IV. himself, there was nothing for it but to decline his civility, or acknowledge it here, which I accordingly do.

From Modena we went to Venice by Mantua, Verona, and Padua. At Verona I saw Pindemonte. At Venice I saw two Austrian cannon with yawning muzzles planted before the ducal palace; I saw others

"... nell' arzanà de' Viniziani,"

as Dante calls it, in which

"bolle d' inverno la tenace pece."

"In the Venetians' arsenal, as boils
Through wintry months tenacious pitch;"

and the blood *boiled* still more in my veins when I beheld those great docks once used for the construction of ancient galleys, remembering ..... But I am no longer a schoolboy, nor am I writing a rhetorical theme; so, dear reader, if you are an

Italian, and know our history, you can imagine what my feelings were at one-and-twenty, loving Italy as I do, and hating the foreign yoke. O, how ashamed I was of being an Italian! how I yearned to have one day an opportunity of fighting the Austrians! I would have consented to be beaten, provided I could have had a good fight! But in May 1820 how probable this seemed! I lived in a state of wild despondency, to which I gave vent in sonnets and odes;—compositions so vile that I think they would have made even the Austrians run away had they but heard them.

One idea, however, consoled me: Venice, Rome, Carthage have been great, powerful, and as arrogant as Vienna; and a day of doom will come for Vienna, as it came for them. Who could then have prophesied to me that my eyes would behold it before closing for ever?

We passed through Milan, and this time I did not make my entrance "*cum fustibus et lanternis*," —taken to Santa Margherita* for want of a passport.

* The Contrada di Santa Margherita—in reality the Paternoster-row of Milan, being full of booksellers' shops—since 1815, under Austrian rule, became the terror of every one involved in political disturbances; for there sat the dreaded *direzione di polizia*, where Silvio Pellico and many other illustrious patriots were kept in dark cells during the early days of their celebrated imprisonment. The name was derived from the building having been a convent of nuns before the religious communities were

I remember a trifling incident, which, however, made an impression upon me at the time. A great many people came to see us at our hotel, and amongst others a monsignore; but I cannot now remember who he was. Talking of different subjects, the conversation fell on public education. After a good deal of discussion, "I think," said the monsignore, by way of peroration, "that ignorant peoples are the easiest to govern." I was not so much surprised at the maxim as at the candour with which it was stated; and I thought to myself (I had just come from Rome), "My good monsignore, you will never make your fortune if you are so outspoken." I do not know even if my prediction was fulfilled.

Society in Turin was in that peculiar state of restlessness which a sick man feels on the point of an eruption. The year 1821, or rather the famous Spanish constitution,* was on the very eve of coming to light.

---

abolished by Joseph II.; and poor Silvio Pellico remarks in his book *Le mie Prigioni*, that its former harmless inmates little guessed that their once peaceful walls would one day resound with so many imprecations against a hated rule. It is still the central police-station, but has now lost its sinister renown.

* The military insurrection of Piedmont in 1821, led by Charles Albert, then Prince of Carignano, and a great number of Piedmontese nobles, to which the author makes frequent allusion in these Memoirs, had for its object to obtain the proclamation of the Spanish constitution passed by the Junta of Cadiz in 1812.

I was a relation, or at least an acquaintance, of the greater part of the leaders, and many of them frequented the house of my sister-in-law. I did not belong to any secret society. I was not a Carbonaro, nor one of those Masons designated *free*—I do not know why, unless because they are bound to obey two governments instead of one. I suppose my countenance inspired no confidence in me as a conspirator, partisan, or such-like: but the fact is, that I never was even invited to join a secret society, and thus have never been a member of any. I do not venture to say that precocity of judgment made me abstain, for at eighteen or twenty chance is oftener our guide than forethought. Be that as it may, I certainly enjoyed the advantage of never feeling afraid that my name might be found on any list of conspirators, or of having it flung in my teeth as documentary proof of having betrayed friends or violated a pledge; nor that when I was in office someone might come and whisper in my ear, "Now, Signor Massimo, just remember! . . . . Mind you keep in the right track," and thus find

---

treacherously overthrown by Ferdinand VII. on his return, and then again revived for a short time in 1820, under pressure of a revolt of the army. The Piedmontese liberals wished to adopt this constitution; but Austrian intervention soon frustrated their attempts.

myself in a dilemma, constrained either to break the oath sworn to the King as member of parliament, cabinet minister, senator, and governor; or the other sworn to a president of a Carbonaro lodge; and third and last advantage, governments, political sects, parties, or anybody else, may like or dislike me, leave me in peace, persecute, or even kill me, if they please, but I defy them all to call me a weather-cock or a traitor.

Being then, as I have always kept myself since, free to act as I chose, and perfectly independent, I quietly watched to see what such a state of confusion as I have described would produce.

The events of 1821 are known, or perhaps now almost forgotten; so many things of greater importance have happened in the world since that date. Still, I must make a few remarks which occur to me on the subject.

However great the esteem and friendship I profess for several of the leaders of that movement, I must honestly say that I cannot approve either its spirit or its form.

A people does not rise unless to attain something which it knows, or at least desires. Therefore, before engaging in action, it is necessary to instruct the masses, or at any rate to excite their wishes and their passions.

The prodigality of Louis XIV. and his successors, the feudal privileges of the clergy and aristocracy, and the writings of the philosophers of the eighteenth century, whose path was so carefully smoothed by the blundering tyranny of the old political and religious system, instructed the people, kindled a craving for better institutions, and the French Revolution triumphed! But in the Italy of 1821 the recollections of the military arrogance, the Continental blockade, the violent annexations or dislocations of provinces and kingdoms, which were directly due to the ambition of Napoleon, and indirectly to the ideas and acts of the first revolution, were still too fresh; five or six years of restoration had not yet been able to efface them; and the majority therefore, which by a law of nature is always composed of the less sagacious, considered the restoration as the return of a new era of life, repose, happiness, and deliverance from a heavy and detested tyranny.

But the majority did not yet understand that in the Napoleonic cycle tyranny was the exception; whereas in that of the restoration absolutism was the rule.

The masses were then far from desirous of a change. The felicity the revolution was bestowing on Spain did not yet awaken much envy. Conse-

quently the rising was only an isolated outbreak of the secret societies, which did not and could not extend itself to the rest of the nation, because the ideas which inspired it were not appreciated, or announced changes which were undesired.

This affords a fresh example of the good service done by secret societies; they present a phantasmagoria of a world which does not exist, and thus entangle you among impossibilities. Let us not, however, forget that secret societies were in great measure the offspring of the stolid and blind absolutism of the restoration, so that the latter was their true originator.

Cesare Balbo used to say that that movement and its prototype at Naples postponed our emancipation for many years; and he was right.

There is, besides, another important consideration. The movement of 1821 had the character of a military insurrection, which is the worst of all—the most depraving, the most prolific of bad examples, and consequences without end. If I neither esteem nor love a government, I do not serve it; if I have entered its service at a period when I loved and esteemed it, and if, right or wrong, I afterwards alter my views, then I resign. But to violate a given promise—never! I hasten, however, to add that it would be unjust to pass a dogmatic judgment

on the merit or guilt of certain actions in cases of this kind *à priori*.

The true fault is to sin against conscience knowingly; and the Roman Court has not a monopoly of the artificial conscience, which, as you perhaps know, I have attributed to it. The sects hostile to Rome have it likewise, being supplied with it both by passion and the individuals themselves.

Which of us can boast of never having had an artificial conscience, if only for one day? Therefore, while I severely censure a military revolution, I am far from judging those who incurred the guilt of it with equal harshness. Hallucinations of the bodily senses being quite as real a phenomenon as hallucinations of the moral sense, in pronouncing judgment great stress ought to be laid on this element.

One last consideration. For several years after 1821 no other mode of improving our condition was devised than secret societies, with their periodical miniature revolutions, which lasted a fortnight. Until 1844 or 1845, no one ever thought of taking public opinion as a basis, and making himself its guide. The authoritative voice of Napoleon III. had not yet taught sectarians that the world is moved by public society, and not by secret ones. And we see that his system succeeds. But political brotherhoods will not be abolished for the present, because there

are adepts interested in keeping them up. Persuade a man, if you can, that it is a good thing he should lose his employment! All this applies to violent revolutions, for which, as you may see, I have no sympathy. I have, on the contrary, always admired the triumph of rights long trampled upon, when won by passive resistance; and these conquests, which may be called the true revolutions, have always appeared to me the most meritorious, manly, and durable.

The spread of Christianity was certainly one of the grandest revolutions on record. It succeeded in establishing, for the first time, the rights of man as such, not merely as a citizen; before God, the humblest slave and the emperor became equals. This idea has changed the world. And how was this revolution accomplished? By learning how to suffer and die.

On a smaller scale, the attitude of the Quakers in England, at the time when the intolerance of the Anglican Church persecuted every dissenting community, was equally remarkable. Sooner than take an oath which they considered a crime—and if the Gospel says *nolite jurare omnino*, it would appear that as Christians they were not quite so wrong—they preferred to go into exile or be imprisoned; and at one moment more than fifteen thousand of them were in captivity. They chose to suffer like

Christ and the first martyrs, and, like them, were at last victorious.

Passive resistance does not offer the animated, dazzling, and impassioned adventures of revolutionary aggressions. It will therefore never be preferred by the younger members of a community, especially among our Southern races, because it requires an inflexible temperament, and presupposes a character over which imagination has little or no influence. But if the truth were spoken, is it more difficult to storm a redoubt or a barricade, facing bullets and bayonets amidst the shouts, the smoke, and the exciting clash of arms, and soon to find one is either unscathed inside or lying wounded at the foot of the wall; or to spend ten, five, two, or even one year only in a dungeon, where the soul languishes in the hopelessness of silence, solitude, and cruel abandonment, and the body withers for want of the air, exercise, and food made necessary by long habit—where the isolation is so complete that a sparrow, a blade of grass, a spider have become such precious treasures to the poor prisoner, that it was considered an unheard-of ferocity to deprive him of them?

Italy has offered noble instances of that endurance of long and obscure suffering which I said was rare among Southerners. The dungeons of Spielberg know it; and it is attested with gratitude,

honour, and reverence by every high-hearted man among us. But everybody can see what a difference there is between a penalty inflicted for an attack on a government, however illegal and tyrannical it may be, and that which strikes him whose hand was not raised in menace—whose only crime was a refusal to renounce a positive right, or to become an accomplice in violating it.

In the former case, there are always persons who accuse the aggressor of imprudence and rashness; at least, there is also a feeling in the human heart which prevents it from entirely condemning even a bad government, when it defends itself against attack. But in the latter, interest, pity, honour, are all on the side of the victim; hatred, indignation, infamy, all on that of the executioner.

What was, in fact, the old policy of our fathers? *Not to make martyrs.* This is a proof that a martyr injures an unjust government more than a rebel.

Right is really made immortal, not by active but by passive strength. One of the most singular and marvellous illustrations of this truth is offered by the Jews. They have now obtained almost everywhere the recognition of the rights which had been denied them from the days of Titus downwards.* For

* Massimo d'Azeglio was one of the first to advocate the emancipation of the Jews.

eighteen centuries, two or three hundred millions of Christians and about a hundred and sixty millions of Mahometans were ranged on one side; on the other five millions of Jews. Everybody knows what animosity was employed to exterminate, trample down, and stifle every offshoot of the indomitable seed of Jacob. Who won at last? The five triumphed over the four hundred and sixty millions! The Milanese and the Lombards have on several occasions nobly exercised passive resistance. The poor Venetians, alas! are still in the act of practising it. Let them be encouraged, however, by the thought of its undeniable efficacy, and be assured that victory will be theirs in the end. History will not set less store by their present patient endurance than by the splendid valour which earned them immortal glory during the siege of 1849. If their sufferings be long, their crown will be doubly precious.

To sum up the foregoing: if in 1821, instead of that blind association of Carbonari, which only succeeded in kindling a short civil strife, soon stifled at Novara by an Austrian army, the task of conquering public opinion by every means of publicity then possible had been undertaken, that change which took place four-and-twenty years later—that unanimous onward movement begun in 1845, and obtained solely by the conspiracy of public opinion in broad day-

light—might perhaps have been produced before, and led to a more speedy and satisfactory result.

But I stop in the boundless field of hypothesis. If there may be some use in establishing certain principles, there is nothing more futile and fallacious than speculation as to what might have happened if such and such a thing had taken place.

All great revolutions, all great political and social changes, come to pass of necessity; they spring from a concourse of causes which no human intellect can embrace or govern; and while writers wear themselves out in giving advice and directions, the poor human race, writhing like a sick man in convulsions, makes a thousand wild and extravagant efforts which Providence knows how to direct, so that tranquillity and a healthy transformation are at length their unexpected results.

Revolutions are not the work of man, but of God; and the means by which they succeed is sufficient proof of this. In our own, for instance, it is plain that He did not choose to let us even dream it was our own work.

I spent the greater part of the summer of 1820 in the country, continuing my studies from nature. Count Benevello, with whom I was staying, either at Saluzzo or at his castle of Rivalta, was also passionately fond of art. Full of imagination, with an

exquisite taste for colouring, his brain teeming with new and often eccentric ideas, an insatiable spirit of curiosity, which made him venture into every branch of human science, possessing therefore a knowledge more varied than profound, always frank, simple, and amiable in every-day life, I remember him as one of my best and dearest friends. He drew and painted both figures and landscape, effects of night, of vapours or mists. I do not pretend that his skill was very great; but he had much natural talent. In his, or I might say in our generation, almost every one endeavoured to do something. We all felt a thirst for action—a craving to find some way of distinguishing ourselves, communicated to us by that powerful and all-pervading electric spark which the indefatigable activity of Napoleon had imparted to his epoch. Balbo, Peyron, Plana, Bidone, Sauli, Sclopis, Provana, Collegno, Vidua, Santarosa, who all more or less brilliantly distinguished themselves, then flourished in Piedmont. His taste for art, and his wish to acquire knowledge himself and promote it in others, entitle Benevello to a place among them. His house was open to the votaries of every branch of science and erudition. The first yearly picture-exhibitions at Turin were held in a gallery which he had built on purpose in his own house, and of which he freely gave the use to the public. He

contrived some studios for painters at the top of his house. It was an unheard-of thing for the proprietor of a house to arrange his garrets so that there should be sufficient light and space to paint a picture in them. Moreover, Benevello took great interest in his lodgers, as in all young men who entered on the long and thorny *via crucis* of art. He was one of the first in Turin to perceive the difference between an artist and an artisan, and to open his doors to the unpolished followers of the Muses. They were rude, certainly; but why? Because nobody had ever deigned to admit them into the sphere where a man becomes polished by learning from others and enlarging the limits of his own horizon.

Count Benevello was thus the promoter of much that was good in his country. Society, which was then stiff and formal, and, as I have already said, hostile to every innovation, laughed at him because he had sometimes ideas on art, architecture, and literature which afforded ample grounds for ridicule. But it is only those that do nothing who never make mistakes, nor lay themselves open to criticism and laughter. Such was exactly the condition of the majority of those who made jokes at the expense of my excellent friend, who was besides a worthy citizen, a good master, and at once economical and very generous,—two qualities which it is difficult to unite.

He was kind and hospitable, and never spent an hour of his life in that idleness which is eupheuistically called *living like a gentleman.* He worked at all things at once; and this was the real defect of his nature. On an altar-piece, for instance; while in the next room he had some chemical experiment going on; on a table in a corner there lay a manuscript of a novel or a comedy, or the plans for the erection of a church; a little further, the skeleton of a machine intended to test the power of a new 'propeller' engine of his invention, &c. The reader will ask me if any useful result has been derived from all these trials, inventions, and experiments? I answer directly—In point of art and science, little or nothing. But in a social point of view, and to the upper classes in particular, he left a legacy of valuable lessons. He was very rich; yet he himself lived with a simplicity truly singular. Possessing palaces, castles, and villas, if I asked, as I suddenly invaded his studio, "Where is your room?" it very often turned out that it was only a bed behind a screen in some passage, or sometimes a lumber-room at the top of the house. He had few wants; ate anything, did not care for cold, heat, comforts, or luxury; he dressed anyhow, and slept very little.

These are the good examples he left behind him,

and which do honour to his memory. If he finds imitators in his class, he will not have been less useful to society than if he had discovered a new salt or a new metal.

He had a son, who did not long survive him, and in whom another race of honest men died out.* In his house, however, the traditions of his intelligent and amiable hospitality are not yet lost.

I too had, by that time, cause to perceive how difficult it was for anyone to live in peace with our Turinese society, who dared to think, speak, or act in any way differing from the received ideas and usages. Heaven forbid that one of us should use his own brains to discover an idea and work it into a syllogism with its major and minor, in order to deduce some new consequence from it, which he might use in case of need!

As in some countries a standard measure or scales are set up in the market-place, by which to test the upright dealing of everyone, it might have seemed as if God had only gone to the expense of one set of brains for the whole nobility of Turin,

* Poor *Manolo* was my schoolfellow. Like his father, he was full of talent and imagination, and gifted with an excellent heart. He entered the diplomatic service, but died before being sent abroad. I lost in him a true friend; and I cannot refrain from saying these few words of tribute to his memory.

and placed it at court in the throne-room, where each one might go and supply himself with the ideas he required.

But not choosing to have recourse to these social brains, I insisted, as I have already said, on thinking with my own.

My father and mother, as was natural, warmly applauded the determination I had come to—thanks to Bidone—of abandoning my wild life, and trying to do something in earnest. The journey to Rome and my sojourn there—during which my resolution had never in any degree failed me—was its first result. I had studied and worked, and had broken off all acquaintance with doubtful society (this was the time at which I succeeded in resisting the most violent tendencies of a youth of twenty); but my father, nevertheless, had not allowed me to quit the army definitively. He was naturally afraid that my artistic fever might prove a fire of straw, and that I should one day find that I had lost my rank in the army without any compensation.

The moment, however, had come for finally settling the question; either to return to the service as a career, or leave it entirely in order to follow that of the studio, and work independently.

I persisted in my determination. My parents hesitated, thinking that to send me alone, at my age,

without a guide or any curb, to a city like Rome, and there to cultivate the very art which throws a young man into the most gay, eccentric, and reckless, and therefore most dangerous, of companionships, was like playing double or quits with my morals, my health, and my future. These doubts and fears then quite provoked me. Now I am full of remorse at the ingratitude and injustice of my impatience; for I understand how natural these suspicions were in my father and mother, who knew my nature, and loved me with such intense tenderness.

The latter, who had constantly sacrificed herself to her husband, her children, and her family, was inclined to let me make the experiment, and my father did not positively refuse, till at last, as the autumn advanced, it became necessary to take a resolution, and the matter was decided in the affirmative.

This step was a proof of the firmness as well as of the good sense of my parents. Now it would not elicit any surprise, but be taken as a matter of course. Then, however, the announcement that "the Chevalier Massimo d'Azeglio had left the crack regiment of Royal Piedmont, or the Grenadier Guards, to go to Rome and become a painter," horrified our aristocratic society; and this one phrase seemed a return to chaos, and an abomination of abominations.

The shortest and best way of giving an exact idea

of an epoch so different from our own, would be to suppose ourselves transported for a moment into one of the circles of our old nobility in the year of grace 1820. The worst is, that if I write down the conversation in Italian, all *couleur locale* and interest will be lost. It must be written in the Piedmontese dialect, which will not be understood by everybody. Well, those who like can have it translated, and those who do not will not lose much. I am bound, moreover, to warn the reader that he may find the picture I have drawn of a world I knew so well very tiresome, although it is amusing to me. In this case a remedy is easily found—skip it.

Of course I represent types, not persons; the latter are imaginary. But I will begin by making a sketch of the stage upon which my *dramatis personæ* are to appear.

*Scene.*—A palace in the architectural style of 1600, in *via* * * *. A wide archway for carriages gives access to it through a spacious atrium and roomy courtyard, from which the eye embraces a view of the adjoining houses, with no less than twelve long balconies terminated by twelve &c. &c., the sole kind of publicity then permitted by the government. No porter, of course; there are but few now (or if one exists, he often lives in the garret, his only duty being to shut the outer door at 11 at night), so fancy

if there were any forty-three years ago! The large stucco staircase, were it complete, ought to be decorated with a marble, or at least a stucco balustrade, according to the style of the building. But the worthy ancestor who built the family mansion had been obliged to go to the army, and provide himself with arms, horses, and all the requisites for a campaign, so that money was wanting to finish the palace; and the staircase, instead of a nobler decoration, had received a wooden banister, which, as it dates from the days of Catinat or Vandôme, has now acquired a dark and somewhat greasy polish under the fingers of four or five generations. This said banister has never been renewed, because the successive owners have always reasoned as follows: having gone on with it very well till to-day, we may do the same to-morrow.

The great entrance-hall of a Turinese palace, even in 1820, was still such a curious sight, that, without having seen it, no one could conceive what a strange mixture it displayed. And, mind you, I am speaking of a wealthy house, with a grand room decorated with stuccos, and large panels either painted in fresco or filled up with rusty old pictures, often riddled by the arrows shot at them by the young gentlemen of the family. A huge old-fashioned piece of furniture, seemingly a chest-of-drawers, but which at night is

transformed into a shakedown for the servant who sleeps there, and by day is covered with a fringed green cloth, all in rags and discoloured by innumerable stains of oil; a brass lamp (lighted, as I suppose it is time for the company to arrive), which smokes, the long wick requiring to be snuffed. On a table close by are all the boots of the family, mustered in order, the large shoes of cloth or soft leather of the gouty old uncle, who is a knight of Malta; the hessian boots, armed with spurs, of the captain; the silver-buckled shoes of the priest of the house; the lighter boots of her ladyship; and the tiny ones of the young ladies and the children, &c., with the bottle of blacking and the brushes; while the wall is gracefully marbled with black from the daily employment of the said implements. A little farther on is Lafleur or Albano, the lackey—an aboriginal from the already-mentioned traditional valley of Lanzo, in the family livery, not made to fit him, knee-breeches, and, alas! not always spotless stockings—eating his supper on the corner of a small desk. He is on duty in the hall, to answer the bell, and therefore cannot sup in the kitchen with the others. In one corner, but quite visible to the naked eye, are the brooms, the dustpan, and a stand with a copper basin and bucket. On another table—no two are alike—all the candlesticks of the house are in battle array, with a

second line of tallow candles and smoky lamps for the servants, &c.; in a word, all the secret paraphernalia of the household is exhibited in the full light of publicity.

From the hall — for the sake of brevity I omit the description of the successive anterooms—we now transport ourselves to the chamber in which the old Marchioness Irene of Crescentino, the lady of the house, sits and receives. She is in indifferent health, and we find her in her bedroom. She is beyond seventy. Her pale face seems almost made of wax. Her features are delicate and lady-like, with a kind but not very intelligent expression. She wears a cap of doubtful fashion, neither old nor new, and a dark gown. A small antique inlaid table is before her; she is knitting coarse stockings for the poor, by the light of a lamp covered by a shade, leaving the whole room in darkness except a circular spot high overhead, which shows the gilding on the stucco ceiling, and another circle below, which illuminates the small table and a bit of the polished floor. Through that semi-transparent shadow, of the tint of a picture by Rembrandt, you half discover a world of vague forms: a bed with a canopy *à la duchesse*, and heavy silk curtains of flowered damask; at its head hangs a Virgin Mary by a good master, and underneath the picture a host of images of saints of

both sexes, "hearts of Jesus," *agnus Dei*, &c. You might perhaps expect me to name Saint Filomena among this holy population; but she was still buried in the minds of the reverend Fathers, so could not be there yet. After the saints, at a little distance, figure the portraits of relatives and friends, those of the grandfathers and fathers with powdered *ailes de pigeons;* then their successors, in the dress of the Directory, and here and there a few in the Napoleonic uniform. In a circle round the lady of the house are seats and armchairs awaiting the arrival of the visitors, the former almost bearing the characteristic impression of their habitual occupants. General San Romano, a cousin of the Marchioness—who has not yet been able to discover why Louis XVIII. granted a charter instead of contenting himself with restoring the old parliaments—has already arrived.

There, too, is Abate Gerando, chaplain to the king. He everywhere descries Jansenists lying in ambush, ready to fall upon a Jesuit; at night he dreams that Nicolle, Arnaud, Quesnel, have been appointed almoners to the court, and that the bull *Unigenitus* has been withdrawn.

There is captain the Marquis of Rubiera, formerly a major in the 18th Dragoons of the Empire, who is a nephew of the mistress of the house, and who has lost one step, like all those who once served

Napoleon. In order to qualify himself to lose this step in Piedmont, he had begun by losing part of his shoulder-blade in Spain, and then leaving two of his fingers behind him in the snows of Lithuania; and he had never been able to surmise why these two losses should have entailed the third as their inevitable consequence. Forty-three years after, I do not understand it either.

The Captain is no genius, but he is a man who has seen the world, and has thus learnt something. The conversation has become somewhat languid; only the general and priest, seated near one another, have carried it on in an undertone.*

GENERAL. But do you not hear? I tell you again, it is positively true. A congress is about to assemble — they already speak of Troppau — and something will be done.

ABATE. For my part, I only wish they would strike at once. In Spain you see what a pretty pass they have come to; now, too, Naples is rising— and Heaven grant—

GENERAL (*glancing slily and ironically at him*). Why, Don Gerando, you think you already see them run riot in the streets of Turin, eh?

* In the original edition this dialogue is published both in the Piedmontese dialect and in Italian. Of course I have omitted the vernacular version, thinking its *beauties* would be thrown away on a foreign public.

ABATE. God forbid! I do not say that, but—

GENERAL. Do not be alarmed. This is not Naples. No one in this country is thinking of any such nonsense; they do not even dream of it.

MARCHIONESS. But, my dear abate, for heaven's sake, are you not yet satisfied? I am an old woman, and have seen all the slides of the magic lantern; let us sum it up: we are now in the year 1820, the whole thing began in 1789—just one-and-thirty years ago—do you not think it ought to be all over by this time?

CAPTAIN. But, dear aunt, you forget that the people are changed; if they were still the same individuals, then I know well enough that it would be all over. And besides, if any one stirred, he might find it the worse for him.

*It is not impossible that the Captain, what with the loss of his rank, and the whispers of some proselytism, may have acquired a daily increasing taint of liberalism.*

MARCHIONESS. Well, you know better than I—I am an old woman, and I never learnt politics. Now everyone seems to be possessed with a mania for grumbling. Be it so! All I can say is, that I have always thought one lived much better before 1789 than now—ever so much. We were all as happy as the pope.

CAPTAIN (*smiling*). I beg your pardon, aunt—that is to say, we nobles were satisfied, of course; but the others?

MARCHIONESS. No, my dear Edoardo, no. Believe me (*shaking her head and smiling*); you served under the *other*, and were mixed up with the Jacobins for so many years Of course they never told you that one fared better before; but I, who was alive at that time and saw with my own eyes what I am telling you—believe me—that the common people, the middle-classes, the peasantry—Ah! I remember when poor Crescentino was alive, how often Silverani the lawyer—he who was cashier at St. Paul's—came to dinner, and that poor doctor Araldi; and then in the country—at Bernasca where we went, all the squires in the neighbourhood used to come; and I never heard a word, not a syllable of complaint from anyone. No, no, believe an old woman like me when she tells you— The fact is, that, since Voltaire and the other fellows began to turn people's heads, they all grumble and grumble, do nothing but grumble.

CAPTAIN (*smiling ironically*). Do you mean to say, aunt, that it is the excess of food that makes them grow lean?

MARCHIONESS (*smiling affectionately*). You rogue, how dare you laugh at your old aunt!

A SERVANT (*opens the door and announces*) The Countess Datis.

*Enter a lady of about fifty, daughter of the Marchioness, an* ex-incroyable *of the Empire; rumours were even current at the time of some French passion in a very high quarter. A woman with remains of great beauty, and of a pleasing countenance; dressed with taste and elegance; easy manners, clever expression. She goes straight to her mother; they embrace each other.*

MARCHIONESS. How do you do, *Gina?* (*a very fanciful abbreviation of her Christian name, Teresina.*)

COUNTESS. How are you, mother? General? Abate? Good-evening, Edoardo; I thought you were on service with the Prince (King Charles Albert, then Prince of Carignano).

CAPTAIN. No; it is the turn of Collegno.

*In the mean time the Countess has arranged her curls at a looking-glass, has sat down by her mother, and drawn a breath of general satisfaction.*

COUNTESS. Don Gerando, excuse me; just behind you—on that chair, look—there is a basket; that is it, thanks. (*She takes the basket, unfolds some embroidery, and begins to work.*) But now (*to her mother*), pray tell me how you are.

MARCHIONESS. Why, to tell the truth, I have not been very flourishing since last evening. In the

night my pain was more troublesome than usual; and all to-day I have been a good deal exhausted.

COUNTESS. But is it true, dear mother, that you went to St. Philip's to attend the *triduum?*

MARCHIONESS. Of course I did.

COUNTESS. O, but, dear mother, I really must scold you. Abate—General—please help me.

MARCHIONESS. But, my dear daughter, how could I miss the *triduum* for the recovery of that poor Gabriella Montanera? And how is she to-night? I told the coachman* to go and inquire. Edoardo, do ring the bell (*Dirindindin. Enter Albano*). Has Giovanni come back?

ALBANO. No, my lady.

MARCHIONESS. What a tortoise that fellow is! Have you heard anything, *Gina?*

COUNTESS. Somebody told me she is very much the same: yesterday she was bled for the eleventh time, and Tarella† had been sent for, to have a consultation. I know all this from Costanza d'Azeglio, who sat up all night with her.

MARCHIONESS. Her confessor, Father Mellini,

* In those patriarchal days the coachman, generally an old family servant, when not wanted in the evening, was sent to deliver notes and messages for his mistress.

† Signor Tarella was the fashionable doctor of Turin, and belonged to the school which regarded bleeding as a general panacea.

was talking of her yesterday, and it seemed to me that he mumbled something far from re-assuring.

GENERAL. But she is a blessed woman, who will always insist on having her own way. Every morning, in spite of rain or snow, go she must to St. Theresa's for the seven-o'clock mass—and—why—Gabriella is not so young as she was. (*Enter Giovanni.*)

GIOVANNI. I have been to the Countess of Montanera's: her compliments and thanks. They say the doctor considers her much better this evening (*a general chorus of satisfaction*); and I have heard they were going to send a footman to tell the Marchioness d'Azeglio there was no need for her to sit up again to-night.

MARCHIONESS. The Lord be praised for so much mercy! God grant she may recover!

COUNTESS. Truly, that excellent Costanza has been wonderfully attentive to her; she never left her.

GENERAL. Ah, she is an angel.

ABATE. A good, truly a good creature.

GENERAL. By the by, talking of the d'Azeglios, do you know what I have heard? That the youngest, Massimo, is going to leave the army.

MARCHIONESS. The youngest? Let me see, he must be about twenty or one-and-twenty—and why? is he ill?

GENERAL. Not a bit of it! To be sure; we

never heard of such things in our days: leave the service at one-and-twenty!—unless one was seriously ill or crippled. But my friend Quinto, his colonel in Royal Piedmont, had already told me that he was a good-for-nothing.

COUNTESS. Still, from what I hear from his brother officers, they all liked him. He is as mad as a March hare, it is true—I always heard that—but, all the same, a very good fellow.

GENERAL. Always under arrest.

CAPTAIN. General, allow me—he was often under arrest, but never for neglect of his duty. Of course, in the evening, his service once over—it is but too true—nobody could hold him. Perhaps without a saddle he would gallop off at a tearing pace to Turin. I know it well enough, for I was then in garrison here, and we used to play *le diable à quatre* the whole night long.

MARCHIONESS. Nice life indeed, indeed!

CAPTAIN. What would you have, aunt? We are soldiers; we are not a batch of nuns. Then before daybreak on horseback again, and another gallop back to the barracks at Veneria for morning parade.

GENERAL. This is all very fine, my dear marquis, but both for men and horses night is meant for sleep. We are not bats, to roam about like that; and I do not know how far young gentlemen who ruin

themselves and their horses in such a way have a right to say that they are good officers. Moreover, after he had left Royal Piedmont and entered the provincial militia, he used to swagger about the streets of Turin with a white hat, and sporting a scarf *à l'enfant;* always in bad company, among painters and singers; and one fine day did he not take it into his head to sing on the stage? Count Revel* sent for him, and gave him such a lecture. Well, well! (*Shakes his head, as if to indicate that Chevalier Massimo does not suit him at all.*)

CAPTAIN. O, as to that, I grant you he did every wild thing you can conceive. One day did he not gallop across the avenue of Veneria, at the time when everybody was out, on a bare-backed horse, he himself in the costume of an angel?

MARCHIONESS (*interrupting him*). Now then, do not talk such nonsense!

GENERAL. Well, well! the Taparellis have always been very queer.

MARCHIONESS. But his father? What does *he* say to his leaving the army?

COUNTESS. Well, I see I had better tell you the story, for I know all about it. Costanza told me everything. He does not leave the service for a

* If I am not mistaken, governor of Turin, or commander-in-chief of the garrison.

whim, but because he wants to go back to Rome and become a painter.

ABATE.
GENERAL. } What? (*Incredulity.*)
MARCHIONESS.

CAPTAIN. What an extraordinary idea!

COUNTESS. As to that, after all, everybody may choose his own career.

GENERAL. Nice profession!

MARCHIONESS. Well, I agree with you—be it so. Yet, though I am not a prejudiced woman, I must confess I cannot quite understand—you say he wants to go to Rome and be a professional painter?

GENERAL. What the devil! does he really mean to become a regular whitewasher?

COUNTESS (*laughing*). No; not a whitewasher, but an artist; sell his pictures—how should I know? (*general laughter.*)

GENERAL. It seems to me as if, in the present generation, the Taparellis meant to outdo themselves. This truly is beyond everything. First he wanted to be a histrionic buffoon, and now a professional painter. If I were the king, I would send him to paint landscapes at Fenestrelle, and set his brains in order.

MARCHIONESS. But, my dear friends, I am an old woman, and know nothing about these new-fangled ideas. Do explain to me. Is Massimo (*smiling*) going

to take up the trade of that bandy-legged dwarf Vacca,* who painted the miniature of *Gina?* Look at it, General—there, behind you.

GENERAL. How can I tell?

COUNTESS. But, no, I say, that is not the question, to choose one profession rather than another; as to that, everybody is his own master. You see, there was an Alfieri who was an architect; now there is a Breme—the one living at Milan†—who paints. There is Canella too. But they do it like gentlemen. I remember, in the time of the French occupation, when we were in Florence—precisely when the Azeglios, the Perrones, the Balbos, were there too—well, I myself heard Count Alfieri say a hundred times that he never made any money by his tragedies. He spent a good deal in having them published, that is certain; but he never derived the smallest profit from them.

CAPTAIN. Yet—not that I wish to maintain a contrary opinion—yet it is a fact, everyone tells me

* A miniature painter of some reputation at Turin, but whose deformity made a striking contrast to the beauties he so skilfully portrayed.

† My uncle, the Marquis Breme (now created Duke of Sartirana, on account of his near relationship to Princess La Cisterna, the youthful bride of H.R.H. the Duke of Aosta), mentioned here, has always been a great lover of art, and is himself a painter of considerable ability. He now holds at the court of King Victor Emanuel the office corresponding to that of Lord High Chamberlain in England.

that in England gentlemen and noblemen often write books and reviews, and that they sell their works at a very good price.

GENERAL. Hear, hear! My dear Marquis, you have made a good hit! What do they not sell in England? They even sell their wives!*

CAPTAIN (*aside to the General*). On that point I prefer Italy, where we may have them for nothing.

GENERAL (*aside*). If your aunt hears you, how she will scold!

COUNTESS. If I were his father, do you know what I would say to him? "Look here, my dear boy," I would say, "be a painter if you like; but be one for your own pleasure, and like a gentleman." And then I would add: "All your family have always served their king and country; you by no means lack ability; every road is open to you. Reflect that you can earn yourself a position and a name in the world, and make yourself useful to society, in other ways than by painting. Of course this will not prevent you amusing yourself by making pictures, if you really have such a taste," &c.

* * * *

* This refers to the notion, so very current on the Continent, especially at the time the author was illustrating, that English husbands have the right (and exercise it) of taking their wives to market with a halter round their necks, and selling them to the highest bidder. Vide caricatures *passim*.

This scene will suffice, and, if I am not misled by my partiality as an author, it affords a very good specimen of our nobility in the year 1820, with their ideas, manners, expressions, and words.

I appeal to those who once frequented that society, and can yet remember it. In the foregoing conversation I have laughed at our Turinese nobility, and caricatured their obsolete ideas. But the proverb says, "He laughs well who laughs last." Let us now, therefore, look at the reverse of the medal.

But, before looking at the medal reversed, let me make an observation. After having ridiculed the class to which I belong, I think I have a right to add that the types who, like General San Romano, preferred the old system to the new one, nevertheless died bravely in the field fighting for the latter (like General Passalacqua and many others at the battle of Novara) when it became their duty to defend it.*

* In order to understand this allusion well, it must not be forgotten that the great majority of the high-born Piedmontese officers fought nobly for Italian independence in 1848 and 1849 (like the above-mentioned Marquis Passalacqua, a general killed at the battle of Novara), although the traditional prejudices of their caste were all in favour of the old system, and made them regard the new one as utterly contemptible. Yet they fought with their wonted bravery, because they deemed it *a duty* to follow their king wherever he chose to lead them. The subjoined anecdote, which I have often heard my father relate, proves what an extraordinary revolution of ideas the war of 1848 must have seemed to the aristocratic army of King Charles Albert. Formerly

a certain number of Piedmontese officers were sent almost every year to the Austrian head-quarters at Somma or Custozza, to be present at the manœuvres which took place there every summer. On one occasion, a few years after the Austrian intervention in Piedmont in 1821, my father, then a young cavalry lieutenant, formed part of the Sardinian military mission to the imperial camp. One day at a grand official reception the commander-in-chief, old Field-Marshal Radetzki, who always overwhelmed his Piedmontese guests with civilities, perceiving my father, who happened to be near him, tapped him on the shoulder; and turning to his brilliant staff, among which were the representatives of many a European power, he exclaimed: "Messieurs, voici notre brave avant-garde!" This did not prevent my father receiving five wounds while charging at the head of his regiment in 1848; but how strange it must have seemed to him and to all his contemporaries when Charles Albert threw down the gauntlet to his mighty neighbour,—just as strange as it would appear to us of the present generation if told to be nothing but Austria's *brave avant-garde!*

## CHAPTER XVII.

Plutarch and the Marchioness of Crescentino agree in their opinion about the cultivators of art—I should have done better to learn science and the art of government rather than painting—Democracy of reprisals, and democracy fairly understood—Examples—Comparisons between a financier, a general, an administrator, a painter, a dancer, and a singer—It is right that professions whose object is to please should be better paid, but unfair that they should be more esteemed than useful ones—The worship of certain arts is a sign of decline—My parents consent to my return to Rome—At Genoa I meet Albert Lamarmora and Cesare Balbo—I embark for Leghorn, and arrive at Rome *viâ* Florence—I adapt my mode of life to my financial resources—My horror of debt—Lessons on history and literature, by Signor Garello, before sunrise—The Rospigliosi riding-school—Academy for the nude kept by Antonio—I work in real earnest to escape from my pecuniary difficulties—Curious expedients to which I am driven by necessity—Excursion to Castel Sant' Elia to visit Verstappen.

In his preface to the life of Pericles, Plutarch says, "For this reason, Antisthenes hearing that Ismenius was a very skilful player on the flute, wisely said, 'But he is a bad man; otherwise he would not be such an excellent player.' And Philip, addressing his son, who had sung agreeably and in a masterly manner at a banquet, 'Are you not ashamed,' said he, 'of sing-

ing so well?'" So much for musicians. Now for painters and sculptors: "And certainly there was no well-born youth who, on seeing the Jupiter at Pisa, or the Juno at Argos, would have ever wished to be Phidias or Polycletus." Now for poets: "Nor who would have wished to be Anacreon, or Philemon, or Archilochus, however much he may have been delighted by their poems," &c.

The above fragment proves that the Marchioness of Crescentino, General San Romano, the Countess *Gina* Datis, and the court almoner Abate Gerando, thought in 1820 exactly as Plutarch did in the year 60 or 80 of the Christian era. This coincidence leads me to the discovery of another, which I do not like at all. That expression of Plutarch, "and certainly there was no well-born youth," &c. is a sufficient proof that the world of his day fully shared his opinion. No living author would dare to write, "no well-born young man would choose to be Rossini, or Delaroche, or Thorwaldsen, or Manzoni," for fear of being laughed at. Yet, whilst Plutarch and all sensible people held these opinions, we find that at the same period Nero was making his celebrated tour in Greece, for the purpose of presenting himself as a competitor for the prizes of poetry and music, in which he reaped, as might be foreseen, an abundant harvest of laurels and crowns.

As you will understand, the idea of being classed with Nero (*servatis servandis*) rather than with Plutarch, the Marchioness of Crescentino, General San Romano, and persons like them, is anything but flattering to my vanity.

The matter is therefore deserving of more attentive consideration. Not to lose time with metaphysical distinctions, let us take a more precise and practical view of the case.

When a state is threatened with foreign invasion, is it better to have at hand a moderately good general or Rossini?

When a state is on the verge of bankruptcy, is it better to have a tolerable financier or Delaroche?

When a state has entirely lost its reputation—thanks to follies and blunders—and has to reconquer public esteem, is it better to have Thorwaldsen or a tolerably good politician with a sound head and a little experience? And, lastly, go and ask Manzoni whether he, or a plodding clerk who has spent his life in the official routine of the department, is the fitter to reorganise a navy, a judicial or a civil administration, and you will hear his answer.

Thus, a general, a financier, an administrator, of even moderate ability, are far more useful to society than a painter, a musician, or a poet of first-rate merit.

In consequence, he who, from circumstances or inclination, cannot become a proficient in one of the more practical arts or sciences, had better, rather than do nothing, cultivate a less useful one; but, as a second consequence, those families whose social position, fortune, and interest reduce the difficulties of placing their sons in a profession of greater utility by one-half at least, will act far more for the advantage of the community by trying to make them good financiers, administrators, and soldiers, rather than fiddlers, poets, or painters.

If the chain of my reasoning be sound and unbroken, the final result would tend to show that the Marchioness of Crescentino and Plutarch were, after all, nearer the truth than Nero and I—he for wanting to play the musician instead of the emperor, and I for desiring to be a painter instead of a soldier.

How often the profound reality of that truth has been brought home to me in the course of my life! And often have I said,—How much more useful it would be to me now to have learnt, and to be thoroughly master of, the campaign-drill for instance, instead of being able to sketch an oak from nature! To be well acquainted with the code, the public administration, the mechanism of finance, or the laws of credit, rather than know how to paint a sky or a distance, or to write nonsense without any foundation,

for the vain pleasure of making a tear roll down some blooming and lovely cheek!

In this case, however, the offence with which I am charging myself is not without palliation. I invoke the defence of extenuating circumstances.

Among the ancient Greeks and Romans the only occupation worthy of a free man (especially if born to the enjoyment of wealth) was statecraft. The same feeling prevails among the English. And why? Because both peoples had, and have, countries which, if not always free, were perpetually struggling for liberty. Because, secondly, their citizens possessed rights protected by the law, a political arena, listeners, adherents, adversaries, and a goal to reach, at once useful, great, and glorious.

Instead of this, what temptation was there for me, with my feelings and ideas, within reach of a despotism full of upright and honest intentions (I grant it), but whose representatives and arbiters were four old chamberlains, four venerable ladies-in-waiting, and a swarm of monks, nuns, priests, and Jesuits? What prospect could diplomacy, the civil administration, or the army hold out to me? Only that of being perpetually employed in learning at what church the cabinet minister, the general, or the lady-in-waiting heard Mass, and who was their confessor, so as to be ready to offer them holy water as they entered their

respective churches; or to acquire the good graces of their spiritual fathers, and obtain promotion rapidly by acting upon these principles; or see the neglect of them rewarded by being left on the shelf, to be transferred, after thirty years' obscure service, to the retired list, among the fogies of the café Fiorio.* Besides, as I then professed, as the reader is aware, a profound hatred for aristocracy, and was thoroughly imbued with that great delusion of our age, viz. the supposition that democracy meant the extension of common right to those who had long been excluded from its benefits, whereas it is a reprisal of the latter exercised against the ancient privileged classes; and as I neither saw, nor was able to see, anything beyond the circumstances that actually surrounded me (who, in 1820, could foresee 1848?), could I possibly become a humble disciple of that senseless, fallacious, and hypocritical system? Could I possibly suppress all my natural tendencies, and follow the more useful course I have indicated?

My democratic fever was no longer in its former inflammatory state. I no longer considered myself bound to expiate the violence of the feudal barons, nor the impertinence of aristocratic courtiers, by haunting taverns and worse still, in disreputable

* One of the oldest and most fashionable coffee-houses of Turin, formerly frequented almost exclusively by the aristocracy.

company, and doing everything in my power to exalt to the skies all that is ignoble and corrupt in society. This system, which was an offspring of the delusion I alluded to before, was no longer mine; or, to speak more correctly, after I adopted a different course of life, it rose to a more wholesome sphere, and I applied it more rationally. I was, however, amused at the idea of somewhat vexing a great many of my relations and other equals by birth, who had annoyed me in more ways than one, by making them uncles, cousins, or at least friends, of a gentleman who sold the works of his brush.

If they pay me for jolting up and down on a saddle, said I to myself, why should I not also be paid for painting a picture? If buying is no shame, why should selling be so? Can a transaction thus accomplished by two consenting parties be shameful for the one and honourable to the other? Such were my arguments, and they have since become almost truisms. But at that time there was a certain merit in discovering them and accepting their consequences. As I do not conceal my faults, it is but fair that, when it is possible, I should praise myself a little too.

This reminds me of a small water-colour sketch in which I represented myself in my shirt-sleeves, drawing from nature in sight of the Castle of Azeglio, while the ghosts of my noble ancestors appeared clad

as mediæval paladins, and gave me a lecture which I humbly accepted in an attitude that seemed to implore their forgiveness. Now, however, I think that reflection and experience have given a better direction to my ideas.

Just as chamberlains, court-ladies, and effeminate lordlings, disgusted me with aristocracy,—tribunes, club-heroes, and rabid demagogues subsequently cured me of the democracy which I have called that of reprisals.

It is important in our age to have clear and well-defined ideas on all subjects, but chiefly on this. The sense of respect for everything that is respectable (as I have already remarked) is daily decreasing in the world, and the fault is not all on one side. It is essential that society should seek to revive it; and for this it is important that the classification of things which deserve more or less respect should be accurately weighed by public opinion.

I will explain my meaning: the reader will then judge for himself.

First of all, of course, I would fain see honest men respected, and it would be well for the majority to leave off the habit of admiring and applauding everyone, great or small, who maltreats or deceives his neighbour for his own advantage, provided only he cheats and bullies him with genius and skill. I

should prefer to see those admired who are most useful to their fellow men. For instance, at present I greatly admire and esteem M. de Lesseps, and hold his grand, useful, and happy enterprise in much higher honour than a hundred victories or conquests. I very much admire Napoleon III. (besides admiration there is also a debt of gratitude) because he drove the Austrians out of Italy; because he delivered the French consumers from the clutches of the producers, and endeavoured to rescue the Mexicans from four or five gangs of thieves, &c. I admire the Emperor Alexander of Russia; not when he hangs or shoots the poor Poles to preserve the fruits of the great spoliation of 1773, but when he frees the serfs of the crown, and gives liberty to all those who mourn in captivity within his vast empire.

Nowadays it is more than ever important to adopt a system of impartiality, and apply it both to persons and things. In consequence, I would place in the first rank a financier, a general, an administrator, an instructor, a professor, a teacher, an engineer, an author of books which improve the reader and do not make him worse, and in this class may be included literary men, novelists, and poets.

Then, in the second rank I would place artists, among whom I humbly present myself for whatever

share of esteem may be assigned to me—musicians, and singers; with the proviso, however, that though their art must be classified among secondary things, individually they may always, if they choose, rise to the first of all—that of honest men.

Hence this conclusion: when a tenor or a ballet-girl receives ten times the salary of a good administrator or a good general, it is not unjust, and the latter have no right to complain. Let us remember what Mdlle. Banti said to Catherine II.: "*qu'elle fasse chanter ses feldmaréchaux.*" And the reason is obvious. If an individual is capable of producing a certain effect which two thousand people can enjoy simultaneously, and these two thousand people are delighted to pay a dollar a-head for the enjoyment of the said effect, I do not see what injustice there can be in a lucky mortal earning two thousand dollars in a few hours by this means. But when people take out the horses from the carriages of opera-dancers, and substitute biped animals for quadrupeds; when honours and distinctions are lavished simply for trills and *entrechats;* the generals, the financers, the administrators of a state, have ground for complaint, and then there is injustice.

And you must not fancy that I despise the lyrical and the terpsichorean arts, or those who profess them honourably. No; but this is a good instance

of the desirability of fixing an exact and generally accepted graduated scale of *the estimable.*

The profession of a general, an administrator, &c. is more honourable than that of an opera-dancer, a tenor, &c. And why? First, because it is more useful; secondly, because to undertake a difficult and ill-requited employment to serve the real and most vital interests of one's own country, is a nobler and more virtuous deed than to make the public merry and expose oneself to mortification and insult, with no possibility of being respected, for the sole motive of amassing a great deal of money.

One of the surest signs of the decline of a nation is an exaggerated esteem for those who professionally dedicate themselves to the amusement of the public; and in the rage for histrionic intrigues and passions, depravity and satiety lead the sensual instincts to cruelty and scandal. Imperial corruption led Hippia to elope with Sergius the gladiator,* who was neither young nor handsome, who had an excrescence on his forehead, and was half crippled by his wounds. *Sed gladiator erat!*

Which of us has not sometimes wondered at seeing a Hippia of high rank at the feet of an actor neither young nor handsome? *Sed gladiator erat!* Who has not, on some occasion, seen actresses, true

* Juvenal, satire vi. "Mulieres."

prodigies of vulgar ugliness, excite passions that must have been blindfolded with a curtain instead of a bandage? *Sed ludia erat!*

When in Italy I heard actors yell out of tune on the stage, unable to restrain or to modulate their voices, I said to myself, Italy is reviving.*

In truth, enthusiasm for actors and actresses, serenades, torchlight processions, hymns in honour of ballet-girls, are now more common abroad than in Italy. On this point we have made a little progress.

Resuming now the thread of the narrative: my parents finally consented to my wishes; the question of putting up works for sale remaining in abeyance. In point of fact, before selling pictures, one must first paint them, and next find purchasers. My father called me one day, and signified his assent to my plans, saying I was free to go to Rome when I pleased; only, with the warning that it was not his intention to give me any assistance. I thought this was indeed very little. I humbly raised my eyes, half in astonishment, half in inquiry; and he went on to explain, that his meaning was to make no addi-

* The truth of this remark is illustrated by the fact that since 1859, patriotic songs, with the sole exception of the Garibaldi March, have made little or no way among the Italian people. They too, perhaps, begin to think it better to try and be good soldiers and citizens rather than fiddlers or singers.

tion to the allowance he gave me as pocket-money while I lived at home; which amounted, if I am not mistaken, to 130 or 140 francs a month!

It was not much certainly, especially to live on at Rome, where everything was dearer than at Turin. But as I would have gone with nothing at all, I accepted the terms that were offered me.

At that moment so scanty an allowance made a certain impression upon me. I could not help thinking my parents might have been more generous. But I am now convinced that my father was quite right. The system of making everything smooth and easy to young men leaves them without energy, practical experience, or capacity for encountering the vicissitudes of the world. And I bless him every day for having followed an entirely opposite system with me. O, I am certain his severity was far from being exaggerated. If every young man started in life with only 150 francs a month, the world would be more worthily peopled than it is. For me, however, it was a very perceptible fall. From having two or three horses and a servant, besides an orderly when I was with my regiment, I was about to find myself minus horses and lodging; all changed for the worse. But I repeat, I would have gone at any cost: so I started.

For my mother especially, my departure was a

great grief. But with her brave heart, which only beat for others, she always made her sacrifices in silence and without remonstrance. She accompanied me to the top of the stairs, and went down a few steps to give me a last look. After forty-three years, I still see the expression on her face as if it had been yesterday.

The road through the Giovi passes not being yet made at that time, I took that by the defile of the Bocchetta, and thus reached Genoa. I there found Cesare Balbo, major in the infantry regiment of Casale; and Alberto Lamarmora,* who was also in the army. They talked of nothing but politics, of the events that were then taking place at Naples, and of those that might soon occur in Piedmont.

Although his first cousin, I was then not so intimate with Cesare Balbo as I became afterwards. I confided my ideas to him, and explained my intention of leading a life different from that of a commonplace young Turinese noble. He liked everything that savoured of independence and daring; and conceived a great sympathy for me, praised my resolution, encouraged me, but did not say a word about politics. From them I had kept aloof; he, as I have mentioned, put no great faith in what was brewing, and did not talk of it willingly.

* A brother of General Lamarmora.

We have since amply made up for that silence.

An English brig was about to sail for Leghorn; at that time one had to take on board a supply of provisions for an unlimited period. With a loaf you may go a hundred miles; with a hundred loaves you might not go one mile, say the sailors. I embarked laden with eatables. We set sail in the evening: I was ill all night; and at eight the next morning we were at Leghorn. The sailors inherited my chickens and bottles untouched.

I shall pass over my journey from Leghorn to Florence and Rome, every mile of which severely tried my patience, as I travelled by *vetturino*. I will only mention an English doctor, who was one of the party. On several occasions I observed he was cheated in getting change for his money, and stood up for him, so far as to give rise to regular quarrels. With imperturbable gravity he bade me not wax so hot, because *l'homme est le même partout.*

I treasured up this axiom; and it has been of the greatest use to me ever since, by sparing me, or at least mitigating the intensity of, several hundred towering passions.

At last I reached Rome. My father had arranged for me to live with the friends I have already named, the Orengo family. They received

me like a son; and I tried to settle myself at once, that I might begin to work.

It was of the highest importance to cut my coat according to my cloth. My monthly income barely amounted to five-and-twenty Roman scudi. About fifteen went for lodgings, board, and washing. The rent of a studio swallowed up six more; only two or three were thus left to pay for colours, models, clothes, and minor pleasures.

Fully alive to the real state of my finances, I acted as the chancellor of the Italian exchequer ought to do, and cut down every extra expense. It is true, that I was not obliged, like him, to deal with a crowd of individuals who, now that Italy is made, would fain eat her up. I had only to take myself and my own vanity into account.

The first time I came to Rome with my father —then an ambassador—I possessed an elegant and brilliant uniform; I rode on horseback or in a carriage, and lived on the same footing as the Roman princes, grandees, diplomatists, &c. Now, with three crowns as my sole resource, I had little scope for playing the prince!

I must turn over a new leaf, thought I. *Cœlum novum et terram novam.* I must descend as many steps in the social scale as will bring me to a level where my aforesaid three scudi may appear not

only an endurable, but even an enviable appanage.

At this point I must display the pride of a Lucifer, and, without caring to remember even the existence of modesty, advise the rising generation to follow my example.

Everybody ought to live on his income; and whoever runs into debt, more or less sponges on somebody else. I had, and have, I must say, an inborn horror of debt. Therefore, even when I had very little, instead of borrowing, I learnt not to exceed my means; and so have I constantly done, and am still doing. In this case, as in many others, vanity is the cause of ruin, and pride a safeguard. Vanity crouches at the feet of a creditor, provided it can indulge in show and luxury. Pride wears a humble garb, and makes a boast that it need not bow to anyone, nor incur obligations.

I therefore took good care not to call or leave my card on any of my former fashionable acquaintance. My uncle, Cardinal Morozzo, had gone to reside in his diocese of Novara. Cardinal de Gregorio, the intimate friend of my father, was the only great personage I continued to visit.

I found a studio in a small house in the Piazza Monte d'Oro; and out of the pittance I had brought from Turin to defray the expense of my first estab-

lishment, I provided myself with the few things I wanted, and began my new life directly.

It was winter, so that I could not draw from nature. I gave myself up to other pursuits, dividing my days as follows: I rose two hours before dawn, and went to a master who gave lessons by candlelight to pupils who were otherwise occupied during the day. He was a Genoese, by name Garello; a very clever man, who had invented a new and useful method of applying mnemonics to the study of history and the English language.

At daybreak the lesson ended, and everyone went about his business. I had made acquaintance with the head-groom of Prince Rospigliosi, and at a cheap rate I could have an hour's gallop in the riding-school of the palace on Monte Cavallo.

Without boasting, I may say that I knew more about riding than he and his men. At Rome—I do not know how it is now, but then—the only notion of a riding-master consisted in one single word, whipping. If the horse stops short, whip him; if he goes too fast, whip him; if he refuses to turn, whip him; if he shies, whip him; and so forth. It was distressing to see the poor colts—who till they are three years old live unbroken in the country—caught with a lasso, and at once treated to a volley of blows. Then a rough bit was put in their mouths,

and, with a girth round them, they were trotted round a ring to break them into their paces, a rope attached to the head-stall, while a boy—almost an equally pitiable object—ran panting after them, in a smaller circle, with a stout whip in his hand, which was used as often as it came within reach of the quarters of the four-footed victim. It would be impossible to describe the bounds, the kicks, the plunges, the frenzy of those luckless creatures, who often ended by being lamed, or breaking their necks; and sometimes also that of the unfortunate who first mounted them, after a series of other torments. There would be a great many anecdotes to relate on this score; but if I were to tell all, I should never end. This, however, I must say, for I cannot pass it over in silence: those riding-masters always made their horses canter on the right leg. Once I asked why. "Why?" they said, "because horses *cannot gallop on the left leg!*"

I used to help them in breaking young colts; and I remember that when I made the above remark I happened to be on a huge carriage-horse, perhaps in order to accustom him to carry a rider occasionally; and, I do not know why, but I had no saddle, and only a snaffle bridle.

I burst out laughing at such a strange theory, and said, "I bet you anything that, just as I am,

I will make this big brute canter on either leg;" and it was no great feat.

Anybody acquainted with a horse knows that he must needs start on the leg which you make him put forward; so, by a pull at the snaffle, I bent his huge head to the right, and then with my heel giving him a violent kick in his side, so as to turn the hind-quarters a little, I defy the brute to have galloped on any but the left leg; and this grand performance exalted my reputation for horsemanship to the skies.

After the ride I went to my studio and worked away till dinner-time, drawing and painting, studying the anatomy both of men and horses; first tracing the bones one by one, and then diligently clothing them with their muscles. After dinner I went to the academy of the nude, which was kept by Antonio, a model whom all older artists will well remember. His features were not handsome, but he was splendidly made, and a true type of that ancient race represented in the bas-reliefs of the Trajan column. Antonio was a very good fellow, and took a keen interest in art. When young men were short of means he gave them credit, and sometimes lent them money. I remember on one occasion he even sold a silver fork and spoon—his sole luxury—for a wretched painter who was in distress; and I do not know whether he ever saw any trace

of them again. It is true that Sor Antonio, in a *moment of vivacity*, had killed his own brother! One cannot be perfect! The study of the nude finished at nine o'clock—a reasonable hour for early risers to go to bed.

This was work, and work in real earnest. I was pledged to succeed, and I wanted to do so thoroughly and quickly. After having chosen to go my own way, in spite of all advice, and be the first to forswear the traditions of my caste, I was intensely anxious to show some results to those who were awaiting an opportunity to make a butt of me. I knew how indispensable it was for me to paint a picture, and send it as a sample of my progress, and an earnest of my future capability.

I strained every nerve to invent a subject which did not require too much skill; and at last, making the most of the few notions I had been able to scrape together, I composed a picture having a castle on the right entirely in shadow, and a distant view of Mount Soracte on the left. This sketch had very little artistic merit, but was not altogether without colour, and a certain general effect which might please those who did not know much of the matter.

The wish to show what I could do was not my only incentive to work; I was also spurred on by want, and I entertained a hope of being speedily de-

livered from my straits if I could show that I had not gone to Rome to be idle. It was literally impossible, with my scanty allowance, to buy clothes and other necessaries; and I was reduced to the oddest expedients.

The landlady from whom I rented my studio was an old Milanese ballet-girl—an ugly but good sort of woman. She was the widow of an architect, whose name I never knew, but whom in her native dialect she spoke of as *el pover Sur Basili.* Being left with small means, she was put to various shifts to raise money, and the wardrobe of her husband having been doomed to replenish the empty cash-box, I, as a lodger, obtained the privilege of the first pick. The deceased having been about my height, several articles of his attire were transferred to my chest at small cost. But as he had been much stouter, his boots would have held three of my feet. My friends laughed on seeing me walk in these kind of boots, and for several years always designated the time of my early artistic life as *the epoch of Sor Basilio's boots.*

I bought myself a suit of that warm hairy stuff called at Rome *borgonzone,* which wears well, though it makes no show. Such was my life, and it remained the same for years.

All this was a sacrifice, and to many it would have appeared a very great one indeed; but I do

not want to pass myself off to the reader as more meritorious than I was. My fall into comparative indigence never made me despond for a moment. First of all, I defy anybody to be out of humour at one-and-twenty with good health and full independence. And then I think I have already said that my character has some slight resemblance to Don Quixote. When he slept in the open air, with his stomach empty, and, as if that was not enough, his bones sometimes aching from the blows he had received, he was in perfect ecstasies, fancying all this made him really a knight-errant. And so I, in like manner, fancied I was a real artist when I found myself without money.

Nor can it be denied that this was one of the chief characteristics of the painters of those days. I am speaking of Italian painters. Thus, always working, either alone or with some other modest artist of my own calibre, keeping aloof from society or the theatres, and from all the other pleasures of life—you know why—I spent the winter; and at the beginning of the spring I had finished my picture, which I forthwith sent to Turin. I then began to think of hunting for a place where I might live cheaply for a length of time, and continue my studies from nature.

Though I was no longer a pupil of Verstappen,

I had by no means entirely given him up; and when I could penetrate his seclusion, I did my best to keep on good terms with him. He had married the daughter of the sculptor Pacetti; and as I knew her brother, mother, uncle, and aunt, I could go to the house when I chose. I thus learnt that he intended to go in May to Castel Sant' Elia, between Nepi and Civita Castellana. Though a very skilful artist, and a man about fifty years of age, he still used to devote three or four months of every summer to drawing from nature, like a beginner. To me, who indeed was such, the advantage of being near him, and getting his advice, and, if possible, of seeing him work, seemed so great, that I resolved to pitch my tent also at Castel Sant' Elia.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

I start for Castel Sant' Elia with Verstappen's brother-in-law—A night at Nepi in the inn of Veleno—Adventure—Description of that part of the Roman Campagna—Castel Sant' Elia and its owner, Count Panimolli—Michele Pacetti and I arrive at Castel Sant' Elia, and hasten to visit Verstappen—We lodge in an old house ransacked at the time of the Republic—We extemporise the best sleeping accommodation we can for ourselves and Michele's ass—The kitchen department—Studies from nature, and the *abatino* my attendant—Remarks on art, and especially on landscape-painting—Academies of fine arts and encouragement societies—Life of Verstappen at Castel Sant' Elia—I study the new society which surrounds me, and find that *l'homme est le même partout*—I am discovered to be Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio.

THE brother-in-law of Verstappen, who had been my fellow-student for some time in his studio, had also chosen the same residence from similar motives. Both were novices in landscape-painting; both were young, and had very light purses; our reasons for remaining together were therefore the same, and we agreed to wait till worthy Martin had settled himself and taken a house, that we might fall unexpectedly upon him. Our visit certainly did not enter into his plans, and without the complicity of his relations we should have found it hard to discover where he

was when once he had left the gates of Rome. We wished, therefore, to let him settle down before appearing on the stage, fearing that if he were forewarned, he would make his escape without leaving us a chance of following his traces.

At last the day of his departure arrived, and as soon as we were certain that he had taken a house, we also set off. Starting from Rome early in the morning, we went to sleep at Nepi. The innkeeper bore the nickname of "Veleno" (Poison), and was the original of the host I afterwards portrayed in *Ettore Fieramosca.** His hostelry was no better kept than that of Barletta, as may be judged from this incident. We were in bed, and had been asleep for some time, in a wretched room at the top of the house, when suddenly we were roused by the trampling of horses, jingling of bells, and shouts, which made us aware that there were new-comers. Just as we were trying to go to sleep again, the servant-girl knocked at the door, and called through the keyhole, "Master says that he wants your mattresses for these travellers." I am sorely afraid that our answer was not quite consistent with the respect

* *Ettore Fieramosca, or the Challenge of Barletta*, is the title of the first historical novel published by Massimo d'Azeglio. It ranks among the best of the modern Italian school, and at once won for its author the reputation of a most distinguished and elegant writer.

always due to the fair sex, but I do not remember the words; I do recollect, however, that a negotiation began about the mattresses, which lasted some time, and was only broken off when it became clear that we intended to resist tooth and nail. Such were the customs of Veleno's establishment.

We made our glorious entrance into Castel Sant' Elia on one of the warmest and brightest afternoons of May. One of the most beautiful and picturesque parts of the Roman Campagna is that which begins at Nepi, and extends in width to the Tiber, while it stretches lengthwise as far as Otricoli and even Narni. Foreigners and tourists have not yet discovered it, and in May 1821 it was, of course, still less known. I have always found a peculiar beauty in those parts of Italy where the foot of the foreigner has left no trace. Good or bad, it is our virgin land as God made it, and not spoilt by anyone.

Seen from a distance, this region appears a slightly undulating plain; but when you enter it, you find yourself suddenly on the edge of wide ravines, which furrow the soil, at the bottom of which flow small brooks. These streams rise in the hills of Sutri, Vico, and Viterbo, and their beds are at first almost on the surface. Gradually they plough their way to a lower level, and wind tortuously through those deep valleys, often more than a mile wide. It is

hard to conceive how such small rivulets can have excavated these deep and extensive beds. But, on the other hand, what other element than water can have formed them? The banks of these ravines are mostly grand fragments of perpendicular rock, sometimes slopes clad with grass or wood. The bottom is fresh and green, thanks to the huge trees and their deep shade, to the babbling streams, the rills, and the pools of still water, which in one place behold and reflect the verdure of the surrounding trees or the deep blue of the sky, while in another they are overshadowed and half hidden by the wild and exuberant vegetation. I have never seen a richer treasure of natural beauties for a landscape-painter.

At Nepi one of these ravines begins to hollow itself out; and two miles further, on the summit of an abrupt cliff to the left, stands Castel Sant' Elia, a village of about five hundred souls, who dwell in tumbledown houses or hovels, upon which time, malaria, and the sea-breeze have spread so thick a coat of the same velvety moss as picturesquely colours the rocks on which they stand, that it is hardly possible to distinguish one from the other.

Coming from Nepi, one enters a wide street, formed by two rows of houses of desolate appearance. Those on the right are on the very edge of the great ravine, and their windows open over a

perpendicular abyss some hundreds of feet deep. A hundred yards further up the street one finds traces of a wide ditch, and a rampart which surrounded the ancient castle, built on an isolated rock at an angle of the cliffs. This stronghold was a fief of the house of the Counts Panimolli, whose last representative in my time was so very eccentric a man that he deserves a passing mention.

This original, eminently a man of the world, lived in Rome. There was not a house, not a lady, that he did not know, and usually on terms of intimacy. He was at every party, ball, or entertainment; he dined with all the great Roman families, as well as with foreigners, and at the embassies. He was generally popular and welcome, because no one ever had a reproach to address to him; nay, he had been of service to every one. He was an obliging man, helpful and full of resources on an emergency, who was acquainted with all affairs, secrets, news, gossip, marriages, flirtations, scandals, &c., and who never changed his countenance nor his good-humour, and apparently not even his dress, which was always black and a little threadbare, without ever being actually shabby. When receptions, operas, suppers were all over, and it was necessary to part for the night, Panimolli used to go to Piazza Colonna, at the corner of the café degli Specchi, where he found his

servant in attendance. He inquired if there were any letters, messages, or commissions for him, gave his orders for the next day, and then—good-bye; Panimolli disappeared, and no one in the world knew where he went, nor did I ever hear of its being discovered, even by the servant, who only communicated with his master once a-day, that is at night, between three and four o'clock, at the corner of the café degli Specchi.

We thus entered the feudal domain of this charming madcap in the afternoon, as I said, of a fine day in May. I was on foot, and my companion Michele on the donkey which he possessed and I envied, and upon which he had deliberately ridden the thirty-two miles dividing us from Rome.

Our first visit was naturally paid to Verstappen, who, thinking no one in Rome knew of his retreat to Castel Sant' Elia, had gone to sleep in the happiest and laziest quiescence. When our apparition, at once meek and smiling, obliged him to rouse up, he had not the power which distinguishes civilised races of masking his disgust under a semblance of pleasure; his round mother-of-pearl eyes opened upon us with the utmost sincerity, fully expressing the annoyance he felt at our arrival. We asked him in vain if he knew how we could lodge, either in a private house or at an inn, &c. He knew nothing

about it, and internally prayed that every roof might refuse us its shelter. His prayers would have been granted had we been more fastidious; for there was not even the slightest pretence to an inn, a tavern, a lodging, or a room to be let. Worse still, there was no butcher in the place; scarcely a baker, if I am not mistaken.

Our visit over—and it did not last long—we went in search of a house, knocking at every door, offering ourselves as lodgers, and in return were sent about our business by three-fourths of the villagers. But is there not even a hole, a garret, a cellar, to be let in all this (I hope I said) charming hamlet?

At last the peasants answered this question by pointing out an old tumbledown house on the brink of the precipice, without doors, shutters, or window-panes, which had remained desolate and uninhabited since the days of the French Republic. It had then been sacked by the soldiery, with whom the Italians unconsciously made a treaty of commerce—not, however, of their invention—by which the former imported the principles of 1789, and exported everything they could find in our pockets. Neither those soldiers nor the Italians then had the slightest suspicion of the final result of the events that were taking place; but, as usual, men thought they were changing the world, whereas it was God who was doing so. As

we had no choice, and yet were determined to stay, we accepted the ruined house. We inquired after its owner, and cheaply obtained investiture of our new abode, the important ceremony of consigning the keys being omitted, for the reason that the French had carried them all away in 1798.

Armed with lion-like courage, we went to take possession, pushed in a rickety door, groped through a narrow passage full of cobwebs, into a little yard overgrown with rank grass, stinging-nettles, and other weeds, and its walls green with moss. Here we left the donkey quite in his element, and happier than we. Next we reconnoitered the upper rooms. The only furniture left was an old kneeling-chair, which fortunately had still its little drawer and key, and an old leather seat with arms. The beds and all other comforts may be described in one word—*nothing.*

Yet there is a cure for everything but death. We hired two sacks, such as hold corn, then bought straw enough to fill them; we had each brought a pair of sheets, and when the sacks were laid on the floor and the sheets spread over them, the bed-room at once assumed a decent appearance; we also procured a table, so as not to eat off the floor—I forget how we came by it, and can therefore give no explanation; I will adhere to the truth even about this; and

we then thought our first requirements for that evening were provided for.

A great problem, however, was still unsolved, that of securing the donkey in a safe place for the night, honest men not being the sole inhabitants of Castel Sant' Elia; nay, to judge by their countenances, one might suspect them of being much the reverse. But we found a remedy even for this. I took the donkey by the halter, and his master, having seized him by the tail, pushed him forward. In this way we conducted him up the twenty steps which led to the first floor. There we fastened him as best we could, laid down a heap of grass for his supper, bade him good-night, and then retired to sleep upon our sacks in the next room.

The outer door was secured by means of a wooden bar, which we tied with a rope that was hanging out of the hole where the lock had once been. We slept the sleep of weariness and youth, which is even sounder than that of innocence, until we suddenly sprang up from our sacks at a loud explosion, which, between sleeping and waking, seemed to us the trumpet of the last day.

We had forgotten that the donkey was in the ante-room, but he reminded us of his presence towards dawn by a bray which, in the stillness of the early morning, resounded through the empty rooms

so sonorously as to make us fancy the end of the world was come.'

The next day we ingeniously spread some paper over the remnants of the shattered window-frame, to shelter ourselves from the damp of the night, and then we turned our attention to the important question of food.

Our entrance-hall possessed an old-fashioned chimney, with a huge overhanging mantelshelf, and therefore appeared suitable for a kitchen. We made a trip to Nepi, and brought back the necessary implements,—two or three saucepans, some earthenware pots, a few ladles, and some provisions; and on the second day we were all three settled, my companion and I in the house, and the ass in the stable (the door of which having been mended, could now be fastened up), with all the luxuries even a sybarite could reasonably desire.

Nevertheless, the fare seemed very meagre, even to me, which is saying a great deal. We each went in turn to Nepi every other day, with our faithful donkey, to procure provisions. This excursion supplied us with bread, a little meat, and suchlike. As for vegetables, fruit, hams, milk, butter, &c., they were out of the question.

As a change, we every now and then bought a live kid from a shepherd; but we had to kill, skin,

and draw it, &c., so that before seeing it on the table, with its little roasted head, we had to go through ten or twelve different processes, all of them far from amusing; and the worst of all was to see the little white face with its pink nose stare up with stupid innocent eyes, and then have to fell it with a blow, and cut its windpipe. *Male suada fames!*

Frogs afforded another variety in our bill of fare. While resting from our work we used to thread them through with a wire, and sometimes we came home with a grand harvest. We both took our share in cooking.

Such was our household, perfectly in keeping with our poverty. Its establishment hardly occupied a whole day; and on the morrow we were able to set to work at sunrise. I did not possess a donkey—my means forbade that—so I hired a lad between fifteen and sixteen, who, being destined to the ecclesiastical profession, waited on the curate, acted as sacristan, and of course wore the priestly garb—that is to say, in those villages during the heat every one goes about in shirt-sleeves, and thus his sole distinctives were his black stockings and knee-breeches. This unfledged priestling carried my traps, washed my brushes, and was an excellent boy. God knows what has become of him. Is he now a canon or a prelate? The thing is possible; for, by the rules of

the Roman curia, the ecclesiastical career is open to the most humbly born, as well as to persons of high rank.

I think it may not be out of place if I here say a few words about my profession. If you are not a painter, or take no interest in such matters, there is the usual remedy—skip.

In the eighteenth century society had arrived in everything at the extreme boundaries of the artificial, the affected, the grotesque, the eccentric, the illogical, &c. One might extend this remark to higher and more important spheres; but I have already said this often enough. I shall content myself with remarking that the aberration of taste (precisely in questions of taste) had become all but incredible. In the matter of fashion, female portraits show us the huge edifices of white powder then worn, with a microscopic straw-hat, or a wreath of roses perched on the top. And in point of art, water-colour landscapes for instance, of a single hue, and which? red lake, or pure vermilion! The rising generation, not having seen them, will perhaps disbelieve me; but I actually saw them, and was not blindfolded at the time.

In art also at that period there was a general impulse towards a close imitation of nature. In historical pictures, the influence of the Græco-Ro-

man ideas which served or were made to serve the politics of the day, multiplied pictures representing Achilles, Ajax, Miltiades, the Horatii and Curiatii, the Gracchi, &c. With nature before them, artists sought antique forms in all their monotonous affectation—they insisted on showing the nude everywhere, even through the clothes, and painted figures in drapery so clinging as to appear wet. So far did this mania go, that to a sculptor of the classic school, the navel was visible under mediæval armour, and that a draughtsman, who had to represent Napoleon standing, showed the knee-caps through a tall jack-boot!

Landscape-painting, on the contrary, dwelt in an atmosphere uncharged with political passions, and followed a more rational course. Its followers passed from the monochrome paintings in lake or vermilion of the mannerists (specimens of which may still be seen in the *dessus de porte* of the dwellings of the rich of that date) to an exact minute imitation of nature, enlivened by no vestige of imagination whether in the subject, in the form, or in the effect.

Hackert was one of the first to apply this theory, so simple in appearance, and yet so often ignored in practice, namely, that art is the likeness of nature; and that as it is impossible to make any portrait what-

ever without being acquainted with the original, so nature, to be faithfully rendered, must be studied and observed as closely as may be.

He died at Florence in 1807. The Countess d'Albany possessed a very large landscape by him, representing a wood with high trees, with a distance, and some deer in the foreground. A cloudy remembrance of it remains among my earliest impressions, and I recollect that I used to gaze at it long and admiringly. His talent, the success of his new style, his reputation, and the wealth he acquired, allured numerous imitators, as is always the case.

For upwards of twenty years his school flourished in Rome. The Dutchmen Woogd and Therlink, the Fleming Verstappen, the Frenchmen Denis and Chauvin, and the Bolognese Bassi, were the leaders of one of the most successful artistic epochs of which I have any recollection.

They were in the prime of life and at the height of their powers in the year 1814, when Europe, sick of the smell of gunpowder and of the sight of blood, was longing to restore her broken spirit by the blessings of peace.

The English more especially, who had been so long detained in quarantine in their island, poured forth like lava on the Continent; and if in Italy they

did not show much knowledge of art, they nevertheless professed to idolise it, so much so that the above-mentioned painters were unable to satisfy all their demands.

Every artist had a subject in which he was supposed to excel. I remember that the cascade of the Velino* was the masterpiece of Bassi. I think that in a few years he must have made at least sixty copies of it; so that, to say the truth, they got at last to look as if they were stencilled.

I scrupulously followed the maxims of that school, and believe them to be the best. I painted from nature on a canvas of moderately large size, endeavouring to finish the study, or the picture, on the spot, without adding a touch at home. I studied detached fragments on a smaller scale, always trying to finish as highly as I could. This was my morning task. In the afternoon I drew, also from nature, finishing with great care and studying every detail. Thanks to this system, my sojourn of two months at Castel Sant' Elia witnessed my first real progress, and got me through the real difficulties of the beginner.

* The Velino is a river in the territory of the Sabines, which rises in the central Apennines, and falls into the Nar from a height of several hundred feet, thus forming the celebrated cascade known to travellers under the name of the Falls of Terni, or delle Marmore.

Finishing a picture on the spot, as one would do in the studio, is useful in compelling the student to seek aërial perspective with the simple means offered by nature, and not with the forced contrasts of conventional art; reminding us, however, that our means are very limited, whilst those of nature are infinite. She possesses light on her palette, whereas we have only white lead upon ours. We are, therefore, obliged to have recourse to artifice; hence the name "art." It is easy to obtain perspective in a misty and azure distance by means of a large black tree in the foreground, after the fashion of the mannerists; but it is less easy to obtain the same perspective, with the endless means used by nature, which very often is light on the foreground and dark in the distance. Not only is it less easy, but it is impossible to get near it, if the aërial perspective is not in some degree altered—if the distance is not a little neglected, and the foreground a little more finished than in nature. This artifice, however, must be kept within certain limits. And how are they to be fixed? By talent and taste: for in these lies the first and true lever of art, while inspiration is the ardent ray that alone can fertilise their germs. In landscape-painting, precepts, observations may be suggested, &c.; but if one does not act by inspiration, they are all useless. It is for this reason that great landscape-

painters have been more rare than painters excellent in the other branches of art.

I followed the system I have just described for very many years, spending the whole of the fine season in the country. Now, on the contrary, artists study less from nature, and altogether in a different way. Which is the best system? Perhaps it would be that which could combine both.

The years of capability allotted to man are numbered; it is well, therefore, to apportion their employment wisely. A landscape-painter must first of all learn to reproduce nature, and then to make pictures.

I perhaps gave too much time to the first stage, and too little to the second; whereas the right thing to do would be to devote sufficient time to each of them.

Nowadays too little is devoted to the first. But art is totally different from what it used to be thirty years ago; it proceeds from other impulses, dwells in another atmosphere, and is labouring under other necessities. That confounded phrase which has deceived, killed, or starved so many people—"the encouragement of art"—a phrase which it was thought possible to convert into a fact by the institution of academies of art—is now bearing its fruits.

By dint of manufacturing artists, art has become an industry; and as in this branch the supply always exceeds the demand, efforts have been made to provide for the great mass of operatives who are necessarily unemployed. For this purpose charitable persons have started in several towns so-called "societies for the promotion of art," truly benevolent institutions; and governments contribute to their support, and squander public money in purchases with the view of affording relief to that crowd of artists—whom sound economical principles would justly leave without work—and thus preventing them from literally dying of hunger. And I too, when I was minister, did like the rest. May heaven and the tax-payers forgive my sin!

But it really is quite extraordinary to see how stupid men sometimes are: and the beauty of it is that nowadays all discourse turns upon economical laws, free-trade, real value, supply and demand. Let us make an hypothesis.

Suppose a city of fifty thousand souls—that is, about five-and-twenty thousand male inhabitants, fifteen thousand adults, and therefore about fifteen thousand heads each requiring a hat. There are hatters who provide them; if the demand increases, they engage extra journeymen; if it decreases, they dismiss them, and the latter emigrate to other skies.

Thus they all get a livelihood, and nobody is obliged to maintain them. But a great man is born who becomes a minister, and persuades himself that the hat-trade requires encouragement: so he founds an academy, and appoints as its members the most distinguished hatters the country can boast; he pays them liberally, and they teach with such zeal that every year new hatters are turned out—quite useless beings, as there are no more heads to cover. Finding themselves without bread, they make an outcry, complain, worry the public, and then good charitable souls form a benevolent association to buy up all the spare hats, and so they give bread to the legion of equally spare hatters; and the minister proposes to parliament to grant a sum to assist in defraying the expense. Would it not have been better to save the money in the first instance, and not keep up a manufacture of hatters for whom there was no employment? Besides, the protectionist form of the society of encouragement has other drawbacks. In the first place, that of wearying the public by perpetually thrusting those blessed fine arts under its nose. Do you want to render a thing seductive? If so, endeavour to excite a taste for it; whereas there is not a corner where one is safe from the ramifications of the aforesaid *protection*. The idea of regular exhibitions is, however, not an Italian

sin. Whoever was the guilty party, it has been an ill-advised notion.

Second drawback. He who exhibits, wishes, save in very exceptional cases, to sell; nay, it is necessary that he should do so, and his creditors are still more anxious on the subject than he himself. If a certain small picture is sold, the tailor, the boot-maker, and the colourman are paid in full or in part, after which credit is given for another year.

Therefore patrons of both sexes, protectors, and friends, are set in motion; bows, more or less cringing, are made in every direction to ministers, officials, clerks, &c.; nor are those hidden threads of the feminine gender neglected, which secretly pull the string of social intrigues. Thus characters are lowered, falsified, and that which is called protection of the fine arts becomes a charity, or an incentive to baseness and corruption.*

* Massimo d'Azeglio says that societies for the encouragement of the fine arts are not an Italian invention; but I do not know whether they even exist in England, nor am I acquainted with the system pursued in France or Germany. In Italy the "Società promotrici di belle Arti" are organised as follows: The first idea was to hold annual exhibitions, and out of the funds furnished by public subscription the committee of the directors were to buy a certain number of pictures, for which the subscribers afterwards drew lots. In the next place, the royal family, the different departments of state, &c. are expected not only to subscribe largely, but also to make several purchases each year. The intention, of course, is to encourage young and needy artists; but, as Massimo

If, at least, the taste of the public or the artists could thereby be improved! But, on the contrary, it is only deteriorated. The desire to sell, logically leads to the desire of being conspicuous and remarkable; whence the farther necessity of becoming the fashion, and of obeying not conscience, which is precious in art as in everything else, but the caprice of the day. Thence a perpetual watch to ascertain which way the wind blows, and then reproduce, not the image of truth and beauty which every artist feels within him, but of that particular style which has secured the approbation of the public, and especially of the buyers, either here or elsewhere.

It is therefore no longer sought to make art distinctive or sincere, but merely to ape this or that painter who happens to be "the rage" in Paris or

---

d'Azeglio says (and he was a competent judge, having been for many years either president or an influential member of these societies), influences of every kind are brought into play to insure the sale of this or that bad picture, either because the painter has patrons in high quarters, or else is literally famishing. The result is mischievous in both cases; for it either fosters corruption, or encourages a man fitter perhaps to handle a hammer or a spade than the brush.

Unhappily these societies in Italy are not an isolated fact, but one of the natural products of the protectionist system necessarily prevailing in a country where individual action and impulse is as yet undeveloped; and it can only be altered by the progress of the future.

London; and art is thus reduced to a more or less exact and successful counterfeit.

The result of this is a strange discrepancy in the most widespread ideas. Independence, nationality, united Italy, are our idols; and, indeed, landscape-painters are generally tuned to the cry of "Rome or death;" yet when they take up a brush the only thing they do not copy is Italy! The glorious Italian scenery, the splendid light, the rich hues of her skies, are deemed unworthy of being represented! Go to our exhibitions, and what do you see? A landscape in the north of France, an imitation of so-and-so, a sea-view at Etretat or Honfleur, an imitation of somebody else, a moor in Flanders, a wood at Fontainebleau, borrowed Heaven knows from whom; and all these with the faded skies, the dead light of those climates, and earthy tints, as if a mud-coloured veil were drawn over them. And if our artists sometimes attempt a subject from their own country, it would seem that they fear to impart to it life and truth; that they dread the azure of the sky and the deep verdure of the vegetation; and they represent a cold shivering Italy, chilled by the winds of the north. Though born in the true native country of every natural beauty, under the clear and potent rays of a sun which colours sea and plain, tree and mountain, palaces and monu-

ments with so many glorious tints, they prefer an art enslaved to the foreigner; an art which awaits its models and inspirations from Paris or London, with the *pacotille* of the other *nouveautés* of the year; they prefer a nature without soul, without character, feeble and dull as the sound of an instrument under the influence of the soft pedal; and for the sake of this they repudiate Italy and her skies, and all those beauties which, if they unfortunately once attracted so many enemies within our borders, now, thank God, only attract friends who are never weary of magnifying them!

Cannot the woods, the oak copses, the chestnut groves, which clothe the long ridge of the Apennines, stand a comparison with the forest of Fontainebleau? Are the shores of Albenga, Sestri, Port' Ercole, Sorrento, Amalfi, less splendid than those of Etretat and Trouville? Are the yellow waves of the Ocean more poetical than the azure flood of the Tyrrhenian and Ionian seas?

It is not enough to have independence on our lips, if it is not also in our hearts, and in everything—even in art. Let us be a nation—Italians—ourselves at last in everything, in every shape, and in every way; or if we will not act more, let us brag less loudly.

Those landscape-painters of 1814, on the con-

trary, whom I quoted above, all foreigners except Bassi, did not think Italy unworthy of being portrayed, and all Europe was of their opinion. I have still before my eyes the shores of Naples and Baia, painted by Denis; the Caudine Forks, by Chauvin; the distant views of the Roman Campagna, by Woogd; the woods on the banks of the Nera, by Verstappen, and the cascade delle Marmore, by Bassi. At Naples, Vianelli, Gigante, Smargiasso, Carelli, and many others, had no need to quit their happy climes to secure wealth and fame; and yet Heaven knows what political ideas were then rampant!

And now that everything ought to breathe independence, spontaneous action, free and original impulse, why should my poor art of landscape-painting be the servile plagiaristic copy of the copy of a nature which is not ours, but one infinitely inferior?

Having spoken out what I think on the subject of academies and societies for the promotion of art, on originality, and on artistic independence; I am the first to recognise that it would be a mistake to consider them as isolated facts. They are products of the conditions of our modern world, and no possible reasoning can alter them. The fine arts will continue to be protected for a long time, as the bear in the fable protected the man against the flies;

the artists in fashion will still be copied, and even counterfeited, as is done in the case of medals, armour, and other ancient curiosities; painters will persevere in obeying the public in the caprices of its bad taste, instead of teaching and leading it to the beautiful, the true, and the good. The race of superfluous artists will still be propagated by encouragement societies; I shall continue to pay my annual quota towards their maintenance, and in the end I shall share the fate of all preachers. In this case the obstacle does not consist in want of understanding; everybody, on the contrary (I mean those who have a grain of sense and a slight knowledge of the question), are of the same opinion, but it lies in the strength of inertia. Habit rules half the world; "My father did so before me," is still, even in the present era of revolutions, one of the great forces which lead the world!

Perhaps it is just as well; for otherwise our planet would revolve in too great a hurry.

I return to Castel Sant' Elia. We had come to see Verstappen draw from nature. Will you believe me?—we never succeeded in surprising a single stroke of his pencil; nay, I might almost say, in seeing him. We went to his house in the evening; but almost always he was already in bed. Like true youngsters, we were fond of noise; we played the

guitar, and danced the *saltarello*,—a dance of the Roman Campagna, first cousin to the *tarantella*. Imagine if poor Martin did not wish us a hundred miles off! His house, however, was not our only refuge. After a short time, the inhabitants of Castel Sant' Elia had learnt to look upon us as harmless fellows, who even spent a little money in the village. The house of the principal family of the place, the Saettas, was opened to us. It was composed of two brothers,—the elder a married man, the younger a priest. They first bowed to us, then bowed and touched their hats, then touched their hats and smiled; a few polite words came next, and at last we were admitted into the house.

I had volunteered to play the organ on Sundays; this also brought me into contact with the curate, for whom I played during High Mass. The good old fellow had once met with rather an uncommon adventure—that of having been shot by the French, twenty years before, on the very day they plundered and slaughtered the inhabitants of the house we lived in. He told us he had been seized and taken out upon the highroad to Nepi, where he was made to kneel down with a batch of wretches. A volley of musketry was fired upon them; and the gallant soldiers of the Republic went away without looking behind them. Although unscathed, he had thrown

himself on the ground, and lay there motionless, among the dead and dying, till nightfall. Then he slowly lifted his head, peered about him, and finding everybody gone, took to his heels, and ran through fields and meadows till next morning he once more found himself in his own parsonage.

At home I had a bird's-eye view of the world and society; and now I saw it with the eye of a tortoise, or any other animal which creeps most humbly on the ground. The study of society from this novel point of view interested me very much; I was amused beyond measure by the majestic and patronising airs of the illustrious Abate Saetta and his brother. I compared their condescension and that which I had elsewhere seen displayed by other classes; and as my ideas became clearer, I perceived by degrees that *l'homme est le même partout*, as my Englishman used to say; that impertinence and vain ostentation, which I had believed a peculiarity of aristocracy, were simply inherent in mankind; and I was thus working out from nature many new conclusions about men and their follies, studying them not in books, but in their real and natural selves.

I always carefully concealed my station in life, but some unforeseen circumstance, however, never failed to disclose it, to my great disappointment.

And such was precisely the case at Castel Sant' Elia.

It must be understood that in central and southern Italy the title of the father is always given by courtesy to all the sons, no matter how many there are. My father being a marquis, I was therefore a marquis too. One day, having written to ask the Orengos to send me some clothes, they were despatched in a parcel directed to *Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio, Nepi;* and meanwhile they wrote to tell me where to apply for it. I went in person and presented myself to the *vetturino* who carried the mails between Nepi and Rome. I had forgotten to dress, and was, as usual, in my shirt-sleeves, with a jacket thrown over my shoulder, and without stockings, on account of the heat. I entered, and said: "Is there a parcel for Azeglio?"—"Yes, but it is for the Marquis." "Well, here I am to fetch it. How much is it?"—"I beg your pardon, but I cannot give it to you; Sor Marchese must come himself and sign the receipt." "But I am the Marquis," said I at last, furious at having to reveal my rank.—"You the Sor Marchese?" It makes me laugh still when I remember the stare of incredulity and contempt my interlocutor bestowed on me when he heard a man with bare legs advance such an unheard-of piece of presumption.

I forget what proofs I had to give of my identity, or whether I ended by being believed. I recollect though, that I had to parley a long time before I could take my clothes home. When the startling news of the marquisate spread, I found myself at Castel Sant' Elia like Count Almaviva in the last act of the *Barbiere*: "*Almaviva son io, non son Lindoro!*" Fortunately, like him, I had arrived at the last act of my country life. It was in July, the malaria was beginning, and it was time to pitch my tent somewhere else.

My unhappy passion for adventures made me set out for Rome alone on horseback one evening, my carabine slung over my shoulders. I had thirty-two miles to ride, right across the most desolate part of the Roman Campagna. I started with a beautiful moonlight, and in the cool air I thus advanced towards Rome, over that undulating plain which, at such an hour, men *bonæ voluntatis* only frequent in company; but, except a caravan of mules, who were feeding near the carts in which the drivers were snoring, I did not meet a living soul; not even the ghost of an adventure. For this reason I just now spoke of my unhappy passion. For many years I have roamed about alone, more by night than by day, in places of the worst reputation, and never

met with even a pretext for gaining a little glory by some sensational narrative.

Morning dawned as I drew near the Storta, close to the Osteria del Fosso, famous for its hostess, who sat at table with her twenty-two sons, all vigorous and hale; and before midday I made my entrance into Rome.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:
ROBSON AND SON, GREAT NORTHERN PRINTING WORKS,
PANCRAS ROAD, N.W.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 July, 2018